

Matthew Good Band

"Load Me Up"

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Picture yourself
Sleeping on a plane
There's something ticking in the overhead
And inside your brains

There's bodies in the water
And bodies in your basement
If heaven's for clean people
It's vacant

Hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are ya, you know?
Hey are ya, are ya, are ya being careful?
Hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are you luke warm?
Hey yeah you are

I'm frantic
So load me up
Whatever puts me all the way out
Whatever puts me all the way out

Picture yourself
Swimming in an ocean
A million miles from nowhere
And the nearest phone

There's bodies in the water
Floating all around you
And all of them are talking
And they're comedians

And hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are ya, you know?
Hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are ya special?
Hey are ya, are ya, are ya, are ya deformed?
Hey yeah you are

I'm frantic
So load me up
It seems so practiced
Me fucking this up

Whatever puts me all the way out
Whatever puts me all the way out, yeah

Picture yourself
At the MGM Grand
Murphy's fighting Hokum
You're in the stands and

There's somebody in the water
In the middle of the ocean
A million miles from nowhere
And they're alone

I'm there alone
So, so deformed
So, so deformed
So, so deformed

I'm frantic, so load me up
This seems so practiced
And take me, and take me, and take me

All the way out
Whatever puts me all the way out
Whatever puts me all the way out
Whatever puts me all the way out

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