

# 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 go

Lips that used to burn with love  
Now are cold beneath my touch  
Still I love you, oh, so much  
Where does the good times go

Where does the good times go  
Where does the river flow  
Where does the north wind blow  
Where does the good times go

Arms 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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Where does the river flow  
Where does the north wind blow  
Where does the good times go  
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