

Strange Days

Matthew Good Band

Good morning
Don't cop out
You crawled from the cancer to land on your feet
Are you crazy to want this
Even for a while?
We're making this shit up
The reasons for being are easy to pay
You can't remember the others
They just kind of went away
So you're driving, it's rush hour
The cars on the freeway are moving like slugs
When you drift off to wake up
Do you always hit the brakes?

We're done lying for a living
The strange days have come and you're gone
Either dead or dying
Either dead or trying to go

It's evening, you're tired
You sleep walk, a robot out to the street
Are you crazy to want this, even for a while? you're driving, i
t's rush hour
The cars on the freeway are moving backwards
Into a wall of fire
Backwards
Into a wall of fire

We're done lying for a living
The strange days have come and you're gone
You're gone
Either dead or dying
Either dead or trying to go
Good morning
Don't cop out