

Good Times

Tommy Lee

Put down the magazine and get off the phone
Cuz theres a place I wanna show u and it wont take long
Take a ride
Take a ride

Its lookin like we're getting there
Over here, comin clear
Place that has no rhymes, or times, or crimes
Just good times
Just good times

Take me away
To a place where the good times good times roll
Don't let me stay
In a place where this hate can steal my soul

Got myself worked up over nothing today
All this trash in my head I gotta throw it away
Its alright
Its alright

Its lookin like we're getting there
Over here, comin clear
Place that has no rhymes, or times, or crimes
Just good times
Just good times

Take me away
To a place where the good times good times roll
Don't let me stay
In a place where this hate can steal my soul

This is it, I'm finally here
And all the blurry lines are clear
And everything that I cant see
Seems to make more sense to me
Why the hell cant I just let it go, let it go, yeah

Take me away (away)
where the good times good times roll (roll)
Don't let me stay (stay)
where this hate can steal my soul

Let the good times roll
Let the good times roll (take me away)
Let the good times roll (take me away)
Let the good times roll