

Matthew Good Band

"Heathers Like Sunday"

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Had a map
Had a chance left in a stolen car
The cruise sure looked like heaven
But we knew we'd never make it that far
The sea fields and the poor towns flew by in the dark
And our plan, my dear, there she slept, with one single
shot
To the heart full of strings
Heart full of finer things
There is salvation out there
There are reasons for us to care
Hands on the wheel
Tried hard to breathe and feel
Cause going out's the easy part, I said going out's the
easy part
And if the Devil was a poet, I doubt that he would know
it
And I doubt that he could win your heart with simple
words of flame
Like love is just a prison if there is no one there to listen
And the truth is shallow water if you learn nothing when
it came
Found a cause
Had a chance dream with a cheap huitar
I know that she'd beleive me but she knew I'd never
make it that far
She said they'd follow me down if I didn't give myself
away
So you just hold on tight and close your eyes
And try damn hard no to think about yesterday
She said her father was a holy man who hid her from
the world
Like a puppet in an evening dress with plastic friends
and pearls
And I was never much for dancing but I was the leader
of the band
And I played revolutionary waltzes with a revolver in my
Hand over strings
A hand full of finer things
There is salvation in here
Reasons for us to care
Hands on the wheel

Tried to breathe and feel
Cause going out's the easy part, I said going out's the
easy part
And if the Devil was a poet, I doubt that he would know
it
And I doubt that he could win your heart with simple
words of flame
Like love is just the meaning of someone else's
dreaming
And Heather's like

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