

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?