

Under The Influence

Matthew Good Band

I wish I was a pigeon
Slipping through the heaven's
Like a 747
Everyone left down below Locked in a house of my invention
Learning the don't of fire prevention
If I roast marshmallows over their bodies
Do you think god will still find their souls? Just want to be like we used to
Under the influence
Just want to see like we used to
Under the influence
Under the influence I dreamed I was a white tip
Slipping through the pacific
My heart for a shipwreck
And your legs left down below Some things they come
All things they go
There ain't nothing like exploding
if you've got something to explode
Something Just want to be like we used to
Under the influence
Just want to see like we used to
Under the influence
Under the influence Just want to be like we used to
Under the influence
Just want to see like we used to
Under the influence Under the in... (oh oh)
Under the in... (oh oh)
(oh)

Songwriters

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