House Of Smoke & Mirrors

Matthew Good

There's the house, there's the doorway, been locked out
The lights are out anyway and loosely reconditioned
To be just so refined, a last grasp at the life worth living
In these standard shoes and what's left of my lines
You can see right through me
Hey, I've been thinking, why don't we get out of here tonight?
Get in the car and just start driving, fuck them if they can't take a joke
Right? I've fallen asleep again and when I wake up you won't be here
Don't you think, I don't know why? I've been asleep for years
You can see right through me

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