

On The Hood

Matt Mays

it all began without warning, on a strange winter's morning.
the sky turned red, the vibrations went dead.
with these terrible songs on a rainy day, the pressure just started to fall.
your scene doesnt do anything for me, it doesnt do anything at all.
is the music gone? is it gone for good?
its only six metal strings, on a piece of wood.
and all these things goin on in my head, make it kinda hard to deal.
like seaweed swingin in the ocean blue, for me, its gotta be real.

(chorus)

i dont care anymore, people tell me i should
they're all lookin for hits, id rather lay on the hood...
of an old car, with my girlfriend
and my real friends, until the end
i'll take you on a trip, inside my soul.
there you'll see, the part that somebody stole.
now can you see this picture that im painting for you? its of you that your not used to.
but u refuse to? dont you? you're thinking too hard.
you cant, think too hard.

(chorus)

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the sky turned red, the vibrations went dead.
with these terrible songs on a rainy day, the pressure just started to fall.
your scene doesnt do anything for me, it doesnt do anything at all.

(chorus)

with these terrible songs on a rainy day, (with my girlfriend)
the pressure just started to fall. (and my real friends)
your scene doesnt do anything for me, (until the end)
it doesnt do anything at all. (with my girlfriend)
can you see this picture that im paintin for you? (and my real friends)
its of you that your not used to. (until the end)
but you refuse to? dont you? you're thinking too hard. (with my girlfriend)
you can't, think too hard. (and my real friends)
and all these things goin on in my head, (until the end)
make it kinda hard to deal. (until the end)
(fades out)