

# Running For Home

Matthew Good Band

They beam things into your head  
The ghosts of your pleasure in contempt  
When we were liars things were seamless  
When we were wired the world was like a secret

I close my eyes now and I scream  
I turn the light on and there's nothing left redeeming  
I saw your face before it changed  
The gun it makes you look nicer in a bad way

So low for how high  
Well it's too late tonight  
And I'm sure you're right  
So low for how high

And after this there's just the circus  
And every morning your carnie heart stops workin'  
It gets tight in there sometimes  
Looking for those defects  
Talking like it's a reflex

I close my mouth now and I scream  
I open the door and there's nothing left redeeming  
I saw your face before in rough  
You should wait around awhile  
Cause you'r body's bound to turn up

So low for how high  
Well it's too late tonight  
And I'm sure you're right  
So low for how high