

# Joy Electric, These Should Be The Good Times

Please be my ears  
Come to me  
I want you to know me  
I wasn't made for this life  
And the way it owns me  
Now as we grow old  
Who are you?  
Where am I?

These should be the good times  
These should be the good times

Time makes a book marked for use  
But soon we forget how  
Hand strikes a bell, hands are loosed  
And the mountains crumble  
What would need to be for the good of our lives?

These should be the good times  
These should be the good times

Now as we grow old  
Who are you, and where am I?