Last Parade

Matthew Good

It feels like time to let it go
It feels like time to break or show
It feels like time to cut your brakes

Shut your mouth do something, anything
it feels like time to fuck or leave
it feels like Im choking just to breathe
it feels like time and time at all
just black out wake up foreign, wander home
I wander home

Take me out
Lay me down
Let the dust fall around me baby
Aint it good to be back home

They're burning futures in the mountains
All lit up yeah you can count yours baby
Aint it good to be back home

It feels like just another day
like one more dead towns last parade
Like we're taking pictures of the tidal wave

On the shore, grinning, one hundred feet away

it feels like time and time at all
just black out wake up foreign, wander home
i wander home

take me out
lay me down
let the dust fall around me baby
aint it good to be back home

theyre burning futures in the mountains
All lit up yeah you can count yours baby
Aint it good to be back home

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