

Buckcherry, Good Things

Can't stand working
Stayin' out fucking late
Downtown scream on the odds are
I'm getting laid

Before you hit the door
There's a tweaker in the bathroom

I fought the law
And the mother fucker took me to jail

(Chorus)

Do you ever think about the good things
From your using days and the bad dreams
Do you ever think
Do you ever think
Do you ever
Fucking think at all

The band is kickin'
The club is filling up with freaks

8ball dealing
A dollar 45 for drinks

Before you hit the door
There's a head banger stacked with weed

I got some flaws but
I still cut fucking loose

(Chorus X2)

Last one standing
Nothing at home to drink

Close your face
My libido's about to break

(Chorus X2)