

Good Times

Never Shout Never

I woke up on a Wednesday morning, with a hangover that quaked my brain; Smoke cigarettes to keep me sane. I know I'll be alright. I pushed my covers down, with stubborn force, and stumbled out of bed, disregarding insufficient might. I know I'll be alright.

It seems like everyone I know, is letting go, most every night these days. As the days roll on I wonder what would justify our obstructive ways. The good times make the bad times worth our time.

Got spiffed up, and brewed a cup; My morning remedy, right down the hatch. Preparation for another day. I know I'll be alright. Hoped in my automobile, and kicked her off. Then, I took the wheel, headed downtown to grab a meal. I know I'll be alright.

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I called up all my friends, that night; There's something going down my way. Bring all the fun you can. I know we'll be alright. We rant and ramble carelessly, until we fell asleep alone. It gets more fun with every dose. I know we'll be alright.

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