

Good Life

"Notes In His Pocket"

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Drunk at the bar at last, last call
My babys home on her night off,
So Im involved in a serious talk with a girl I had known
growing up.
So we buy a six; decide to split
She has a downtown apartment.
She opens the door, falls to the floor,
Says, Im bitter sick of sweet and pure,
Take me now Im yours.
Notes in his pockets, rumors in the mill,
Phone calls after the bars close unlisted numbers.
If she only knew, then he'd be through
But who knows which parts are true.
She hates how it looks, but what can she do?
The girls all talk behind her back, they say she's being
used.
At Sullivans drinking with Justin,
He says he's seen my ex-girlfriend.
Shes back in town and what's worse
He knows where and when she works.
So we head over to the Underwood,
Shes trading shots with regulars:
She gives me a hugs til our hips are flush,
Says, Boy, weve hardly kept in touch
Its time for catching up.
Notes in his pockets, rumors in the mill.
Phone calls after the bars close unlisted numbers.
Still, he insists on his innocence;
Says those girls are all gossips.
Shes gotta drop the axe catch him in the act
With his shame around his ankles,
Chain the guilt around his neck.

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