

I, the Throw Away

Matthew Good Band

Made a man out of me
A killing machine
Your baby's going to die ma
Your baby's coming home You know, they put a man on the moon
Simply to prove that we all need a place to go
Where we're not known, where we're not
And to a lesser degree I can recall breathing easy
But the deficit rolls, built up I suppose
Picking up the pieces of another fucked up reason
For selling of some freedom that was never free Well, never absolutely, never absolutely
Made a mess out of me
A killing machine
Sometimes when I need them

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