

Hurt

A sugar pop dropped down the delivery slot
 'Cause he loaded it up
 when I was there to buy some strings
 Certain times like these
 Mean everything to me
Tommy looked up at his novelty clock
He stopped and locked up the shop to play a piece
 He turned and talked to me
 'Till I would have to leave
 He said "young boy you gotta let it fly
There's a song in your lung and a dream in your eye
Don't you beg for prayer when there's so much more
 You can dream the whole damn store
There be many a night when you can't find food
 From the long road home to the hotel room
But don't forget that I always believed in you"
 Good on you boy
 Good on me
 Good on you

A cigarette shock to the marigold pot
 As they wished me good luck
I shut the door and crossed the street
 Every couple weeks
 I would check in just to see
 To dish up in the shock
 With the telephone up
 Put my cigarette, cough
And said "oh man it's good to hear from you"
 And not believe
 That Tommy had to leave
 Hey there boy go ahead and fly
 Say hello to your mom in the midnight sky
I won't forget that you always believed in me
 'Cause many a night when I can't find food
Take a look at me now man I'm playing my tunes
 I won't forget you
 'Cause you were good to me
 Good on you, boy

Hell, good on me
But good on you

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