

Here's to the Good Times

Florida Georgia Line

Lets turn it up loud, mix it up strong
Lean it back slow, get your feel good on
Cut em off short, roll it up tight
Let it unwind tonight Drop down the top down on the Pontiac
Where ever you wind up is where the partys at
Break out the bottle of Bacardi black
And dont look back cause Heres to the good times, heres to the sunshine
Heres to the ice you float your beer in
To the tops you pop and the tan lines disappearin
Oh my, my
Shes a little bit tipsy
Leans in for a kiss, shes stealin your heart just like a gypsy
And there you are just a drunken star, just fallin in her eyes
Heres to the good times,
while theres still time Well lay it all out, spray it on sweet
Carve it in oak and permanent ink
Park it way back, fog it on up
Singin ohh, ohh
Radio spillin from a single cab
She looks so good with her silver tabs
Hangin on a branch by the river
Thats a memory thatll get you when you look back Heres to the good times, heres to the sunshine
Heres to the ice you float your beer in
To the tops you pop and the tan lines disappearin
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Heres to the good timesHeres to the good times and the moonshine
And the blue eyes under the moonlight
Heres to the good times

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