

## Parable

Matthew Good Band

Press the little red button  
Press the- it is pressed  
The little red, pressed-  
It is cold...

You are the one that took me down  
We cannot see, we cannot kick the habit  
Take your lips and turn em upside down  
Make me slowly in the image of your perfection

If not the liar then the apple of your eye  
If not today then tomorrow is just goodbye  
I covet all these things  
The bird it knows the bee stings  
And then it dies, well, and then it dies

Tea in a loaded room, in a loaded house, in a loaded town  
A finger taps the table, bottled ships they run aground  
If only for my life, if only for my life, if only for my life  
Know me, know me

If not the liar then the apple of your eye  
If not the jury then guilt is through the alibi  
I, I covet all these things  
The bird it knows the bee stings  
And then it dies, well, and then it dies

You are the one that took me down  
Between your riding round youve surely known your lost and found  
Take your whore lips and, take your whore lips and  
Make me slowly in the image of your perfection

If not the savior then the apple of your eye  
If not the masterpiece then a massacre in disguise  
I, I covet all these things  
The bird it knows the bee stings  
And then it dies, well, and then it dies

Come on home, yeah come on home  
And come on home, yeah come on home