

Good Life, The "Early Out The Gate"

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What you're looking for is never what you find
Nothing ever seems to turn out right
Still you run around, still searching on these long
indifferent
streets
For a lover or some cover to protect you from the heat
that you feel
inside
Inflamed since you learned to cry

Ever since you learned to walk you ran away
You kept running 'til you couldn't feel your legs
Now you slum around this drunken town
Pawn shops and titty bars
Telling tales of just how far you got
But they all know who you are
Yeah you're not so great
You were just early out the gate

There's a portrait of your mom when she was young
Her face was shining brightly as the sun
The son who got away from her
But came back home again
To find a woman wracked with all this love she couldn't
give
But you know she did
You just couldn't feel it then

I found this birthday card from this lady I used to know
It said, "Boy, you're really starting to get old."
She was the mother of my mother
And I knew just what she meant
She'd been through it before
She knew with all of this resentment there comes
regret
I just hadn't gotten there yet

Nothing ever seems to turn out right
No, nothing ever seems to turn out right
So I'll leave it at this

My deepest regrets.

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