

# Giant

## Matthew Good Band

K I C K A S S, that's the way we spell success  
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K I C K A S S, that's the way we spell successShake me, I'm waiting  
In your new arc, they're saying  
I'm the creature in your sick thing  
Everybody sees a giantWhen the bad moon in your heart sings  
And your wind up gears, start grinding  
Your teeth feel you smiling  
A better, happier you, a better, happier youWhen you blow out like a dead star  
It reminds me how uniform, your beautiful is  
We carry on like it's easy  
Like you're all out and I'm your man, baby, I'm your manHit me, I'm bleeding  
In your lounger, on your grooming  
It's the future that's whoring  
The better, happier you, a better, happier youWhen you blow out like a dead star  
It reminds me how uniform, your beautiful is  
We carry on like it's easy  
Like you're all out, I'm your man, baby, I'm your manWhen you blow out like a dead star  
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Like you're all out, I'm your man, baby, I'm your manWhen you blow out like a dead star  
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Like you're all out, I'm your man, baby, I'm your manK I C K A S S, that's the way we spell success  
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