

Dreading It

Matthew Good

Set off wrapped in Christmas lights
With a crazy glued Swiss Army Knife
Pitons and football cleats
A suitcase of air and Ketamine

To a tower and a maiden
Complaining about the mattresses
And how peas are the diamonds of peasants
Gotta rescue her and I'm dreading it

Cause I don't like people
What do you want me to say?
I could lie and say that I do
Cause lying's my main thing

She says hold me tight
And don't forget about yesterday
And all those things you said to me

Set off in a hurricane
In a tiny boat with the ghost of Emmet Kelly
To find a chest of golden parlour tricks
Got bills to pay and a roof to fix

Of a tower for a maiden
Complaining about the mattresses
Gotta scuba dive to get it
In the middle of the night and I'm dreading it

No I don't like people
What do you want me to say?
I could lie and say that I do
Cause lying's my main thing

She says hold me tight
And don't forget about yesterday
And all those things you said to me