

# Jeff Finlin, Good Time

We got life to cut our hearts out  
Right from our chest  
We don&#039;t think we just sink a lil&#039; drinky  
Till we know what&#039;s best

Got the boys shooting out the headlights  
Gals blowing big balloons  
We got dogs, the white man&#039;s burden  
And Gilgamesh spinning the tunes  
And you, Mama in the kitchen  
All ya do is rag, rag, rag

It ain&#039;t nothing but a good time, good time, yeah  
It ain&#039;t nothing but a good time, good time, yeah

We got love  
Mama&#039;s brother&#039;s sister is marrying Uncle Ted  
He got time for cutting her in pieces  
And leaving her half past dead  
It&#039;s true, she just laid up in the kitchen  
All she did was rag, rag, rag

It ain&#039;t nothing but a good time, good time, yeah  
It ain&#039;t nothing but a good time, good time, yeah

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

It ain&#039;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&#039;re beating up the fairies

It ain&#039;t nothing but a good time