

Tori Amos, Pretty Good Year

Tears on the sleeve of a man
Don't wanna 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 going to bring you back
May 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
Still Pretty good year