

Soundtracks

"How Good It Can Be - The 88"

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With the cops on your lips
it's a holy routine
If you'd stop all your trips
you could see what I mean
I forgot not to slip
'bout you're under 18
You had it in your hands

Leave it up to me
It's a known disease
Keep it in your fleece
Don't worry about the custom police, don't
I'll tell you just how good it can be,
this lazy summer

But you got no relief
from the pain in your head
And it's hollow and greased
and it says that you're dead
But you make fun and tease
and the things that you said
They always stab your back
And I've been holding out for love
ever since I had a heart.

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