

# Giant

Matthew Good Band

Shake me, I'm waiting  
In your new ark they're saying  
I'm the creature in your sick thing  
Everybody sees a giant

When the bad moon in your heart sings  
And your wind-up gears start grinding  
Your teeth feel you smiling  
A better, happier you  
The better, happier you

When you blow out  
Like a dead star  
It reminds me how uniform your beautiful is  
We carry on like it's easy  
Like you're all out  
And I'm your man  
Baby I'm your man

Hit me, I'm bleeding  
In your lounge, on your grooming  
It's the future that's whoring  
The better, happier you  
A better, happier you

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