

# 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 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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