

Bob Seger, Gone

This gravestone is peaceful and quiet
She pulls up a chair and sits right by it
The air around is gentle and warm
The rose colored wreath is tattered and torn

Tiny blades of grass are peeking through
Drawing life from sunshine and dew
remembering his eyes when she lied
Knowing she lives feeling she's died

Da da da da da da da
Da da da da da da da
where have all the good time gone
where have all the good time gone
where have all the good time gone my child
Da da da da da da da
Da da da da da da da

So every night after sunshine
You'll find her there alone in her shrine
Two forms appearing ghostly in rain
One red marble the other blue pain

where have all the good time gone
where have all the good time gone
where have all the good time gone my child
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