

The Good Life

Jace Everett

She didn't smoke last Tuesday
Didn't even take a sip.
It's Wednesday night, she's bumming butts
And sinking like a ship.

She came to at tagger moon(?)
With orange in her hand
A hundred miles from anywhere
Her pockets full a sins

Living the good life
In the summertime
Flying so high
Living the good life

He ain't so committed(?)
And at least these many years
But all that really kept him safe
Was circumstance and fear

He woke up with a nose bleed
And a pounding in his head
A naked woman twice his age
Lie scattered accross the bed

Living the good life
In the summertime
Flying so high
Living the good life

Eighty thousand dollars
For a new Mercedes Benz
Used to ride the market
Like a vulture on the wind

It's funny how it's cylinders
Don't hardly make no sound
The last he ever heard
Was a garage door going down

Living the good life
In the summertime
Flying so high
Living the good life

Ain't this a good life
In the summertime
We're flying so high
Ain't this a good life