

# Metric, Raw Sugar

Sort of wonder why  
No one said a word  
Don't you like it on the sly?  
Don't you like it till it hurts?  
Have I been on your mind?  
What's a voice without a song?  
Something in your head  
You've been fighting all along...

I don't want to say it  
The news is not so good  
We'll never get away  
And even if we could  
We'd just play the tambourine  
Around an open flame  
Oversleep and burn  
To be back in the game

'Cause summer never comes  
Nowhere near high noon  
And winter never comes  
Nor the harvest moon

Raw sugar  
Don't want to die living in a high rise grave  
I'll pray to call home  
Save that date  
High rise grave

No I'm not complaining  
Yes it could be worse  
Ferment on the wish bone  
Match the lips to the purse  
Neighborhood's a runway  
Fry the ass and thighs  
Dirty denim dealers  
Pushed behind the eyes

'Cause summer never comes  
Nowhere near high noon  
And winter never comes  
Nor the harvest moon

Raw sugar  
Don't want to die living in a high rise grave  
I'll pray to call home  
Save that date  
High rise grave

Still I wear the red dress  
Paint my toes and twirl  
Take it back to old times  
When I was still a girl  
'Cause now I'm all baboon boys  
Coochie coochie coo  
Sort of wonder why  
I missed a kiss for you

'Cause summer never comes (save that date)  
Winter never comes (high rise rate)