

Sort of a Protest Song

Matthew Good Band

I can't remember 1989
I can't remember what you looked like
'Cause I was dimed
Wasn't the whole world at the time? A robot heart for my sleep in girl
She knows CPR
So I can come back to life
Ya, I can come back to life I'm tired of walking around with my hand on my gun
Tired of watching them wind you up to see if you'll run
Tonight I'm going to go out and have me some fun
I'm tired of walking around here with my hand on my gun I had me a vision that I was a fireman
In a time of fires
And I was paralyzed A robot heart for a theme park world
Whatever keeps us alive
Whatever keeps claim to us being civilized I'm tired of walking around with my hand on my gun
Tired of watching them wind you up to see if you'll run
Tonight I'm going to go out and have me some fun
I'm tired of walking around here with my hand on my gun I can't remember 1989
I try but I forget what you look like
Baby, I ain't dimmed
Ya, it still keeps me up at night A robot heart for a robot boy
Who dreamed he was a lion
Our lives in these empty spaces aside I'm tired of walking around with my hand on my gun
Tired of watching them wind you up to see if you'll run
Tonight I'm going to go out and have me some fun
I'm tired of walking around here with my hand on my gun Alright

Songwriters

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