

Giant

Matthew Good Band

K I C K A S S, that's the way we spell success
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Shake me, I'm waiting
In your new arc, they're saying
I'm the creature in your sick thing
Everybody sees a giant
When the bad moon in your heart sings
And your wind up gears, start grinding
Your teeth feel you smiling
A better, happier you, a better, happier you
When you blow out like a dead star
It reminds me how uniform, your beautiful is
We carry on like it's easy
Like you're all out and I'm your man, baby, I'm your man
Hit me, I'm bleeding
In your lounge, on your grooming
It's the future that's whoring
The better, happier you, a better, happier you
When you blow out like a dead star
It reminds me how uniform, your beautiful is
We carry on like it's easy
Like you're all out, I'm your man, baby, I'm your man
When you blow out like a dead star
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