

Hot Apple Pie, The Good Life

Well, there's a two o'clock flight down to Key West,
I could catch it if I leave now, I bet.
Where the steel drums sound while sun sinks down in the water.
I got five vacation days comin',
I spend my forty-hour week beach-bummin'...
I won't pack a lot of clothes 'cause where I'm gonna go, it don't matter.

I wanna ride the waves, tan my skin,
Dance with a girl I'll never see again,
An' get tattooed.
Catch some fish, catch a bus,
Bend some rules just because I want to.
I'm gonna open wide, take a ride,
An' taste the good life.

Aw, paradise never gets borin',
I might even do a little surf-boardin',
Catch a ride, if I can, with the parachute man,
An' go soarin'.

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An' taste the good life.
(Ah ooh.)

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