

# Advertising On Police Cars

## Matthew Good Band

Hey Mr. Chips, how's the wife?  
And are the kids still poison? Do you still eat them?  
Been under the gun, running the guns  
Say how'd this world get so fucking fun all of a sudden? Here's a quarter for the phone  
Why don't you call someone and find out?  
How it is we can all belong to something that  
No one wants any part of? One day you'll wake up  
And they'll be advertising on police cars  
And your death will sell you out  
As someone smart, somewhat smart Baby, don't get out out of bed  
Just lay back down your pretty head  
And they're advertising on police cars Hey Mr. Chips, had me a notion  
Like a burning sky dropped to the ocean  
A bitter pill, is it better still to lay undone your guts for show?  
To reconstruct some of your bones? To turn it up?  
When it calls to you will you wake up? They're advertising on police cars  
Your death will sell you out as someone smart  
Somewhat smart Baby, don't get out of bed  
Just lay back down your pretty head  
They're advertising on police cars

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>