

Load Me Up

Matthew Good Band

Picture yourself
Sleeping on a plane
There's something ticking in the overhead
And inside your brains
There's bodies in the water
And bodies in the basement
If heaven's for clean people, it's vacant
And hey are you know?
And hey are you being careful?
And hey are you luke warm?
Hey ya you are

I'm frantic
So load me up
Whatever puts me all the way out

Picture yourself swimming in an ocean
A million miles from nowhere and the nearest phone
There's bodies in the water
Floating all around you
And all of them are talking, and they're comedians
And hey are you you know?
And hey are you special?
And hey are you deformed?
Hey ya you are

I'm frantic
So load me up
It seems so practiced
Me fucking this up
Whatever puts me all the way out

Picture yourself at the MGM grand
Murphy's fighting Occam, you're in the stands
You're in the stands
There's somebody in the water
In the middle of the ocean
A million miles from nowhere
And they're alone
I'm there alone
So, so deformed

I'm frantic
So load me up
This seems so practiced
So take me all the way out
Whatever puts me all the way out