

Tommy Keene

"Good Times"

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Good Times

By Tommy Lee

Album:

Put down the magazine and get off the phone

There's a place I wanna show u and it wont take long

Take a ride

Take a ride

Its lookin like we're getting there

Over here, comin clear

Place that has no rhymes, or times, or crimes

Just good times

Just good times

Take me away

To a place where the good times good times roll

Don't let me stay

In a place where this hate can steal my soul...

Got myself worked up over nothing today

All the trash is in my head I gotta throw it away

Its alright

Its alright

Its lookin like we're getting there

Over here, comin clear

Place that has no rhymes, or times, or crimes

Just good times

Just good times

Take me away

To a place where the good times good times roll

Don't let me stay

In a place where this hate can steal my soul

This is it, I'm finally here

And all the blurry lines are clear

And everything that I can't see

Seems to make more sense to me

Why the hell can't I just let it go, let it go, yeah

Take me away (away)
Where the good times good times roll (roll)
Don't let me stay (stay)
Where this hate can steal my soul

Let the good times roll
Let the good times roll (take me away)
Let the good times roll (take me away)
Let the good times roll

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