

# The Good Times

Dennis Owen Jett

Faded room  
Full of gloom  
As the morning fog drifts into the room...  
I awake  
Wish that I were dead  
Sound of wine runnin' through my head.

REFRAIN:

Sometimes, when I wake up with the sound of wine in my head  
I wonder if she'll remember the good times that we had...  
Sometimes, when I wake up with the sound of wine in my head  
I wonder if she'll remember the good times that we had.

Faded love  
Like faded grass  
Hasn't got a future  
Can't live in the past...  
It's gone  
Blown in the wind  
And you wonder if you'll ever see it again

REFRAIN:

And, the patterning of little footsteps that I no longer hear  
Often serve to remind me, you're no longer near.  
Yes, the patterning of little doorstep I no longer hear  
Often serve to remind me...you're no longer near.

All alone  
By myself  
Feel like I've been put away on a shelf  
What went wrong?  
I don't know  
And, I can't say  
But the slap of my feet on the floor start another day.

REFRAIN:

Sometimes when I wake up with the sound of wine in my head  
I wonder if she'll remember the good times that we had...  
Yeah, sometimes, when I wake up with the sound of wine in my head

I wonder if she will remember the good times that we had.

Submitted by  
Dennis Owen Jett  
Composed on Del Monte beach  
Monterey, California  
Autumn 1974

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>