

Under the Influence

Matthew Good Band

I dreamed I was a pigeon
Slipping through the heavens like a 747
Everyone left down below
Locked in a house of my invention Learning the don'ts of fire prevention
If I roast marshmallows over their bodies
Do you think God will still find their souls? Just want to be like we used to
Under the influence
Just want to see like we used to
Under the influence I dreamed I was a white tip slipping through the Pacific
My heart for a shipwreck and your legs left down below
Some things they come, all things they go
And there ain't nothing like exploding
If you've got something to explode

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