

Talkin' About The Good Times

Styx

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She had sun in her face
Her lips kiss the sun
Arrest the sun
Fields of light we found the place

She had sun in her eyes
The clouds crossed the sun
Without the sun
This evening shadows in her eyes

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She had breaded her hair
The grass jumped through the rain
Reach to the rain
Tears of mystic rain in the air

She had tears in her eyes
The skies turned to gray
Melt away
Shining streaks in rain that day

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Good times
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