

Good Luck Mr Gorsky

Sleeper

Rides his bike on a tarmac causeway
Makes him ten feet tall and drives him anywhere
Dreams of rockets and home-run heroes
Takes the brakes off on the big hills for a dare
Oh when its dark here
There's a voice that will always call you in
But you don't care
You still sleep without thinking

Best of luck Mr Gorsky all the world's waiting for you
There's a clock on the wall
And it ticks when you're small
Counting for you
Good luck Mr Gorsky all the worlds waiting for you
There's a plaque on the wall
That your wife won at school
Cleans it for you

Making holes in the tall white fences
And a hundred curtains flicker as you pass
Think that man must be ninety-seven
Built a telescope he focused on the stars
Models in boxes never look like the pictures on the front
But that's o.k.
They still fly on elastic