

Matthew Good Band "Truffle Pigs"

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Don't fail me now
Don't you even fucking think it
We're dead somehow
But somehow we're still breathing
The secret's out
But it's too loud to think it
Whatever drowns the counting machines out
That drive you to eat shit
Damn I'll bring them to their knees

Don't leave me now

Don't you even fucking think it
I'm not myself
But somehow I'm still being him
The secret's out
But it's too loud to think it
Whatever drowns the truffle pigs out
That drive you to eat shit
Damn I'll bring them to their knees
Jenn I'll bring them to their knees

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