

# Good Luck Mr. Gorsky

## Sleeper

Rides his bike on a tarmac causeway  
Makes him ten feet tall and drives him anywhere  
    Dreams of rockets and home-run heroes  
Takes the brakes off on the big hills for a dare  
    Oh when its dark here  
    There's a voice that will always call you in  
        But you don't care  
You still sleep without thinking  
    Best of luck Mr Gorsky all the world's waiting for you  
    There's a clock on the wall  
        And it ticks when you're small  
        Counting for you  
    Good luck Mr Gorsky all the worlds waiting for you  
        There's a plaque on the wall  
        That your wife won at school  
    Cleans it for you  
    Making holes in the tall white fences  
        And a hundred curtains flicker as you pass  
        Think that man must be ninety-seven  
    Built a telescope he focused on the stars  
    Models in boxes never look like the pictures on the front  
        But that's o.k  
        They still fly on elastic

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