

Advertising On Police Cars

Matthew Good Band

Hey Mr. Chips, how's the wife?
And are the kids still poison? Do you still eat them?
Been under the gun, running the guns
Say how'd this world get so fucking fun all of a sudden?
Here's a quarter for the phone
Why don't you call someone and find out?
How it is we can all belong to something that
No one wants any part of?
One day you'll wake up
And they'll be advertising on police cars
And your death will sell you out
As someone smart, somewhat smart
Baby, don't get out out of bed
Just lay back down your pretty head
And they're advertising on police cars
Hey Mr. Chips, had me a notion
Like a burning sky dropped to the ocean
A bitter pill, is it better still to lay undone your guts for show?
To reconstruct some of your bones? To turn it up?
When it calls to you will you wake up?
They're advertising on police cars
Your death will sell you out as someone smart
Somewhat smart
Baby, don't get out of bed
Just lay back down your pretty head
They're advertising on police cars

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>