

Good Enough

Niceland

I seem like a liar, and the God
can see through stone a whole lot better,
needs someone to come and show me up

If the walls could talk, they would lie
then the feeling of the greed, that heartless misfit,
tells me: oh, my kind of life!

Nothing's ever good enough for me, I know, I know

A cold lover, lost son,
then I go only half the way that
leads a coward thru the freezing night

Has it come up yet? I doubt,
cause I've seen the glare, it did not please me
any more than my lust for life

Nothing's ever good enough for me, I know, I know

And I promised you nothing
and you afraid to tell
That nothing will ever happen
and nothing will ever happen

can you just think of something
something that you'd never say
to push around what surrounds me
pull around what surrounds me

can you just think of something
Something that you'll never see
There's always gonna be one thing
it won't be good enough for me
anyway