

Matthew Good Band "Last Parade"

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It feels like time to let it go
It feels like time to break or show
It feels like time to cut your brakes
Shut your mouth, do something, anything

It feels like time to fuck or leave
It feels like I'd choke you just to breathe
It feels like time ain't time at all
Just black out, wake up foreign, wander home
I wander home

Take me out
Lay me down
Let the dirt
Fall all around me baby ain't it
Good to be back home
They're burning futures in the mountains
Only look (?) and you can counts yours baby
Ain't it good to be back home
It feels like just another day
Like one more dead town's last parade
Like we're taking pictures of a tidal wave
On the shore, grinning, a hundred feet away
It feels like time ain't time at all
Just black out, wake foreign, wander home
I wander home

Take me out
Lay me down
Let the dirt
Fall all around me baby ain't it
Good to be back home
They're burning futures in the mountains
All lit up, yeah you can count yours baby
Ain't it good to be back home

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