

Metric, Grow Up And Blow Away

Flooding the room two by two
From the womb to the holiday
There is no holiday
First, double-cross her heart
He wants to start a family
Needing something to go on

If she weren't writing in blood
She'd bring him her jokes, a new liver
And a shovel for the mud
If he were not knee-deep in mud
He'd bring her his drugs
He'd get her a typewriter

If this is the life
Why does it feel so good to die today?
Blue to grey, grow up and blow away

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Nobody knows which street to take
He took the easy way,
What was the easy way?
First, double-cross her heart
He wants to start a family
She always thought she would not

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She'd bring him her jokes,
A new liver and a shovel for the mud
If he were not knee-deep in mud
He'd bring her his jokes
He'd get her a typewriter

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First, double-cross her heart
He wants to start a family
Her body is the baby

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