

# Good Times (feat. Butch Walker)

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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