Where Does the Good Times Go

Buck Owens

Where does the good times go
Where does the river flow
Where does the north wind blow
Where does the good times goLips that used to burn with love
Now are cold beneath my touch
Still I love you, oh, so much
Where does the good times goWhere does the good times go
Where does the river flow
Where does the north wind blow
Where does the good times goArms that used to hold me tight
Eyes that shone with love so bright
Now have changed like day to night
Where does the good times go

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