

# Sort Of A Protest Song

## Matthew Good Band

I can't remember 1989  
I can't remember what you look like 'cause I was dimed  
Wasn't the whole world at the time  
A robot heart for my sleep in girl  
She knows CPR, so I can come back to life  
Ya, I can come back to life  
I had me a vision  
I was a fireman in a time of fires  
And I was paralyzed  
A robot heart for a theme park world  
Whatever keeps us alive  
Whatever keeps claim to us being civilized  
I can't remember 1989  
I try but I forget what you look like  
Baby, I ain't dimed  
But ya, it still keeps me up at night  
A robot heart for a robot boy  
Who dreamed he was a lion  
Our lives in these empty spaces aside  
I'm tired of walking around with my hand on my gun  
I'm tired of watching them wind you up to see if you'll run  
Tonight I'm going to go out and have me some fun  
I'm tired of walking around here with my hand on my gun  
Baby, no pain, no gain

Lyrics provided by

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