

Good Times

Matt Costa

Baby we're running out of money
Honey we're running out of dough
I'm turning back to the man that I once was
But it was fun to fool them for a while

Finally those... good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming... to an end
Good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming... to an end

Everyone smiles for a sad song
Especially when they're riding high
But right now it's a crying shame
That the good times are coming to an end

Finally those... good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming... to an end
All those... good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming... to an end

I won't miss those fancy dinners
Won't even miss those fancy clothes
I won't miss that girl I love
I'm just turning back to the man that I once was

Finally those... good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming... to an end
All those... good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming... to an end
[x2]

Babe we're running out of money
Honey we're running out of dough
Let's slow it all in a fiery bash
And the rest we'll put up into smoke

Finally those... good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming... to an end
All those... good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming... to an end

All those... good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming... to an end
All those... good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming... to an end

Good times are coming

Those good times are coming now
Good times are coming
Those good times are coming now
Good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming... to an end

Good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming... to an end
All those... good times are coming
Those good times are coming
Good times are coming... to an end
Good times are coming... to an end