

Matt Mays & El Torpedo

"On The Hood"

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It all began without warning
On a strange winter's morning
The sky turned red
The vibrations went dead
With these terrible songs on a rainy day
The pressure just started to fall
Your scene doesn't do anything for me
It doesn't do anything at all

Is the music gone?
Is it gone for good
It's only 6 metal strings on a piece of wood
And all these things goin' on in my head
Make it kinda hard to deal
Like seaweed swayin' in the ocean blue
For me, it's gotta be real

I don't care anymore
People tell me I should
They're out lookin' for hits
I'd rather lay on the hood of an old car with my
girlfriend
And my real friends
Until the end

I'll take you on a trip
Inside my soul
There you'll see
The part that somebody stole
Now can you see this picture that I painted for you
It's a view that you're not used to
But you refuse to don't you?
You're thinkin' too hard
You can't think too hard

I don't care anymore
People tell me I should
They're out lookin' for hits
I'd rather lay on the hood of an old car with my
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