

# Metric, Front Row

I'm in the front row with a bottle  
Don't know what I can't decide  
I'm in the front row, I'm a model  
Don't know what I can't describe  
Burned out stars they shine so bright  
All of us, burned out stars they shine so bright  
He's not perfect, he's my hero  
Smashing the piano, spitting in the front row  
Chronic confrontation, psychic conversation  
Radical compassion louder than the action  
All of us, burned out stars they shine so bright  
All of us, burned out stars they shine so bright  
All the stars, burned out stars they shine so bright  
All of us, burned out stars they shine so bright  
I'm in the front row with a bottle  
Don't know what I can't decide  
I'm the front row, I'm a model  
Don't know what I can't describe  
Burned out stars they shine so bright  
All of us, burned out stars they shine so bright  
He's not perfect, he's a victim  
Of his occupation, social insulation  
Secret intervention, charge him with possession  
I just wanna watch him make or break and beat them  
All the stars, burned out stars they shine so bright  
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