

Matthew Good Band

"The Last Poem's Poet"

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"Lit another cigarette sat down at the table to think;
discovered that the secret of the universe was the ice
cubes melting in my drink.

Where do I get this stuff? Where do I get this stuff
from?

Where do you get this stuff? Why does it come?

Lit another cigarette sat down at the table to drink;
Stop and breathe awhile I, I think I need to think
I, I think I need to think hard, hard about my,
hard about my, my, my reasons for doing what I do,
my reasons for feeling how I feel,
my reasons for doing what I do,
my reasons for feeling how I feel,
you know, how I feel about you.

Lit another cigarette sat down at the table to think;
stop and breathe awhile, stop and breathe awhile.
What have I learned about love, what have I learned
about love, you tell me,
what have I learned about myself.

The last poem's poet, he is not, an outspoken man.
The last poem's poet, he is not, not an intelligent man.
The last poet's poem will be about the mistakes he has
made in his life.
The last poet's poem will be about everything he would
have done differently
if the time would have been right.
Righter than this, righter than that,
you know it's righter than everything you've ever
thought was possible.
Righter than this, righter than that,
righter than everything you ever thought possible.
In this life is possible, in the next one,
what is possible in this life is possible for everyone.

Lit another cigarette sat down at the table to think
discovered that the secret of the universe was melting
slowly in my drink.
and I have come to a conclusion, I have come to a
conclusion,

finally I have come to a conclusion:
within conclusion there is delusion within delusion
there is illusion and within illusion
there is confusion here, there is confusion here, there
is confusion here.
Confusion is the straightest talker you will ever know
confusion doesn't care about what you have or who you
know
confusion is a friend of mine, has been for a long long
time,
confusion is a friend of mine you know, he has been for
a long long long long time.

Got the balls to show it, the last poem's poet,
he's got the reasons to show it, the last poem's poet
lost the fear to blow it, the last poem's poet,
he's got the courage to know it, the last poem's poet,
the last...

the last time I saw your face, my mind led to a race
the last time I saw your face, fell prey to a liar's grace
In the end I will be fine, in the end I will be fine,
in the end I will be fine, in the end I think I'll lose my
mind
Lit another cigarette, mmm, lit another cigarette.
And I'm alright, I'm just a little tired I guess, just a little
tired...
"

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