

How It Goes

Matthew Good

You know how it goes
Maybe these feet were made for walking away
So I don't really use them
Living in ditches is all well and good
When you get to choose them
I guess I could say it's strange
But most of me knows who I ain't fooling
So the excuses change
But not the game and not the tune
Because we know how it goes

Down on the corner they still talk about you
But say they don't care
Baby you know I bruise but being polite never got me nowhere
So it's to you I move like steel in light and breathing fresh air ?
Some of my face as changed
But not my name and not my tune
Because you know how it goes
Yeah you know
How it goes (alright)