

# 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