

## Good Life, The "Drinking With The Girls"

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you thought you had it made,  
like the songs would write themselves.  
but your words ran out of ink,  
and your fingers lost the chords  
now you lay around so bored.  
and you hit the bar at 2:00,  
and you waste your time on girls-  
they know they're getting used.  
they love the pain that you create  
the drunken fights you fabricate-  
cause they've been hurt too...worse than you.  
you told yourself it's not your fault-  
you told them not to get involved.  
some bullshit excuse to escape unbruised.  
but they move on, while you're stuck  
hating your self-deprecation-your self-  
centered songs. the space you've created  
between your words and your actions.  
these loveless liasons have left you alone-  
all you've gained is a loss.

you wish, and you wish, and you wish  
you could regain a love you  
never even had to begin with.

you wished and prayed and tried to stay  
in love-or at least in your lover's  
good graces..just to keep it going.  
cause when they leave the drinks get  
stronger...and much, much more frequent  
for the sloppy, drunk boys. they hide in their  
basements where the songs write themselves.  
yeah, it used to be easy before we  
got lazy and drank with the girls.  
"no, i know it's not your fault.  
no, you said not to get involved."  
whatever makes you happy. whatever  
you need to believe in all ththose  
self-inflicted tragedies.  
you scribble them down on that miserable sound,  
i guess this is the good life.

your self-deprication has made  
its translation-these lyrics  
are done.

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