

Matthew Good Band "Advertising On Police Cars"

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Hey Mr. Chips
how's the wife?
And are the kids still poison?
Do you still eat them?
Been under the gun,
running the guns
say how'd this world get so fucking fun
all of a sudden?

Here's a quarter for the phone
why don't you call someone and find out
how it is we can all belong
to something that no one
wants any part of
one day you'll wake up and they'll be
advertising on police cars
and your death will sell you out
as someone smart,
somewhat smart

Baby don't get out out of bed,
just lay back down your pretty head

and they're advertising on police cars

Hey Mr. Chips,
had me a notion
like a burning sky dropped to the ocean
a bitter pill, is it better still
to lay undone your guts for show?
To reconstruct some of your bones?
To turn it up?
When it calls to you will you wake up?

They're advertising on police cars
your death will sell you out as someone smart,
somewhat smart
baby don't get out of bed,
just lay back down your pretty head
they're advertising on police cars

