Good to Me

Inara George

Whats so different
With the color of things?
I feel the wind push the car
And look at you againWhen you turn to me
And ask me what I think
I nod and then I sing along
To all the songs you likeThere hasn't been a time
That I have wished
I wasn't here with youYour eyes are good to me
Oh they can see, they can see
What my mother sees
Oh, they can see
What my mother seesI fall asleep
Like some airplane crash
You drive a little more
So you dont have to wake me upI can dream
And I can worry
And then you say to me
I know you better than you thinkThere hasnt been a time
That I have wished
I wasnt here with youYour eyes are good to me
Oh, they can see, they can see
What my mother sees
Oh, they can see
What my mother seesWhy have all the bombs
Been blasting in the air?
Do you know what our love can do?
Oh slowly, you know me
Like a man should
Im so sunny everyday, so sunnyThere hasnt been a time
That I have wished
I wasnt here with youYour eyes are good to me
Oh, they can see, they can see
What my mother sees
Oh, they can see
What my mother seesThey can see
What my mother sees
Oh, they can see
What my mother sees

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