

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