

Pretty Good Year (Live from Sound Check)

[Tori Amos](#)

Tears on the sleeve of a man, don't wanna be a boy today
Heard the eternal footman bought himself a bike to race
And Greg he writes letters and burns his CDs
They say you were something in those formative years
Hold onto nothing as fast as you can Well, still pretty good year
Pretty good Maybe a bright sandy beach
Is gonna bring you back, back, back
May not so now you're off
You're gonna see America
Well, let me tell you something about America Pretty good year
Pretty good Some things are melting now
Some things are melting now
Well, what's it gonna take
Till my baby's alright
What's it gonna take
Till my baby's alright And Greg he writes letters
With his birthday pen
Sometimes he's aware that they're drawing him in
But Lucy was pretty
Your best friend agreed Well, still pretty good year
Pretty good
Pretty good year

Songwriters

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