

# Change Of Season

Matthew Good Band

If they dropped the bomb  
Would you love me then  
If I was wrong  
Would it be okay  
Well I can see holes in everyone  
A change of season

If I found a way  
To make amends  
Would you say I was too late  
Well I can find  
The holes on anyone  
A change of season  
A change of season

I feel like I'm losing for money  
I feel like I'm losing for free  
I feel older than the dead angel on my shoulder claims to be

I feel like we're drinking and driving  
I feel like we're running into walls  
I feel like swimming in your apathy  
You know I'd love to be your conscience when it calls

If they made me crawl  
Would you love me then  
If I was small  
Would it be okay  
Well I can see  
The need in everyone  
A change of season  
A change of season

I feel like I'm losing for money  
I feel like I'm losing for free  
I feel older than the dead angel on my shoulder claims to be

I feel like we're drinking and driving  
I feel like we're running into walls  
I feel like swimming in your apathy as a kind of parody  
For miles and miles, miles

I feel like somebody's missing  
I feel like somebody's missing  
I think somebody's missing