

Radicals

Matthew Good

It's not that I never did tell you
It's more that you should have just known
Once you break it you bought it
And once you've bought it it's breakable
Ya once you've bought it it's breakable

In town at the bar there's a calendar
From 1933
It's been hanging there for decades
Since sobriety lost to reality
Since sobriety lost to reality

At night's I'd sit in the corner
Think up stories and all of them crimes
Of pretty girls kidnapped by radicals
Who fell in love with them after a time

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On the edge of town where the streetlights ground
And the highway melts into the dark
Built me a shack with a porch out the back
Where I sit and shoot bottles like question marks

Sometimes you wonder at yourself
And how it is you're still alive
You've done all them things you never thought
Like kissing ass and calling it compromise

In town at the bar there's an exit
That leads back to something before
Pretty girls kidnapped by radicals
That took from them all that they stood for

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