

Quasi, Good Times

life without love is all the hell you need
you're in heaven when your soul gets freed
but they'll sell you the devil, they'll sell you the lord
they'll sell you twice as much as you can afford
you reap what you sow, that's about all you need to know
you can crack up, or back up, pack up and go
silver screams and dream machines
they don't mean nothing unless you read between the beams
lost in a wilderness of teenage dreams
trying to push a bolder up a mountain of beans
but then the bean counters cancelled the show
you can crack up, or back up, pack up and go
the time is now, the place is here
not next door, not next year
never before has it been this clear
good times, happy days, in spite of it all