

All Things Good And Nice

Jets to Brazil

I love my mother for all the things she's not
But mostly for who she is
I love my father for all the things he's thought
But really for the things he did
I love my piano though I wasn't ever taught
Still I think I'm gonna live

All things to those who wait
Take time to find your way
Half the answers will come from your mistakes
Even when you're wrong I think you're great

I love my brother he's always taking shit
He's just not like those other kids
I love my sister for always making things
She even made a brother out of me, sweet kid
I love this feeling like I've got something to give
You know I think I'm gonna live

All things to those who wait
Take time to find your way
Some will say the truth is not so plain
Don't confuse the truth with your pain

You can take a line and say it isn't straight
But that ain't gonna change it's shape

I love my drummer and all the things he plays
I wrote it in half-time just to say thanks
I love my bassist represent the Western states
I think they sent me an angel from the old Salt Lake
I love my guitarist his chops from outer space
He can make my three chords sound like eight

All the things to those who wait
Take time to find your way
To all the bands who mean what they say:
It's not what you sell it's what you make.
I love you stranger though it might not always show
There's a lot of good in you I know