

Good for Me

Aimee Mann

What a waste of a smoke machine
Took the taste of the dopamine
And left me high and dry

Call the cops, call the cavalry
Spin the tops that'll dazzle me
And give me a new supply

There's a layer below, underneath all the layers that I knew
So I pay when you go but it only convinces me that you are
Good for me
Good for

Just a little bit of what I need
To southern appetite that I can't feed
Isn't it good for me

Accessorizing before the fact
Alibis couldn't stay intact
As guilty as a gun

So you dig, so you move some earth
Tunnel down out of Leavenworth
Or set the fuse and run

Blasting deep underground, getting down to the Continental Shelf
I'll pretend I'm surprised by the lies that I'm telling to myself
That you're good for me
Good for me
Good for

Under cover of your rifle fire
I slipped the traces and I tripped the wire
Isn't that good for me

And it was [?] I can see
Your orders kicking up to breathe
The cloud of dust in blade's army

Good for me