

# The Fine Art Of Falling Apart

Matthew Good Band

I walk alone and I  
I ride alone and I  
I rock myself to sleep  
Baby, there ain't enough room in this world  
For people like you  
And horrors like me

A time of darkness  
There lived a girl in a cave in the woods  
Disguised as a bee  
At night she would fly into the city  
Sting the cause  
And sting the cost  
And she would hover over me  
Whispering  
And so we sing  
We're surfacing  
We're surfacing

I stand alone and I  
I fight alone and I  
Stay clean by feeling cheap  
And baby, there ain't enough room in this world  
For perfection's like you  
And monsters like me

A time of darkness  
You will look absurd and you will feel inert  
And you will go looking to blame somebody  
You see I used to think that I'd get over everything  
But everything just got  
over me

I'm some of it  
You're some of it  
We're some of it  
I'm certain of it

I walk alone and I  
I ride alone and you know  
That's all right by me  
See baby cause  
here ain't enough room in this world  
For a great, great many things