

GOOD TIMES

Tommy Lee

Put down the magazine and get off the phone
There's a place I wanna show you and it won't take long
Take a ride
Take a rideIt's lookin' like we're getting there, over here, comin' clear
Place that has no rhymes, or times, or crimes
Just good times
Just good timesTake me away
To a place where the good times good times roll
Don't let me stay
In a place where this hate can steal my soulGot myself worked up over nothing today
All the trash that's in my head I gotta throw it away
It's alright
It's alrightIt's lookin' like we're getting there, over here, comin' clear
Place that has no rhymes, or times, or crimes
Just good times
Just good timesTake me away
To a place where the good times good times roll
Don't let me stay
In a place where this hate can steal my soulThis is it, I'm finally here
And all the blurry lines are clear
And everything that I can't see
Seems to make more sense to me
Why the hell can't I just let it go, let it go? YeahTake me away
(Away)
Where the good times good times roll
(Roll)
Don't let me stay
(Stay)
Where this hate can steal my soulLet the good times roll
Let the good times roll
(Take me away)
Let the good times roll
(Take me away)
Let the good times roll

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