

# Molly Hatchet, Let The Good Times Roll

Well some people bitch, Lord, some people holler,  
About the long days on the road.  
Each man can do just what he wants,  
But we've all got to pull our load.  
As for myself, I'm gonna take the highway,  
It ain't as bad as they say.  
Give me wine, women, whiskey, and rock 'n roll,  
And let me sleep my days away.

Chorus:

C'mon baby, let the good times roll.  
C'mon baby, let the good times roll.  
I've been all throughout the South land.  
Keep moving on down the line.  
I ought to settle down some place,  
But I just can't find the time.  
As for myself, gonna take this highway,  
It ain't as bad as they say.  
Give me wine, whiskey, women, and rock 'n roll,  
And let me sleep my days away.

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