

The Good Life, Notes In His Pocket

Drunk at the bar at last last call
my baby's home on her night off
So I'm involved in a serious talk
with a girl I had known growing up
So we buy a six; decide to split
She has a downtown apartment
She opens the door, falls to the floor,
Says, I'm bitter sick of sweet and pure, take me now I'm yours."

Notes in his pockets
Rumors in the mill
Phone calls after the bars close - unlisted numbers
If she only knew, then he'd be through
but who knows which parts are true.
She hates how it looks, but what can she do?
The girls all talk behind her back, they say she's being used.

Ooh!

At Sullivan's drinking with Justin
He says he's seen my ex-girlfriend
She's back in town and what's worse
He knows where and when she works
So we head over to the Underwood
She's trading shots with regulars
She gives me a hugs til our hips are flush
Says, Boy, we've hardly kept in touch it's time for catching up."

Ooh!

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Still, he insists on his innocence
Says those girls are all gossips
She's gotta drop the axe, catch him in the act
With his shame around his ankles, chain the guilt around his neck.

Ooh!