

# Good times gone

## Skipjack

Lost it on the Chesterfield  
Or maybe on a gamblin' wheel  
Lost it in a diamond mine  
It's dark as hell and hard to find  
You can climb to the top of the highest tree  
You can look around, but you still won't see  
What I'm lookin' for  
Oh, where the good times gone?  
Where the good times gone?  
All that stupid fun  
And all that shit we've done  
Where the good times gone?  
Well, I still don't know  
Out in the back in the old corn field  
Underneath the tractor wheel  
Thought I'd dig, 'til I'd found it first  
Broke my back and died of thirst  
You can bribe the Devil, you can pray to God  
And you can sell off everything you got  
And you still won't know  
Oh, where the good times gone?  
Where the good times gone?  
All that stupid fun  
And all that shit we've done  
Where the good times gone?  
And you still don't know, oh  
Saw it on the silver screen  
Preacher says, "Don't know what it means"  
Last page ad in a comic book  
Bought me a map, told me where to look  
It ain't carved of stone or made of wood  
And if you paid for it, then it ain't no good  
And you still won't know what I'm looking for  
Oh, where the good times gone?  
Where the good times gone?  
All that stupid fun  
And all that shit we've done  
Where the good times gone?  
Oh yeah

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