

Jessica Andrews "Good Time"

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I guess it's written on my face
God, I get so sick of this place
I gotta get up, and get out, and get a life

The days run long and nights too short
Not much time for me, no more
And I'm well overdue, so now I'm going to

Let my hair down
And bleach it blond
Turn the ringer off and the engine on
'Cause I can't wait to get to the good time

Just one stop at the ATM
Grab a hundred bucks and a real good friend
Pack it up, take a load off my mind
'Cause I can't wait to get to the good time

Me and my baby get along
Got a lot of love, got it goin' on
I wouldn't let go, not for anything

Somethin' 'bout how the highway feels
When you drivin' along on your freedom wheels
You know any destination will kill the frustration

Let my hair down
And bleach it blond
Turn the ringer off and the engine on
'Cause I can't wait to get to the good time

Just one stop at the ATM
Grab a hundred bucks and a real good friend
Pack it up and take a load off my mind
'Cause I can't wait to get to the good time

Just for the weekend
Let's jump off the deep end
I'm going to

Let my hair down
And bleach it blond

Turn the ringer off and the engine on
'Cause I can't wait to get to the good time

Just one stop at the ATM
Grab a hundred bucks and a real good friend
Pack it up and take a load off my mind
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