

Matthew Good Band "The Fine Art Of Falling Apart"

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I walk alone and I
I ride alone and I
I rock myself to sleep
Baby, there ain't enough room in this world
For people like you
And horrors like me

A time of darkness
There lived a girl in a cave in the woods
Disguised as a bee
At night she would fly into the city
Sting the cause
And sting the cost
And she would hover over me
Whispering
And so we sing
We're surfacing
We're surfacing

I stand alone and I
I fight alone and I
Stay clean by feeling cheap
And baby, there ain't enough room in this world

For perfection's like you
And monsters like me

A time of darkness
You will look absurd and you will feel inert
And you will go looking to blame somebody
You see I used to think that I'd get over everything
But everything just got
over me

I'm some of it
You're some of it
We're some of it
I'm certain of it

I walk alone and I
I ride alone and you know
That's all right by me

See baby cause
here ain't enough room in this world
For a great, great many things

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