

Brave Saint Saturn, Enamel

here's another song with the four
oldest chords in history
i guess i lost all ambition turning left on misery
i could have made it better
but the feelings just aren't there
my heart is cold and black
but i just don't think i care
so here's to me saying "fare-thee-well"
and when you hear this song i hope it hurts like hell

enamel is stretched too thin
you're beautiful, but not beneath your skin
(enamel, like insect shells
so hollow, like your wedding bells.)

the phone lines down in mexico are
slow and may be tired
i guess all your devotion got
lost inside the wires
well i hope you cannot sleep, and i
hope you cannot smile
and i hope that you are burdened with
your guilt for quite a while
i hope you fall in love
but i hope your plans are thwarted
and i hope that now you're back
it's because you were deported