

The Good Times Used To Kill Me

Glucifer

In the long hot summer nights
And in the cold dark winter days
In the clear hours of the early morning
And in the late night drunken haze
I keep on seeing things in the corner of my eye

Like this guy in an old baggy T-shirt
Smiling like he grasped something that
That the rest of us didn't understand
The way he will stand completely still
While the people just walk on by

The girl on a bike, probably on her way home
The girl in a car talking on her phone
The phone girl does not see the bike girl and hits her
And the bike girl makes a sickening sound
As she hits the street and the people scream

And the sad man is standing
Slack jawed in line for potato, sifting through his pockets
Coming up old bus tickets and grocery store receipts
Droopy eyes and baggy black jeans
It's his first time in Oslo

A pretty boy on one of those cruiser bikes
Is checking his bed head hairdo in window
While he talks to beautiful girl
It's something about the wine and Portugal

And the wild man is blocking the way
Of a businessman doing his spasmodic dance
As he screams, "Take a dump in my head
Take a dump in my head?"

We all come home to empty beds
It doesn't matter if anyone's there or not
And we all come home to chock full heads
It doesn't matter what we do or what we got

We all come home to that silent voice
That keeps on talking
And we try to cancel it out
But it keeps on going
Keeps on going like a drone

The good times used to kill me
The good times used to kill me
But now I am good at killing time
Yeah, the good times used to kill me
Now I am good at killing time