

# Deacon Blue, Good

Now everyone's singing  
How baby's in black  
She got Holy Roker  
Mad Dog he called Ronnie  
Say here come old flat top  
Come moving up slowly  
And she got a smile  
I can feel in my hip pocket

And I cry, I cry, I cry  
Yes I sigh  
Well it's a big big dream  
But it's a good one

And she's beside me at the wheel  
It seems so real  
And the driving it's so tiring  
And tank is less than zero  
And my lips are chapped  
What with the roof down flat  
And my lips are aching  
And My Veins Is Busting

And I cry, I cry, I cry  
Yes I sigh  
Well it's a big big dream  
But it's a good one

And baby's got style  
Like a missile silo  
And she got speed  
Like a Derby Racer  
So you think I'm confused  
In this wild hard mood?  
No, no she leads me by the hand  
Can't be bad