

## Good Life

### "Notes In His Pockets"

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Drunk at the bar at last, last call  
my baby's home on her night off,  
So I'm 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,  
I'm bitter sick of sweet and pure,  
take me now I'm 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 Sullivan's drinking with Justin,  
he says he's seen my ex-girlfriend.  
She's back in town  
and what's worse  
he knows where and when she works.  
So we head over to the Underwood,  
she's trading shots with regulars:  
She gives me a hug  
'til our hips are flush,  
says, Boy, we've hardly  
kept in touch  
it's 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. She's 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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