Fated

Matthew Good Band

There's a spaceman in my basement
There's an IV keeping time beside my bed
And a painting of Jesus wandering for a dart board
You know he's seen you naked a million times, a million times
I long to be dead and sleep with the fishes under the sea
They can swim through my head
And stop all the traffic jams, stop all the traffic jams
And there'll be no light tonight if I'm fated
There's a cartoon killer in my living room
Cut you open like candy and pull out your little wound
Like TV dinners for the third world, amputee dancing girls
You try but you fail 'cause you're bad at life and good in a vacuum
I long to be dead and sleep with the fishes under the sea
They can swim through my head
And stop all the traffic jams, stop all the traffic jams
And there'll be no light tonight if I'm fated, if I'm fated, if I'm fated

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