

Beverly McClellan**"Good Life"**

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[Verse 1]

Woke up in London yesterday
Found myself in the city near Piccadilly
Don't really know how I got here
I got some pictures on my phone

New names and numbers that I don't know
Address to places like Abbey Road
Day turns to night, night turns to whatever we want
We're young enough to say

[Chorus]

Oh this has gotta be the good life
This has gotta be the good life
This could really be a good life, good life

Say oh, got this feeling that you can't fight
Like this city is on fire tonight
This could really be a good life
A good, good life

[Verse 2]

To my friends in New York, I say hello
My friends in L.A. they don't know
Where I've been for the past few years or so
Paris to China to Col-or-ado

Sometimes there's airplanes I can't jump out
Sometimes there's bullshit that don't work now
We are god of stories but please tell me-e-e-e
What there is to complain about

[Bridge 1]

When you're happy like a fool
Let it take you over
When everything is out
You gotta take it in

[Bridge 2]

Hopelessly

I feel like there might be something that I'll miss

Hopelessly

I feel like the window closes oh so quick

Hopelessly

I'm taking a mental picture of you now

'Cuz hopelessly

The hope is we have so much to feel good about

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