

Prime Time Deliverance

Matthew Good

The red red lips
Of some secret solution
The Central Intelligence Agency
Has a file that's a mile longer than peace

She's naked on the phone
Watching them back
No eyes, just their stupid grins
They long to be liberal mannequins

And in their tiny room
They eat Chinese food and they don't call their wives
'Cause the girl in the window is
Pressing her breasts up against the window pane
And the guy they're after on the floor below her is
Cutting cocaine, higher than the building

A one way trip
Who ever thought she'd miss the ins and outs of oxygen?
The darkest side of the biggest God damn ride
You've ever been on
Her mother loves that show
Even though she never gets the answers right
It's easier to play along

Sometimes more than being wrong

They found her in her room
Wearing a pink bunny suit
And sour cherry lipstick
Hanging from the closet door
Her eyes were wide, maybe to despise
Maybe just to look into your
Headlight morning glow
Headlight morning glow

This is it, well this is it, oh
Prime time deliverance
Prime time deliverance
And this is it, well this is it, oh
Prime time deliverance
Prime time

That you have and you hold
And you have and you hold
That you have and you hold...

And she says
The best thing you could do
Is hang around a while