

# All Things Good and Nice

## Jets to Brazil

i love my mother for all the things she's not  
but mostly for who she is  
i love my father for all the things he's thought  
but really for the things he did  
i love my piano though i wasn't ever taught  
still i think i'm gonna live all things to those who wait  
take time to find your way  
half the answers are there in your mistakes  
even when you're wrong i think you're great i love my brother he's always taking shit  
he's just not like the other kids  
i love my sister for always making things  
she even made a brother out of me, sweet kid  
i love this feeling like i've got something to give  
you know i think i'm gonna live all things to those who wait  
take time to find your way  
some will say the truth is not so plain  
don't confuse your truth with your pain you can take a line and say it isn't straight  
but that ain't gonna change it's shape i love my drummer and all the things he plays  
i wrote it in half-time just to say thanks  
i love my bassist represent the Western states  
i think they sent an angel from the old Salt Lake  
i love my guitarist his chops from outer space  
he can make my three chords sound like eight all the things to those who wait  
take time to find your way  
to all the bands who mean what they say:  
it's not what you sell it's what you make.  
i love you stranger, it might not always show  
there's a lot of good in you i know

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