

Deacon Blue "Good"

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Now everyone's singing
How baby's in black
She got Holy Rocker
Mad Dog he called Ronnie
Say here come old flat top
Come moving up slowly
And she got a smile
I can feel in my hip pocket

And I cry, I cry, I cry
Yes I sigh
Well it's a big big dream
But it's a good one

And she's beside me at the wheel
It seems so real
And the driving it's so tiring
And tank is less than zero
And my lips are chapped
What with the roof down flat
And my lips are aching
And My Veins Is Busting

And I cry, I cry, I cry
Yes I sigh
Well it's a big big dream
But it's a good one

And baby's got style
Like a missile silo
And she got speed
Like a Derby Racer
So you think I'm confused
In this wild hard mood?
No, no she leads me by the hand
Can't be bad

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