

# Load Me Up

## Matthew Good Band

Picture yourself  
Sleeping on a plane  
There's something ticking in the overhead  
And inside your brains  
There's bodies in the water  
And bodies in your basement  
If heaven's for clean people  
It's vacant  
Hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are ya, you know?  
Hey are ya, are ya, are ya being careful?  
Hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are you luke warm?  
Hey yeah you are  
I'm frantic  
So load me up  
Whatever puts me all the way out  
Whatever puts me all the way out  
Picture yourself  
Swimming in an ocean  
A million miles from nowhere  
And the nearest phone  
There's bodies in the water  
Floating all around you  
And all of them are talking  
And they're comedians  
And hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are ya, you know?  
Hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are ya special?  
Hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are ya deformed?  
Hey yeah you are  
I'm frantic  
So load me up  
It seems so practiced  
Me fucking this up  
Whatever puts me all the way out  
Whatever puts me all the way out, yeah  
Picture yourself  
At the MGM Grand  
Murphy's fighting Hokum  
You're in the stands and  
There's somebody in the water

In the middle of the ocean  
A million miles from nowhere  
And they're alone  
I'm there alone  
So, so deformed  
So, so deformed  
So, so deformed  
I'm frantic, so load me up  
This seems so practiced  
And take me, and take me, and take me  
All the way out  
Whatever puts me all the way out  
Whatever puts me all the way out  
Whatever puts me all the way out

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