Fingernails

Matthew Good

Peel away the long drift that's so pale
You're hanging on by your fingernails
The mirror I play that never gets it right
That you solicit in the middle of the night
A frozen skyline stood on an icy rail
You're hanging on by your fingernails

Maybe it's too late to hear it
Maybe it's too late to buy
But when you're always saying means believing
Baby it's too late to cry

Threw open them doors
Rode in on them coattails
You're hanging on by your fingernails
I like to dream of things in the opposite of no
Like Dixon long to Smith to Thomas in on goal
The truth of knowing any part of it could fail
Ya we were hanging on by our fingernails

Maybe it's too late to hear it
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