

# Metric, Too Little Too Late

You can burn your paper fingers in the ashtray  
Place your swollen lips on mine  
You can shave your heavy head in my carpeted hallway  
Sure for the first time you're wearing the right clothes

Now take them off  
Meet me on the band room rug  
Tie my right hand to the ride

You can take a live wire into the bath with you  
For a feeling you can't find  
You can entertain your childhood friends with a tour of the bedroom  
Laugh to erase the dirt on your mind

Oh let's move out  
Meet me at the motel  
Tie my right hand to the bible

Too little too late but we don't say no  
It's too much to feel  
Tie my right hand to the bible