

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

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