

# The Good Times Used To Kill Me

Gluecifer

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