

# Good Times

Tommy Lee

Put down the magazine and get off the phone  
There's a place I wanna show you and it won't take long  
Take a ride  
Take a ride It's 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 the trash that's in my head I gotta throw it away  
It's alright  
It's alright It's 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 can't see  
Seems to make more sense to me  
Why the hell can't 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

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