

Tori Amos

"Pretty Good Year"

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Tears on the sleeve of a man, don't wanna be a boy
today
Heard the eternal footman bought himself a bike to
race
And Greg he writes letters and burns his CDs
They say you were something in those formative years
Hold onto nothing as fast as you can

Well, still pretty good year
Pretty good

Maybe a bright sandy beach
Is gonna bring you back, back, back
May not so now you're off
You're gonna see America
Well, let me tell you something about America

Pretty good year
Pretty good

Some things are melting now
Some things are melting now
Well, what's it gonna take
Till my baby's alright
What's it gonna take
Till my baby's alright

And Greg he writes letters
With his birthday pen
Sometimes he's aware that they're drawing him in
But Lucy was pretty
Your best friend agreed

Well, still pretty good year
Pretty good
Pretty good year

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