

Boobytrapped

Matthew Good

Sometimes I drive at night
Sit in the empty parking lots of strip malls
Sometimes I feel quiet
Like a lake must after the summer's gone

Close my eyes
The wind comes up
Stood in a field
You silhouetted against the sun
Like you've been waiting
And it's been years
And I ain't boobytrapped no more

Sometimes I drive at night
Sit in the empty parking lots of stadiums
Sometimes I feel tired
Like an H Bomb must feel its uranium

Close my eyes
The wind comes up
Down in a valley
An old stone house
Where you've been waiting
All these years
And I ain't boobytrapped no more