

# Native Son

## Matthew Good Band

Can you spare me a quarter, though I have no one to call  
I just thought it might save my ass one day  
If the sky or the free world were to fall  
This is the only thing that I can do This is the only thing I know how to say  
And when everything is gone and the night it seems grows long  
Will you play this record anyway  
There are a million ways to say it There are a million lies to choose from  
So don't look up  
You might find that your head is stuck  
No one's going to bail us out of this one Every time I call your name  
Somehow I wish it was the same  
For me and you and all the things we do  
Not in vain Maybe I could give you a ride though I don't really own a car  
Well, it isn't anything so different  
Than living underneath a dying star  
Well, this is what we all get up for When the clocks go out of time 'cause nothing short of  
War and death and money  
Will ever fucking change your mind  
There are a million ways to die son And there are a million places to choose from  
So don't look up  
You might find that your head is stuck  
No one's going to bail us out of this one Every time I call your name  
Somehow i wish it was the same  
For me and you and all the things we do  
Not in vain And who will kill this native son  
Who will learn from everything that we have done  
And who will we get to stand up for tomorrow?

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