

Edie Brickell, Good Times

You don't even have to try
It comes easy for you
The way you move is so appealing
It could make me cry
Go out driving with my friends
In Bobby's big old beat up car
I'm with a lot of people then
I wonder where you are

Good times, bad times, give me some of that
Good times, bad times, give me some of that
Good times, bad times, give me some of that

I don't want to say goodbye
Don't want to walk you to the door
I spend a little time with you
I want a little more

Good times, bad times, give me some of that
Good times, bad times, give me some of that
Good times, bad times, give me some of that