

Good Man

Caity Baser

Sweet, no sugars in his tea
He prefers nicotine
He drinks it like it's free most mornings
He goes riding through the streets
On his bike from Italy
A sign I always see him calling

Here's the story I'll tell
Of a good man

He was a good, good, good, good man
He was a good, good, good, good man
He was a good, good, good, good man
And everything he touched he'd turn to gold 'cause he can
He was a good man

Eyes, the colour of the sea
A baby blue and green
His skin as tough as thieves, oh, trust me
He got everything he needs
A front door with some keys
He chose his family and that's why

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Of a good man

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He was a good, good, good, good man
And everything he touched he'd turn to gold 'cause he can

He was the best
He was my guy
My reason why

He slipped away in his sleep
His heart is in this beat
I hear it 1, 2, 3 (1, 2, 3)
He came to say hello
Let everybody know
That there is such a thing as a good, good, good, good man

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He was a good, good, good, good man
And everything he touched he'd turn to gold because he
He was a good man