What a waste of a smoke machine Took the taste of the dopamine And left me high and dry

Call the cops, call the cavalry Spin the tops that'll dazzle me And give me a new supply

There's a layer below, underneath all the layers that I knew So I pay when you go but it only convinces me that you are Good for me
Good for

Just a little bit of what I need To southern appetite that I can't feed Isn't it good for me

Accessorizing before the fact Alibis couldn't stay intact As guilty as a gun

So you dig, so you move some earth Tunnel down out of Leavenworth Or set the fuse and run

Blasting deep underground, getting down to the Continental Shel f
I'll pretend I'm surprised by the lies that I'm telling to myse lf
That you're good for me
Good for me
Good for

Under cover of your rifle fire I slipped the traces and I tripped the wire Isn't that good for me

And it was [?] I can see Your orders kicking up to breathe The cloud of dust in blade's army

Good for me