How Good It Can Be

The 88

With the cops on your lips it's a holy routine
If you'd stop all your trips you could see what I mean
I forgot not to slip 'bout you're under 18
You had it in your hands
Leave it up to me
It's a known disease
Keep it in your fleece

Don't worry about the custom police, don't
I'll tell you just how good it can be, this lazy summer
But you got no relief from the pain in your head
And it's hollow and greased and it says that you're dead
But you make fun and tease and the things that you said
They always stab your back
And I've been holding out for love ever since I had a heart

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