Matthew Good Band

Strange Days

Good morning Don't cop out You crawled from the cancer to land on your feet Are you crazy to want this Even for a while? We're making this shit up The reasons for being are easy to pay You can't remember the others They just kind of went away So you're driving, it's rush hour The cars on the freeway are moving like slugs When you drift off to wake up Do you always hit the brakes?

We're done lying for a living The strange days have come and you're gone Either dead or dying Either dead or trying to go

It's evening, you're tired You sleep walk, a robot out to the street Are you crazy to want this, even for a while? you're driving, i t's rush hour The cars on the freeway are moving backwards Into a wall of fire Backwards Into a wall of fire

We're done lying for a living The strange days have come and you're gone You're gone Either dead or dying Either dead or trying to go Good morning Don't cop out