

Change Of Season

Matthew Good Band

If they dropped the bomb
Would you love me then?
If I was wrong, would it be okay?
Well, I can see holes in every one
A change of season
If I found a way to make amends
Would you say I was too late?
Well, I can find the holes on anyone
A change of season
A change of season
I feel like I'm losing for money
I feel like I'm losing for free
I feel older than the dead angel
On my shoulder, claims to be
I feel like we're drinking and driving
I feel like we're running into walls
I feel like swimming in your apathy
You know I'd love to be your conscience when it calls
If they made me crawl
Would you love me then?
If I was small, would it be okay?
Well, I can see the need in everyone
A change of season
A change of season
I feel like I'm losing for money
I feel like I'm losing for free
I feel older than the dead angel
On my shoulder, claims to be
I feel like we're drinking and driving
I feel like we're running into walls
I feel like swimming in your apathy as a kind of parody
For miles and miles, miles
I feel like somebody's missing
I feel like somebody's missing
I think somebody's missing

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