Sleeper, Good Luck Mr Gorsky

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