

Fall Of Man

Matthew Good Band

You pray for the sheep
I get closer to hell
I stand on the hill
then I run down
I look in your eyes
you look for your price
you beg me to stop
but I was never that nice

Never did mind about the little things
we'll stick to the plan
the fall of man

You pray for the sheep
look forward to hell
go live on the hill
no one comes down
I look in your eyes
you look for some teeth
like nickels at night
left under the sheets

Never did mind about the little things
we'll stick to the plan
the fall of man

What you don't know won't kill you