

Born Losers

Matthew Good

Well there ain't nothing to this but your daughter
and the life you would not give her break your plans
traipsed across the continent a squatter
for your lies at night to sleep between my hands
When the lights come on this whole place gets ugly
but when they're out strangers fall in love
she could never say that flat out she don't want me
cause I could never say that half way ain't enough
New Order's on the turn table we're dancing
cause what else do you do when you don't talk?
crucified to crawl into your mansion
Ya, that's why I learned to crawl before I walked
We're back where we belong
straight back where we belong
no days for nights, no cocaine cons
just back where we belong
Take me out back to your piranhas

And beat me until I can't even stand
your whole life a plane without no landing gear
so if this is it then come on let me land
That trailer trash pedigree is calling
it rats you out when you're down on all fours
me I like to cast my death on yesterday
cause what doesn't kill us now just makes us better whores
We're back where we belong
straight back where we belong
no days for nights, no cocaine cons
just back where we belong
Go put it in the ground
go bury it some place it can't be found
go put it in the ground

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