

Good Times Are Calling

The Courteeners

Well I'm in Manchester and you're in London town
I'm having the time of my life
But I'm dying to go down

I don't know if I should come see you, for you I am falling
I'm still young, I need life for more than I need a wife
The good times are calling me

The good times are calling me
You can come with me, you should come with me
The good times are calling me

Do you remember the days when you dropped all your weight?
They were the days when we stayed up for three straight
All the boys looking sharp, top of the class
All the girls singing Blondie with their heart of glass

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