

Good Time

Jessica Andrews

Guess it's written on my face
God, I get so sick of this place
I gotta get up, get out, and get a life
The days run, long, the nights too short
Not much time for me no more
And I'm well over due
So now I'm going to

Let my hair down and bleach it blonde
Turn the ringer off and the engine on
'Cause I can't wait to get to the good times
Yeah just one stop at the ATM
Grab a hundred bucks and a real good friend
Pack it up, and take a load off my mind
'Cause I can't wait to get to the good times

Me and my baby get along
Got a lot of love, got it goin' on
I wouldn't let go no for anything
Somethin' bout how the highway feels
When you drive along on your freedom wheels
You know any destination will kill the frustration

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Just for the weekend
Let's jump off the deep end
I'm goin' to

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