

## **Sleeper**

### **"Good Luck Mr Gorsky"**

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Rides his bike on a tarmac causeway  
Makes him ten feet tall and drives him anywhere  
Dreams of rockets and home-run heroes  
Takes the brakes off on the big hills for a dare  
Oh when its dark here  
There's a voice that will always call you in  
But you don't care  
You still sleep without thinking

Best of luck Mr Gorsky all the world's waiting for you  
There's a clock on the wall  
And it ticks when you're small  
Counting for you  
Good luck Mr Gorsky all the worlds waiting for you  
There's a plaque on the wall  
That your wife won at school  
Cleans it for you

Making holes in the tall white fences  
And a hundred curtains flicker as you pass  
Think that man must be ninety-seven  
Built a telescope he focused on the stars  
Models in boxes never look like the pictures on the  
front  
But that's o.k  
They still fly on elastic

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