

Catch 22, Good Times

Mostly I'm an optimist,
bore my bad news and still persist
go on about my problems say,
what's wrong with our world today?

It may sound funny, but I give you all my money,
and keep on going without a doubt.

I never thought I would make it this far,
stumbling between every nightclub and bar.
Every time I seem to catch my big break,
the man call me up says there's been a mistake.

Who can I count on? What can I count on?
Where should I turn to? Why should I be with you?

It may sound funny, but I give you all my money,
and keep on going without a doubt.
The good times playin, sayin life is good,
it could be better, don't you dare, go ahead give up.

From day to day I could get so depressed,
but I've never paid someone to be oppressed
in my life when shit hits the fan,
I simply sit back and follow the plan.

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