

The Good That Won't Come Out

[Rilo Kiley](#)

Let's get together and talk about the modern age
All of our friends were gathered there with their pets
Just talking shit about how we're all so upset
About the disappearing ground as we watch it melt
It's all of the good that won't come out of us
And how eventually our hands will just turn to dust
If we keep shaking them, standing here on this frozen lake
I do this thing where I think I'm real sick
But I won't go to the doctor to find out about it
'Cause they make you stay real still in a real small space
As they chart up your insides and put them on display
They'd see all of it, all of me, all of it
All the good that won't come out of me
And all the stupid lies I hide behind
It's such a big mistake lying here in your warm embrace
Oh, you're almost home, I've been waiting for you to
come in
Dancing around in your old suits going crazy in your room again
I think I'll go out and embarrass myself by getting drunk
And falling down in the street, you say I choose sadness
That it never once has chosen me, maybe you're right
Let's talk about all of our friends who lost the war
And all of the novels that had yet to be written about them
It's all the good that won't come out of them
and all the stupid lies they hide behind
It's such a big mistake, standing here on this frozen lake
It's all of the good that won't come out of me
And how eventually my mouth will just turn to dust
If I don't tell you quick, standing here on this frozen lake

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