

The Fine Art Of Falling Apart

Matthew Good Band

I walk alone and I
I ride alone and I
I rock myself to sleep
Baby, there ain't enough room in this world
For people like you
And horrors like me
A time of darkness
There lived a girl in a cave in the woods
Disguised as a bee
At night she would fly into the city
Sting the cause
And sting the cost
And she would hover over me
Whispering
We're surfacing
We're surfacing
I stand alone and I
I fight alone and I
Stay clean by feeling cheap
And baby, there ain't enough room in this world
For perfection's like you
And monsters like me
A time of darkness
You will look absurd and you will feel inert
And you will go looking to blame somebody
You see I used to think
That I'd get over everything
But everything just got over me
I'm some of it
You're some of it
We're some of it
I'm certain of it
I walk alone and I
I ride alone and you know
That's all right by me
See baby 'cause
Here ain't enough room in this world
For a great, great many things

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