

# Running for Home

## Matthew Good Band

The beam thing's into your head  
The ghosts of your pleasure and contempt  
When we were liars things were seamless  
When we were wired the world was like a secret  
I close my eyes now and I scream I turn the light on and there's nothing left redeemin'  
I saw your face before it changed  
The gun, it makes you look nicer in a bad way So low for how high  
It's too late tonight  
And I'm sure you're right  
So low for how high And after this there's just the circus  
And every morning your carnie heart stops workin'  
It gets tight in there sometimes  
Looking for those defects, talking like it's a reflex  
I close my mouth now and I scream I open the door and there's nothing left redeemin'  
I saw your face before [Incomprehensible]  
You should wait around awhile  
'Cause your body's bound to turn up So low for how high  
It's too late tonight  
And I'm sure you're right  
So low for how high  
So low for how high

Lyrics provided by

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