

Good Times

Matt Costa

Babe, we're running out of money
Honey, we're running out of dough
I'm turning back to the man that i once was
But it was fun to fool them for a while

Finally those good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming to an end
Good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming to an end

Everyone smiles for a sad song
Specially when they're riding high
But right now it's a crying shame
That the good times are coming to an end

Finally those good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming to an end
All those good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming to an end

I won't miss those fancy dinners
Won't even miss those fancy clothes
I won't miss that girl i love
I'm just turning back to the man that i once was

Finally those good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming to an end
All those good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming to an end

Babe, we're running out of money
Honey, we're running out of dough
Let's blow it all in a fiery bash

And the best we'll put up into smoke

Finally those good times are coming

Those good times are coming

Good times are coming to an end

All those good times are coming

Those good times are coming

Good times are coming to an end

Lyrics submitted by Juliana Flor.

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