

The Good Times Are Killing Me

Modest Mouse

The good times are killing me.
Here we go!

Got dirt, got air, got water and I know you can carry on.
Shrug off shortsighted false excitement and oh what can I say?
Have one, have twenty more "one mores" and oh it does not relent.

The good times are killing me.

Kick butt buzz-cut dickheads
who didn't like what I said.
The good times are killing me.
Jaws clenched tight we talked all night,
oh but what the hell did we say?
The good times are killing me.

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Fed up with all that LSD.
Need more sleep than coke or methamphetamines.
Late nights with warm, warm whiskey.
I guess the good times they were all just killing me.

Got dirt, got air, got water and I know you can carry on.
The good times are killing me.
Enough hair of the dog to make myself an entire rug.
The good times are killing me.
Have one, have twenty more "one mores" and oh it does not relent.
The good times are killing me.
Shit-kicker city slickers who all wanted me dead.
The good times are killing me.

Get sucked in and stuck in late nights
with more folks that I don't know.
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