

# Talkin' About The Good Times

Styx

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She had sun in her face  
Her lips kiss the sun  
Arrest the sun  
Fields of light we found the place

She had sun in her eyes  
The clouds crossed the sun  
Without the sun  
This evening shadows in her eyes

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She had breaded her hair  
The grass jumped through the rain  
Reach to the rain  
Tears of mystic rain in the air

She had tears in her eyes  
The skies turned to gray  
Melt away  
Shining streaks in rain that day

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Good times  
Good times  
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Good times  
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