

Matthew Good

"Born Losers"

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Well there ain't nothing to this but your daughter
and the life you would not give her break your plans
traipsed across the continent a squatter
for your lies at night to sleep between my hands

When the lights come on this whole place gets ugly
but when they're out strangers fall in love
she could never say that flat out she don't want me
cause I could never say that half way ain't enough

New Order's on the turn table we're dancing
cause what else do you do when you don't talk?
crucified to crawl into your mansion
Ya, that's why I learned to crawl before I walked

We're back where we belong
straight back where we belong
no days for nights, no cocaine cons
just back where we belong

Take me out back to your piranhas
And beat me until I can't even stand
your whole life a plane without no landing gear
so if this is it then come on let me land

That trailer trash pedigree is calling
it rats you out when you're down on all fours
me I like to cast my death on yesterday
cause what doesn't kill us now just makes us better
whores

We're back where we belong
straight back where we belong
no days for nights, no cocaine cons
just back where we belong

Go put it in the ground
go bury it some place it can't be found
go put it in the ground

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