

# Pretty Good Year

[Tori Amos](#)

Tears on the sleeve of a man, don't wanna be a boy today  
Heard the eternal footman bought himself a bike to race  
And Greg he writes letters and burns his CDs  
They say you were something in those formative years  
Hold onto nothing as fast as you can Well, still pretty good year  
Pretty good Maybe a bright sandy beach  
Is gonna bring you back, back, back  
May not so now you're off  
You're gonna see America  
Well, let me tell you something about America Pretty good year  
Pretty good Some things are melting now  
Some things are melting now  
Well, what's it gonna take  
Till my baby's alright  
What's it gonna take  
Till my baby's alright And Greg he writes letters  
With his birthday pen  
Sometimes he's aware that they're drawing him in  
But Lucy was pretty  
Your best friend agreed Well, still pretty good year  
Pretty good  
Pretty good year

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