

# Greg MacPherson, Good Times

good times coming back again  
I seen them touch down on the runway  
I seen that old face staring back, pressed against the glass  
I heard a brass band wailing

middleman got caught out of his skin  
it's on a bus across the boarder  
he's got legs spread, head cracked, his hands against the wall  
he says, 'I'm just a fucking reporter!!'

good times coming back again

I heard the girl upstairs singing  
she sang all night  
I turned the stereo on  
I went out for the evening  
I couldn't get that song out of my mind

good times coming back  
I seen them  
on the shoulder with their hood up  
through a vaselined lens  
they got their bags packed tight  
the key to every city  
I heard they're bringing all of their friends

there's something dead out in the field behind our house  
the wind's changing direction  
I seen the local man dressing up in the latest style  
he says, 'It's only natural selection...'

good times coming back again