

# Good Luck With Whatever

Dawes

There's a man with a chainsaw  
Standing out in my yard  
He says he's just trimming trees  
But he's clearly trying too hard  
And a Chevy Suburban  
With the government plates  
And an idling engine  
While I'm planning out my escape

Good luck with whatever  
Whatever awaits  
Whatever endeavors  
I'm sure you'll do great  
I'm cutting the tether  
I'm clearing the air  
Good luck with whatever  
I really don't care

My crystal ball television  
The sacred voice of the grid  
Asking rhetorical questions  
About where the bodies are hid  
The guillotine in the camera  
We all pretend to ignore  
All of the souls it's collecting  
And what the collector is using them for

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The silhouette of my neighbors  
Staring deep in their phones  
They said they'd be in Honduras  
But there's clearly somebody home  
And I'm still not learning my lesson  
Despite having every excuse  
How all of my biggest fears  
Are the same ones that never come true

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