

Dean Friedman, Company

words by Stuffy Shmitt
music by Dean Friedman

Got a rich man's dream. Wanna swap my taxi on a limousine.
Wanna cash it in. Wanna give it all away.

Got a poor man's needs. Beans in the bucket and love in the sheets.
And your sandy eyes. Making it all all right.
Something's calling on me...

And I don't know where I'm going.
I don't know where I'm going.
I got no place to be.
Honey, keep me company.

Woke peacefully in a town somehow in New Jersey.
In my momma's arms, rocking to the radio.

Now I sing myself to sleep in apartment 4 in building G.
Gotta lock the door. Gotta hide the key.
Oh, baby, I'm free...

And I don't know where I'm going.
I don't know where I'm going.
I got no place to be.
Honey, keep me company.

Now maybe one day I'll be a famous man with an LA tan,
a million fans, and a catamaran floating movie stars.
Or maybe one day I'll be a bum in the gutter with a bottle in my hands.
And your sandy eyes making it all all right.
Making it all all right.
Making it all all right.