

Metric, On A Slow Night

True beautiful one
What have you gone and done?
I can see all your moves are new
Tell me what did that salesman do to you

That catalogue replaced
the fine mind behind your face
no human trio can compete
when that three way mirror meets your eye

on a slow night
on a slow night

How you would walk the fashion mile
Hand me down and call it style
Your boots were scratchy black
And your hat was just a hat
Yeah, though lips on you were plain
The better to a kiss sustain

on a slow night
on a slow night