

# 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