

Amos Tori, Pretty Good Year

Amos Tori

Under The Pink

Pretty Good Year

Tears on the sleeve of a man
don't want to 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

Maybe a bright sandy beach
is gonna bring you back
maybe not so now you're off
you're gonna see America
well let me tell you something about America
pretty good year
some things are melting now
well 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
Lucy was pretty your best friend agreed
well still pretty good year