

Load Me Up

Matthew Good Band

Picture yourself
Sleeping on a plane
There's something ticking in the overhead
And inside your brains There's bodies in the water
And bodies in your basement
If heaven's for clean people
It's vacant Hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are ya, you know?
Hey are ya, are ya, are ya being careful?
Hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are you luke warm?
Hey yeah you are I'm frantic
So load me up
Whatever puts me all the way out
Whatever puts me all the way out Picture yourself
Swimming in an ocean
A million miles from nowhere
And the nearest phone There's bodies in the water
Floating all around you
And all of them are talking
And they're comedians And hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are ya, you know?
Hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are ya special?
Hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are ya deformed?
Hey yeah you are I'm frantic
So load me up
It seems so practiced
Me fucking this up Whatever puts me all the way out
Whatever puts me all the way out, yeah Picture yourself
At the MGM Grand
Murphy's fighting Hokum
You're in the stands and There's somebody in the water
In the middle of the ocean
A million miles from nowhere
And they're alone I'm there alone
So, so deformed
So, so deformed
So, so deformed I'm frantic, so load me up
This seems so practiced
And take me, and take me, and take me All the way out
Whatever puts me all the way out
Whatever puts me all the way out

Whatever puts me all the way out

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