

Change Of Season

Matthew Good Band

If they dropped the bomb
Would you love me then
If I was wrong
Would it be okay
Well I can see holes in everyone
A change of season

If I found a way
To make amends
Would you say I was too late
Well I can find
The holes on anyone
A change of season
A change of season

I feel like I'm losing for money
I feel like I'm losing for free
I feel older than the dead angel on my shoulder claims to be

I feel like we're drinking and driving
I feel like we're running into walls
I feel like swimming in your apathy
You know I'd love to be your conscience when it calls

If they made me crawl
Would you love me then
If I was small
Would it be okay
Well I can see
The need in everyone
A change of season
A change of season

I feel like I'm losing for money
I feel like I'm losing for free
I feel older than the dead angel on my shoulder claims to be

I feel like we're drinking and driving
I feel like we're running into walls
I feel like swimming in your apathy as a kind of parody
For miles and miles, miles

I feel like somebody's missing
I feel like somebody's missing
I think somebody's missing