

Champions Of Nothing

Matthew Good

When Hollywood runs out of Indians
When the bar stars melt and their golden hair turns into glass
When Hollywood runs out of Indians
When the bubble bursts and the first are come for by the last
There's something in the way you move
Makes me catch a cold
There's something in your "too cool for school"
When you slide up and down my pole
There's something in the way you look
That only casts a shadow
When Hollywood runs out of Indians
Only the Indians will know

A kick in the head, pass it around
Begging for a bed, pass it around
Pass it around

And I'd say what you'd say
It makes me feel nothing
There's a car waiting to take me to something
At the end of my rope there's
A new world, it's snowing
The globe it starts shaking
Is it me not worth knowing?
The white coats are melting
The snow down our mountains
To process the rivers for hallways, and fountains
And I'd say what you'd say
But it makes me feel nothing
Til there's a man waiting to take me to something
That I'm for

Hell
It looks red in all it's pictures
My sisters sing laments
While their skin blisters
(take your time, take your time, take your time)
Halleluiahs
Offered down on the floor
Nobody goes above decks
No, not no more
They say the sun is still shining
That you can feel it in your core
But I ain't seen nobody move
That weren't going for the door

And I'd say what you'd say
Champions of nothing
But there's a car waiting to take me to something
At the end of my rope
There's a new world, it's glowing
The globe it starts shaking
Was it you not worth knowing?
The white coats are melting
The snow down our mountains
To process the rivers for hallways, and fountains

And I'd say what you'd say
But it makes me feel nothing
Til there's a man waiting to take me something
That I'm for...