

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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