

Spring Standards

"Good Times"

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All packed up heading for unknown
We had egg ranch rolling, blowing down the road
A bat against the head, fighting in the streets
Lump got the bump, the old man just got bent
Brand new town, brand new face to meet
We're hungry, tired, haven't showered in a week
Well pulling on in to the hotel, motel, roach ridden',
dirty old shoe smell
But at least a warm place to close our eyes
'Cause when I'm out on the road
There's no place I'd rather be
Than with my friends just having fun
I'm talkin' bout good times
Good times, good-times
Talkin' bout good times
Good times, good-times
Talkin' bout good times
Good times, good-times
Talkin' bout good times
Good times, good-times
Now on through Little Rock next thing the tire popped
Oncoming freeway, pig truck, now we're fucked
With the thunderball totalled we had no where to go
So we jumped on a plane in time for the next show
'Cause when I'm on the stage
There's no place I'd rather be
Than with my friends having fun
I'm talkin' bout good times
Good times, good-times
Talkin' bout good times
Good times, good-times
Talkin' bout good times
Good times, good-times
Talkin' bout good times
Good times, good-times
Good times
Good times
Good times
Good times
It's the way you feel when things are right
Both hands holding on real tight

The crowd is there to lift you high
Like Superman you could almost fly
A certain feeling when the sun goes down
And having all your good friends around
The good times never seem to end
When your on the road and you're with your friends
I'm talkin' bout good times
Good times, good-times
Talkin' bout good times
Good times, good-times
Talkin' bout good times
Good times, good-times
Talkin' bout good times
Good times
Talkin' bout good times

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