

A sugar pop dropped down the delivery slot  
Cause he loaded it up  
when I was there to buy some strings  
I'm finding times like these  
Would mean everything to me

Tommy looked up at his novelty clock  
He stopped and locked up the shop to play a piece  
He turned and talked to me  
Till I would have to leave

He said "young boy, you gotta let it fly  
There's a song in your lung and a dream in your eye  
Don't you beg for bread when there's so much more  
You can dream the whole damn store  
There'll be many a night when you can't find food  
From the long road home to the hotel room  
But don't forget that I always believed in you"

Good on you boy  
Good on me  
Good on you

A cigarette shock to the marigold pot  
As they wished me good luck  
I shut the door and crossed the street  
Every couple weeks  
I would check in just to see  
Till Bishop in a shock  
Picked the telephone up  
Heard my cigarette cough  
And said "oh man it's good to hear from you"  
And not believe  
That Tommy had to leave

Hey there boy go ahead and fly  
Say hello to your mom in the midnight sky  
I won't forget that you always believed in me  
Though there's many a night where I can't find food  
Take a look at me now man I'm playing my tunes  
I won't forget you  
Cause you were good to me

Good on you, boy  
Hell, good on me  
But good on you