

# Good Time

Jessica Andrews

Guess it's written on my face  
God, I get so sick of this place  
I gotta get up, get out, and get a life  
The days run, long, the nights too short  
Not much time for me no more  
And I'm well over due  
So now I'm going to

Let my hair down and bleach it blonde  
Turn the ringer off and the engine on  
'Cause I can't wait to get to the good times  
Yeah just one stop at the ATM  
Grab a hundred bucks and a real good friend  
Pack it up, and take a load off my mind  
'Cause I can't wait to get to the good times

Me and my baby get along  
Got a lot of love, got it goin' on  
I wouldn't let go no for anything  
Somethin' bout how the highway feels  
When you drive along on your freedom wheels  
You know any destination will kill the frustration

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Just for the weekend  
Let's jump off the deep end  
I'm goin' to

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