

# The Good Life

Jace Everett

She didn't smoke last Tuesday  
Didn't even take a sip.  
It's Wednesday night, she's bumming butts  
And sinking like a ship.

She came to at tagger moon(?)  
With orange in her hand  
A hundred miles from anywhere  
Her pockets full a sins

Living the good life  
In the summertime  
Flying so high  
Living the good life

He ain't so committed(?)  
And at least these many years  
But all that really kept him safe  
Was circumstance and fear

He woke up with a nose bleed  
And a pounding in his head  
A naked woman twice his age  
Lie scattered accross the bed

Living the good life  
In the summertime  
Flying so high  
Living the good life

Eighty thousand dollars  
For a new Mercedes Benz  
Used to ride the market  
Like a vulture on the wind

It's funny how it's cylinders  
Don't hardly make no sound  
The last he ever heard  
Was a garage door going down

Living the good life  
In the summertime  
Flying so high  
Living the good life

Ain't this a good life  
In the summertime  
We're flying so high  
Ain't this a good life