

## Good Times

Stan Ridgway

Night, the city  
Its dark and lonely streets  
Rain falls on my face  
Mixed with salty tears  
Confirm your happiness  
Everything is looking good  
Look down, feel the pain  
Falling teardrops to the ground

Think back through the phrases  
Restore sanity to the mind  
You know she's gone now  
Are these not the good times?  
Good times, good times  
Believe in them pretty soon  
When I'm over the pain of missing you  
Good times, good times  
Arrivin' just as soon as  
The flames extinguish the memories that I knew

Thinking these old things  
Had worked out fine  
When I knew it'd hurt you  
If you knew you were hurting me  
Day breaks, clouds move  
And the sun comes through the rain  
But for now I'm livin' back  
In the stormy night

I gotta think back through the phrases  
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