

Matthew Good Band "Casual Walks"

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Where is the real stuff and when do you know,
Iâ€™ve got a pocket full of money and no place to go.
And im sure that its hard but I was too slow.
Iâ€™ve got a head full the something with nothing to
show.
Took a casual walk to let off some steam,
And I found out that maybe were not what we seems.
Why is always land and fear of the sea,
Maybe too late but you could of just asked me.
I always find myself stranded with cuts on my face
In some strange part of town where I donâ€™t know my
place
But Iâ€™ve never left normal, if that were the case
I could never come back if my footsteps erased
And the houses are all sleeping all down your block
And Iâ€™ll probably give a, just so we can talk
Iâ€™ve got a head full of something but nothing to show
For a pocketful of money and no place to go
My brother walks from New Zealand to Rome
I crawled to the city and I couldnâ€™t find my way home
He might never come back from the way that he talked
For heâ€™ll always return from causal walks

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