tom is doing great all the time, he knows he won't stick around much longer and I'm so weak baby don't talk me out of this I need some sleep, have I done this before Tom is doing great all of you should know He won't stick around much longer And go to hell baby I'll write you once a year And please don't tell and don't spoil it for me But you won't, I'm sure and I like you a little more Still you see nothing at all And I think you're great but you leave this parade You're greater than mars and Someone said something about this Tom is doing great all the time, he'll know He won't stick around much longer And one more thing baby learn how to make this work Yet all dressed up and there's nowhere to go maybe Round and round, I will tell you some other time Still you see nothing at all Chorus And I will have taste And you will have nothing at all It's the one who counts There are no more surprises for you No Still you see nothing at all And I think you're great but you leave this parade You're greater than greater than... Someone says something about Someone says something about Someone says something about this