

Fearless

Matthew Good Band

Is there anything that I need to say
That hasn't been said before?
I have been polite for too long
Why should I be anymore? Better now than never, better loud than clever
Better just to play the fool, it's times like this
When you just close your eyes and kiss
'Cause everything after this is just bullshit and being cruel So hold me up, I'm going out
And don't wait up, I won't be coming home If you lay me down in concrete fields
Will I dream of grass and opera?
This is the sound and how it feels
To be dead In the end there will be fire and brimstone
And no one will be there to answer the telephone
You are the only one I'll miss
You are the only answer at a time like this She is the trick of my trade
She is the thing that can't be made
She is gold and nothing less
And she is fearless So hold me up, we're going out
And don't wait up, we won't be coming home You hold it in your hand
You keep it in your heart
You hide it in your head
And you use it when you have to She is the trick of my trade
These are the things that can't be made
Stay yourself and nothing less
Stay fearless

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