

Matthew Good Band

"Giant"

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Shake me, I'm waiting
In your new ark they're saying
I'm the creature in your sick thing
Everybody sees a giant

When the bad moon in your heart sings
And your wind-up gears start grinding
Your teeth feel you smiling
A better, happier you
The better, happier you

When you blow out
Like a dead star
It reminds me how uniform your beautiful is
We carry on like it's easy
Like you're all out
And I'm your man
Baby I'm your man

Hit me, I'm bleeding
In your lounge, on your grooming
It's the future that's whoring
The better, happier you
A better, happier you

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Like a dead star
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