

Good Man

Peter Bradley Adams

The old house is falling down
Every step I take makes a hollow sound
Should I walk away, should I push on through?
What in the world can a good man do?

Laughing eyes with a touch of grey
The record stopped when she looked my way
I could hear hear heart from across the room
What in the world can a good man do?

Yellow hair and almond
Skin she opened her arms and I fell right in
And she gave me love like I never knew
What in the world can a good man do?

Well her hands are warm, her hands are strong
She holds me here like I belong
But I know I can't love her like she wants me to
What in the world can a good man do?

We meet up late at the old fair grounds
And I've come here to let her down
I keep trying to leave but my feet won't move
What in the world can a good man do?

I walk a mile cross the kitchen floor
I slip the key underneath door
They will call me kind
They will call me cruel
What in the world can a good man do?
What in the world can a good man do?
Good man do