

Susan Raye, Where Do The Good Times Go

Where do the good times

Lips that used to burn with love now are cold beneath my touch

Still I love you oh so much where do the good times go

Where do the good times go where does the river flow

Where do the north winds blow where do the good times go

[guitar]

Arms that used to hold me tight eyes that shone with love so bright

Now have changed like day to night where do the good times go

Where do the good times go...

Where do the good times