

I, The Throw Away

Matthew Good Band

Made a man out of me
A killing machine
Your baby's going to die ma
Your baby's coming home
You know they put a man on the moon
Simply to prove that we all need a place to go
Where we're not known
Where we're not
And to a lesser degree
I can recall breathing easy
But the deficit rolls
Built up I suppose
Picking up the pieces
Of another fucked up reason
For selling of some freedom that was never free
Well, never abseloutely
Never abseloutely

Made a mess out of me
A killing machine
Sometimes when I need them
If I look hard enough to see them
I can find my feet
As I push against gravity
In and out of having them been
Led by defeat
So one more time's all I need