

Matthew Good Band "Native Son"

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Can you spare me a quarter
though I have no one to call
I just thought it might save my ass one day
if the sky or the free world were to fall
this is the only thing that I can do
this is the only thing I know how to say
and when everything is gone
and the night it seems grows long
will you play this record anyway
there are a million ways to say it
there are a million lies to choose from
so don't look up
you might find that your head is stuck
no one's going to bail us out of this one

Every time I call your name
somehow I wish it was the same
for me and you and all the things we do
not in vain

Maybe I could give you a ride
though I don't really own a car

well it isn't anything so different
than living underneath a dying star
well this is what we all get up for
when the clocks go out of time
cause nothing short of
war and death and money
will ever fucking change your mind
there are a million ways to die son
and there are a million places to choose from
so don't look up
you might find that your head is stuck
no one's going to bail us out of this one

Every time I call your name
somehow i wish it was the same
for me and you and all the things we do
not in vain
and who will kill this native son
who will learn from everything that we have done

and who will we get to stand up for tomorrow?

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