

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 smartBaby, don't get out out of bed
 Just lay back down your pretty head
And they're advertising on police carsHey 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 smartBaby, don't get out of bed
 Just lay back down your pretty head
 They're advertising on police cars

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