

# Champions Of Nothing

Matthew Good

When Hollywood runs out of Indians  
When the bar stars melt and their golden hair turns into glass  
When Hollywood runs out of Indians  
When the bubble bursts and the first are come for by the last  
There's something in the way you move  
Makes me catch a cold  
There's something in your "too cool for school"  
When you slide up and down my pole  
There's something in the way you look  
That only casts a shadow  
When Hollywood runs out of Indians  
Only the Indians will know

A kick in the head, pass it around  
Begging for a bed, pass it around  
Pass it around

And I'd say what you'd say  
It makes me feel nothing  
There's a car waiting to take me to something  
At the end of my rope there's  
A new world, it's snowing  
The globe it starts shaking  
Is it me not worth knowing?  
The white coats are melting  
The snow down our mountains  
To process the rivers for hallways, and fountains  
And I'd say what you'd say  
But it makes me feel nothing  
Til there's a man waiting to take me to something  
That I'm for

Hell  
It looks red in all it's pictures  
My sisters sing laments  
While their skin blisters  
(take your time, take your time, take your time)  
Halleluiahs  
Offered down on the floor  
Nobody goes above decks  
No, not no more  
They say the sun is still shining  
That you can feel it in your core  
But I ain't seen nobody move  
That weren't going for the door

And I'd say what you'd say  
Champions of nothing  
But there's a car waiting to take me to something  
At the end of my rope  
There's a new world, it's glowing  
The globe it starts shaking  
Was it you not worth knowing?  
The white coats are melting  
The snow down our mountains  
To process the rivers for hallways, and fountains

And I'd say what you'd say  
But it makes me feel nothing  
Til there's a man waiting to take me something  
That I'm for...