

## **The 88**

### **"How Good It Can Be"**

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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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