

# Fearless

Matthew Good Band

Is there anything that I need to say  
that hasn't been said before  
I have been polite for too long  
why should I be anymore  
better now than never, better loud than clever  
better just to play the fool  
it's times like this  
when you just close your eyes and kiss  
cause everything after this  
is just bullshit and being cruel  
so hold me up, I'm going out  
and don't wait up, I won't be coming home

if you lay me down in concrete fields  
will I dream of grass and opera  
this is the sound and how it feels  
to be dead

In the end there will be fire and brimstone  
and no one will be there to answer the telephone  
you are the only one I'll miss  
you are the only answer at a time like this  
she is the trick of my trade  
she is the thing that can't be made  
she is gold and nothing less  
and she is fearless  
so hold me up, we're going out  
and don't wait up, we won't be coming home

You hold it in your hand  
you keep it in your heart  
you hide it in your head  
and you use it when you have to  
she is the trick of my trade  
these are the things that can't be made  
stay yourself and nothing less  
stay fearless