

# Prime Time Deliverance

## Matthew Good Band

The red, red lips  
Of some secret solution  
The Central Intelligence Agency  
Has a file that's a mile longer than peace  
She's naked on the phone  
Watching them back  
No eyes just their stupid grins  
They long to be liberal mannequins  
And in their tiny room, they eat Chinese food  
And they don't call their wives  
'Cause the girl in the window is  
Pressing her breasts up against the window pane  
The guy they're after  
On the floor below her  
Is cutting cocaine  
Higher than the building  
A one way trip  
Whoever thought she'd miss  
The ins and outs of oxygen  
The darkest side of the biggest God damn ride  
You've ever been on  
Her mother loves that show  
Even though she never gets the answers right  
It's easier to play along  
Sometimes more than being wrong  
They found her in her room  
Wearing a pink bunny suit  
In sour cherry lipstick  
Hanging from the closet door  
Her eyes were wide, maybe to despise  
Maybe just to look into your head light  
Morning glow  
And this is it, well this is it  
Prime time deliverance  
That you have and you hold  
And you have and you hold  
And you have and you hold  
And you have and you hold  
And you have and you hold  
And she says the best thing you can do  
Is hang around for a while

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