

Trout Fishing In America, These Are Good Times

These are good times, out on a limb with each other.

Did you ever think that we might end up out here?

These are good times, sitting by the fireside.

Put another log on so the mood won't disappear.

Chorus: Walks in the moonlight, without a flashlight,

Beyond the street lights, holding hands

It's not perfect, but we do the best we can.

These are good times, pulling weeds and making plans,

Getting dirty good-time blisters on our hands.

These are good times, simple and so easy to miss,

And these moments are as fleeting as a kiss.

Chorus:

Are you sleeping, Brother John?

Know you're not the only one.

Are you sleeping, Brother John?

No, you're not the only, only, only one.

These are good times, the car broke down, well, it just won't start,

Rolled right down the hill and through a fence of barbed wire.

These are good times, the pump won't pump and the lights won't light,

Everything is broken, but we're together tonight.

Chorus: