

## Joe Pug "How Good You Are"

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Joe Pug, [fÃ¢â¬â](#), [-Ã...](#) "How Good You Are"[fÃ¢â¬â](#), [-Ã](#), [Ã](#)

By americansongwriter on February 8th, 2010

I was born into a circus,  
But I ran off to join a home.  
They said that I was worthless,  
That my family died unknown.  
So it gets, and so it goes.  
That's what you get I suppose  
For wantin' something more,  
Than a life of walkin' rows.

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All the Christians left behind,  
At the crossroads of your town.  
Oh, they're playing truth or dare  
Beneath the sanctuary now.  
Some wish they had the truth.  
Some wish they had the gold.  
But they're ain't no sense in leaving  
From the only game you know.

Oh I know how good you are.  
How hard it is.  
How good you are.  
There's a butler in your hallway.  
He is troublesome and old,  
He repeats the word alive.  
To describe your family gold.  
You ask him please to go,  
But there's one thing you  
don't know.  
He carved April 7th, [fÃ¢â¬â](#), [-Ã](#)65 into the side of  
your piano.

Oh I know how good you are  
How hard it is.  
How good you are.

Everything that you were meant for,  
Everything that you were born to do.

Does not need you to do it,  
Someone else was born to do it too  
Now, like a half grown man, you barely learn how to  
stand.  
If you shut up with what you've chosen,  
You'll hear something choosing you.

Oh I know how good you are  
How hard it is.  
How good you are.

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