

## Born Losers

Matthew Good Band

Well there ain't nothing to this but your daughter  
And the life you would not give her break your plans  
Traipsed across the continent a squatter  
For your lies at night to sleep between my hands

When the lights come on this whole place gets ugly  
But when they're out strangers fall in love  
She could never say that flat out she don't want me  
Cause I could never say that half way ain't enough

New Order's on the turn table we're dancing  
Cause what else do you do when you don't talk?  
Crucified to crawl into your mansion  
Ya, that's why I learned to crawl before I walked

We're back where we belong  
Straight back where we belong  
No days for nights, no cocaine cons  
Just back where we belong

Take me out back to your piranhas  
And beat me until I can't even stand  
Your whole life a plane without no landing gear  
So if this is it then come on let me land

That trailer trash pedigree is calling  
It rats you out when you're down on all fours  
Me I like to cast my death on yesterday  
Cause what doesn't kill us now just makes us better whores

We're back where we belong  
Straight back where we belong  
No days for nights, no cocaine cons  
Just back where we belong

Go put it in the ground  
Go bury it some place it can't be found  
Go put it in the ground

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