ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE

by Ken Hicks (1987)

This is a song for all the good people,
All the good people who touched up my life.
This is a song for all the good people,
People I'm thanking my stars for tonight.

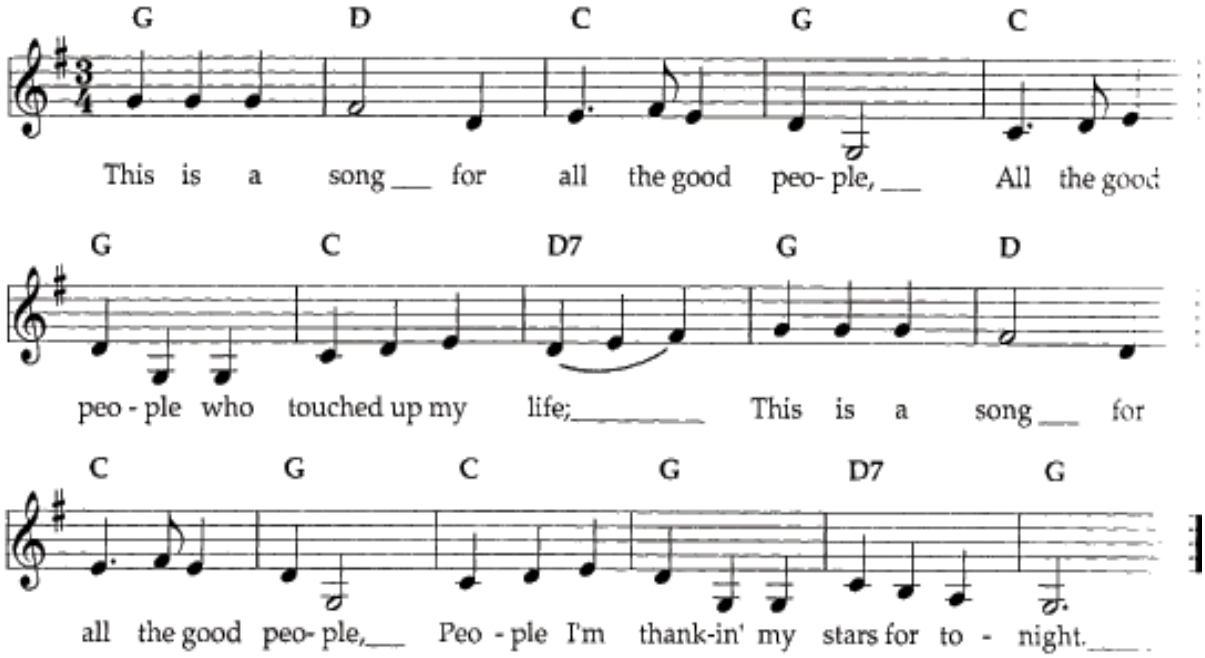
This is a song for all the good women
Who knew what I needed was something they had:
Food on the table and a heart that was able,
Able to keep me just this side of sad.

This is a song for all the good fellows
Who shared of their time, some good and some bad.
We drank in the kitchen, held no competition,
Each knowing the other was a good friend to have.

And this is a song for all the good travelers
Who passed through my life as they moved along:
Gypsies and tinkers, ramblers and thinkers--
Each took the time to sing me a song.

This is a song for all the good people,
All the good people who touched up my life.
Some helped in all ways; some helped in small ways.
Some always told me “you’re doing all right.”

This is a song I sing for my lady,
I sing for my lady, who puts up with me,
My ramblin’, my roamin’, my late-night come homin’;
She is the sunshine that flows down on me.

This is a song for the pickers and singers
Whose tunes and whose voices have blended with mine
On back steps and stages, for love and for wages,
It’s one kind of givin’, and some kinda fine

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