The Good Times Are Over

Caviar

Is she looking straight at me or is it my imagination
Some kind of illusion or prestidigitation
I cross the room to a standing ovation
A hesitation at my sudden invitation
I'll be an engine tug your caboose, two legs hypotenuse
Come on baby put me to use, don't vamooseAway, don't say the good times are over
Away, don't tell me the summer's overThe smell of the lawn makes you flop down on it
The summertime car has the top down on it
Damn genuine girl pulling sinister tricks
She's American as 3.1416, hand on my throttle
Leave the city behind, there's not a lot in the bottle
Not a lot on my mindAway, don't say the good times are over
Away, don't tell me the summer's over, awayYou are my personal miracle, I fell for all of your charms
I worship you like an eastern goddess, the one with all the arms
Little problems in this world but none of them are mine
Whisper me your life story, baby yes, yes we're killing timeAway, don't say the good times are over
Away, don't tell me the summer's over, away
Away, don't say the good times are over
Away, don't tell me the summer's over

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