

Rilo Kiley, The Good That Won't Come Out

Let's get together and talk about the modern age.
All of our friends were gathered there with their pets
just talking shit about how we're all so upset about the disappearing ground.
As we watch it melt....
It's all of the good that won't come out of us
and how eventually our hands will just turn to dust,
if we keep shaking them.
Standing here on this frozen lake.
I do this thing where I think I'm real sick
but I won't go to the doctor to find out about it
Cause they make you stay real still in a real small space
As they chart up your insides and put them on display.
They'd see all of it, all of me, all of it.
All the good that won't come out of me
and all the stupid lies I hide behind.
It's such a big mistake
lying here in your warm embrace.
Oh, you're almost home.
I've been waiting for you to come in.
Dancing around in your old suits going crazy in your room again.
I think I'll go out an embarrass myself by getting drunk and falling down in
the street.
You say I choose sadness
that it never once has chosen me.
Maybe you're right...
Let's talk about all of our friends who lost the war
And all of the novels that had yet to be written about them.
It's all the good that won't come out of them
and all the stupid lies they hide behind.
It's such a big mistake
Standing here on this frozen lake.
It's all of the good that won't come out of me
And how eventually my mouth will just turn to dust
If I don't tell you quick.
Standing here on this frozen lake.