

# The Good Things

Chris Staples

I do not know what lies ahead  
I do not know what I'll become  
I wish to promise you the moon  
I wish to promise you the sun  
Nothing gets me higher than you

Every step of the way  
A coin is tossed  
A little ground is gained  
A little ground is lost  
Let the good things come  
Let the good things leave  
Keep some good things  
Tucked up your sleeve