

Greg MacPherson

"Good Times"

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Good times coming back again
I seen them touch down on the runway
I seen that old face staring back, pressed against the
glass
I heard a brass band wailing

Middleman got caught out of his skin
It's on a bus across the boarder
He's got legs spread, head cracked, his hands against
the wall
He says, "I'm just a fucking reporter!!"

Good times coming back again

I heard the girl upstairs singing
She sang all night
I turned the stereo on
I went out for the evening
I couldn't get that song out of my mind

Good times coming back
I seen them
On the shoulder with their hood up
Through a vaselined lens
They got their bags packed tight
The key to every city
I heard they're bringing all of their friends

There's something dead out in the field behind our
house
The wind's changing direction
I seen the local man dressing up in the latest style
He says, "It's only natural selection..."

Good times coming back again

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