Company

Dean Friedman

Got a rich man's dream. want to swap my taxi on a limousine.
Want to cash it in. want to give it all away.
Got a poor man's needs. beans in the bucket and love in the sheets.
And your sandy eyes. making it all all right.
Something's calling on me
And I don't know where I'm going.
I don't know where I'm going.
I got no place to be.
Honey, keep me company.
Woke peacefully in a town somehow in new jersey.
In my momma's arms, rocking to the radio.
Now I sing myself to sleep in apartment 4 in building G.Gotta lock the door. gotta hide the key.
Oh, baby, I'm free
And I don't know where I'm going.
I don't know where I'm going.
I got no place to be.
Honey, keep me company.
Now maybe one day I'll be a famous man with an la tan,
A million fans, and a catamaran floating movie stars.
Or maybe one day I'll be a bum in the gutter with a bottle in my hands.
And your sandy eyes making it all all right.
Making it all all right.
Making it all all right.

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