

Frank Black And The Catholics, Solid Gold

Never since I met you
Did you let me in
Even when I let you
You wouldn't call me friend
Pedal to the metal
Mister, it's a sin
Getting so down
I'd give you solid gold
Just for your finger
You get the medal
For getting so down
I guess you didn't see that sky
When the clouds are turned to isles
I was glad when you couldn't hear me
Nervous laughter when you shouted and cursed
I'm not saying I understand
Lord knows who can understand
Life can be an awful plan
And yours it ain't the worst
Here she comes now
In my mirror
Oh, I know how
She is a terror
Now I see her
In her mirror
Wearing a frown
I give you solid gold just for your finger
You get the medal
For scariest frown
I guess you didn't see that sky
When the clouds are turned to isles
I was glad when you couldn't hear my
Nervous laughter when you shouted and cursed
Fourthly you're suspect
Thirdly you don't get
Secondly you've got no respect
Finally you're not the first