I, The Throw Away

[Matthew Good Band](#)

Made a man out of me
A killing machine
Your baby's going to die ma
Your baby's coming home
You know, they put a man on the moon
Simply to prove that we all need a place to go
Where we're not known, where we're not
And to a lesser degree
I can recall breathing easy
But the deficit rolls, built up I suppose
Picking up the pieces of another fucked up reason
For selling of some freedom that was never free
Well, never absolutely, never absolutely
Made a mess out of me
A killing machine
Sometimes when I need them
If I look hard enough to see them
I can find my feet as I push against gravity
In and out of having them been led by defeat
So one more time's all I need