

F.r. David

"Good Times"

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The good times and the fun
Now I feel that they're gone
Little girl, of my own, neighbourhood

It was young, it was wild
Made me feel like a child
And those days I hold near to my heart

Late at night all that song rhymes
I can't think of you
And now I'm so blue

Hello Jane, how do you do?
I am missed shame on you
I don't know if it's me or it's you

But the words that we were saying do not sound like
Before, anymore

Oh, yeah, nah-nah-nah

Late at night all that song rhymes
I can't think of you
Now I'm so blue

We were rocking on Saturday night
You knew your way to drive me mad
In tight jeans you looked so fine

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Now I feel...
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Now I feel...

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