# Gone

## Bob Seger

This gravestone is peaceful and quiet
She pulls up a chair and sits right by it
The air around is gentle and warm
The rose colored wreath is tattered and torn
Tiny blades of grass are peeking through
Drawing life from sunshine and dew
Remembering his eyes when she lied
Knowing she lives, feeling she's died
Where have all the good time gone?
Where have all the good time gone?

Where have all the good time gone, my child?
So every night after sunshine
You'll find her there alone in her shrine
Two forms appearing ghostly in rain
One red marble the other blue pain
Where have all the good time gone?
Where have all the good time gone?
Where have all the good time gone, my child?

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