The Good Life

Hot Apple Pie

Well, there's a two o'clock flight down to Key West
I could catch it if I leave now, I bet
Where the steel drums sound while sun sinks down in the water
I got five vacation days comin'
I spend my forty-hour week beach-bummin'
I won't pack a lot of clothes 'cause where I'm gonna go, it don't matter
I wanna ride some waves, tan my skin
Dance with a girl I'll never see again, an' get tattooed
Catch some fish, catch a bus, bend some rules just because I want to
I'm gonna open wide, take a ride, an' taste the good life
Aw, paradise never gets borin'
I might even do a little surf-boardin'
Catch a ride if I can, with the parachute man, an' go soarin'
I wanna ride some waves, tan my skin
Dance with a girl I'll never see again, an' get tattooed
Catch some fish, catch a bus, bend some rules just because I want to
I'm gonna open wide, take a ride, an' taste the good life
I wanna ride some waves, tan my skin
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I'm gonna open wide, take a ride an' taste the good life
I'm gonna open wide, take a ride an' taste the good life

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