

# Good Lives

## Eve 6

there's a plastic toy four door in the cereal box and  
he's licking off the sugar off the breakfast if chumps  
Promise that forever we will never get better at growing up and learning to lie  
There is no floor 13 there's not even a second story  
You got one to tell and its sad as hell  
Promise that forever we will never get better at growing up and learning to lie  
Grad school kid with wall street glim  
Got a suit and a tie and a record with winners  
Promise that forever we will never get better at growing up and learning to lie I'm on my way back home now  
Good lives are gold, like the oldest story  
Will mine be told while I'm still young and horney  
I know my role is to be a confusion  
Set the clock back when I'm growing old This kid came over and I let him crash  
But he went into my wallet and he grabbed my cash  
Promise that forever we will never get better at growing up and learning to lie  
And the good girlfriend she turned me in  
I was lying with my eyes about adultery sin  
Promise that forever we will never get better at growing up and learning to lie  
I'm on my way back home now  
Good lives are gold, like the oldest story  
Will mine be told while I'm still young and horney  
I know my role is to be a confusion  
Set the clock back when I'm growing old Never wanted to be like you or all the rest  
I've always been the first one to settle for second best  
I never wanted to be I never wanted to be I never wanted to be  
Like you Good lives are gold, like the oldest story  
Will mine be told while I'm still young and horney  
I know my role is to be a confusion  
Set the clock back when I'm growing old  
Promise that forever we will never get better at growing up and learning to lie x4

Lyrics provided by

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