

# 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 hasn't 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 hasn't 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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