How Good You Are

Joe Pug

Joe Pug, "How Good You Are"
By americansongwriter on February 8th, 2010I was born into a circus,
But I ran off to join a home.
They said that I was worthless,
That my family died unknown.
So it gets, and so it goes.
That's what you get I suppose
For wantin' something more,
Than a life of walkin' rows.2 Comments Printer-FriendlyAll the Christians left behind,
At the crossroads of your town.
Oh, they're playing truth or dare
Beneath the sanctuary now.
Some wish they had the truth.
Some wish they had the gold.
But they're ain't no sense in leaving
From the only game you know.Oh I know how good you are.
How hard it is.
How good you are.There's a butler in your hallway.
He is troublesome and old,
He repeats the word alive.
To describe your family gold.
You ask him please to go,
But there's one thing you don't know.
He carved April 7th, '65 into the side of your piano.Oh I know how good you are
How hard it is.
How good you are.Everything that you were meant for,
Everything that you were born to do.
Does not need you to do it,
Someone else was born to do it too
Now, like a half grown man, you barely learn how to stand.
If you shut up with what you've chosen,
You'll hear something choosing you.Oh I know how good you are
How hard it is.
How good you are.

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