

Prime Time Deliverance

Matthew Good Band

The red, red lips
Of some secret solution
The Central Intelligence Agency
Has a file that's a mile longer than peace
She's naked on the phone
Watching them back
No eyes just their stupid grins
They long to be liberal mannequins
And in their tiny room, they eat Chinese food
And they don't call their wives
'Cause the girl in the window is
Pressing her breasts up against the window pane
The guy they're after
On the floor below her
Is cutting cocaine
Higher than the building
A one way trip
Whoever thought she'd miss
The ins and outs of oxygen
The darkest side of the biggest God damn ride
You've ever been on
Her mother loves that show
Even though she never gets the answers right
It's easier to play along
Sometimes more than being wrong
They found her in her room
Wearing a pink bunny suit
In sour cherry lipstick
Hanging from the closet door
Her eyes were wide, maybe to despise
Maybe just to look into your head light
Morning glow
And this is it, well this is it
Prime time deliverance
That you have and you hold
And you have and you hold
And you have and you hold
And you have and you hold
And you have and you hold
And she says the best thing you can do
Is hang around for a while

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