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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