

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