

Jeff Finlin, Good Time

We got life to cut our hearts out
Right from our chest
We don't think we just sink a lil' drinky
Till we know what's best

Got the boys shooting out the headlights
Gals blowing big balloons
We got dogs, the white man's burden
And Gilgamesh spinning the tunes
And you, Mama in the kitchen
All ya do is rag, rag, rag

It ain't nothing but a good time, good time, yeah
It ain't nothing but a good time, good time, yeah

We got love
Mama's brother's sister is marrying Uncle Ted
He got time for cutting her in pieces
And leaving her half past dead
It's true, she just laid up in the kitchen
All she did was rag, rag, rag

It ain't nothing but a good time, good time, yeah
It ain't nothing but a good time, good time, yeah

Rock me, reel me, roll me, never feel me

It ain't nothing but a good time, good time, yeah

We got souls
Somewhere south of wonder
Trailers flying across the prairie
Cars with doors of many colours
Conviction, yeah - we're beating up the fairies

It ain't nothing but a good time