

# Tommy Lee, Good Times

Put down the magazine and get off the phone  
Theres a place I wanna show u and it wont take long  
Take a ride  
Take a ride

Its 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 is in my head I gotta throw it away  
Its alright  
Its alright

Its 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 cant see  
Seems to make more sense to me  
Why the hell cant 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