

Good Life

"O'rourke's, 1: 20 A.m."

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It's different when you're lonely,
the whole world's in love.
Holding hands between bar stools,
and you're holding your tounge.
Hold on - you're so fucked up...
so fickle.
Isn't this what you want?
So simple, so single.
But it's different when you're helpless.
When the bars close their doors,
growing hostile towards your waitress...
those extra tips went ignored.

It's different 'cause you're desperate
Begging mercy on the sidewalk
to a sea of last callers
(keep the conversations quick
and keep them interested!)
You're different...and they sense it
Your eyes can't disguise it...
so glassy, half empty.
Ready to spill.

Hold on- please don't leave yet.
I can't go home alone,
it doesn't go over so well.
So hold on just a little longer.
At least through the night,
at least 'til the morning.
Hold on. Hold on to me.
I can hardly stand - much less
the sight of myself.
So hold on, hold on tight dear.
Put your foot on the gas -
get me the fuck out of here.

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