

# Strange Days

## Matthew Good Band

Good morning don't cop out  
You crawled from the cancer to land on your feet  
Are you crazy to want this even for a while?  
Making this shit up the reasons for being are easy to pay  
You can't remember the others they just kind of went away  
So you're driving, it's rush hour  
The cars on the freeway are moving like slugs  
You drift off to wake up, do you always hit the brakes?  
We're done lying for a living  
The strange days have come and you're gone  
Dead or dying, dead or trying to go  
It's evening, you're tired you sleep walk, a robot out on the street  
Are you crazy to want this, even for a while?

You're driving, it's rush hour the cars on the freeway  
Are moving backwards into a wall of fire  
Backwards into a wall of fire  
Backwards into a wall of fire  
Backwards into a wall of fire  
We're done lying for a living  
The strange days have come and you're gone, you're gone  
We're done lying for a living  
The strange days have come and you're gone, you're gone  
Either dead or dying, either dead or trying to go  
Good morning don't cop out

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