

# Good

## Earl Greyhound

Now that a rose is the cancer I know  
Black in the night she come asking for more  
Summer a squall and the banshee she moans  
Come measure this pleasure without your good sense  
It's almost never what you may want to have guessed

No you you're good you're good you're good you're good you're good  
Astor the moon she rests her face on the floor  
She came in through the window  
Now that she's out she rolls her way to the door

She got farther than we know  
Into the light a dresser spills out a drawer  
Just like a casino  
We've test the pressure of the water and air

It's almost better now you're with her in there  
No you you're good you're good you're good you're good you're good

This I swear you're the only one I'd risk my fortune and heir for  
If you're good to me  
When I compare all my lonlyness to chance of what may be  
I see I'm a fool to care

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