

# 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