

Hungry Kids Of Hungary "Good Times"

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She was given up to the notion
Of temperate seas and Novascotian winters
And nights dreaming by the firelight
A solitary life, adrift upon the North Atlantic Ocean
Where she could find the time
To let the good times roll
For all those who know how it feels to be alone
Were you thrown to the lions
Skin and bone but not afraid of dying alone?
An old friend on the telephone
Still eyeing the prize of a solitary life
Where you could find the time
She was given to claims
'Bout the state making gains
From the rising cost of living
But it's living all the same
If you're not spitting teeth
You're singing in the rain
So how do you complain?
And let the good times roll
For all those who know how it feels to be alone
And on the other side
Is a golden dawn where you'll never be alone
Let the good times roll
(repeat)

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