

## **Kessler Barbara** **"Better Times"**

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"Hey, why so sad, why so heavy all the time" you ask  
I say, "Hey, it's not my nature to call it a half full glass"  
There's a man I could love he's just the same  
We love to get together and complain  
Sometimes we drive on Sundays to sit beside the lake  
We tease the greedy squirrels they don't ask before  
they take  
Are we just waiting for our ships to come in  
Then will we blow our separate ways again?  
Hey hey hey how time flies  
When you're holding out for better times  
Well I admit a craving for something square and  
certain  
A house and a yard and a window with curtains  
Most days I don't even think twice  
But every path not chosen has it's price  
Hey hey hey how time flies  
When you're holding out for better times

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