

# Metric, White Gold

Piss-poor, ride in her sun bathing fireside  
We're here for the porn and the sirloin  
Get your T-bone  
Let your backbone slide  
Tunnel and sky collide  
Lose friends to the air waves and the airlines

I wanna make it right  
Some future in my eyes, bright  
Hush don't explain  
When you water down my name  
I'll be up too late  
Call me when you get  
Better at your game  
You haven't beat me yet

The waitress  
The actress  
Got the skin and the bones  
With a hairbrush and an air brush  
She'd be white gold  
She asked the piss-poor "Why you lookin' for that  
Party in the sky  
It's just a movie bout a movie to old to die"

But I'm gonna make it right  
Future in my eyes, bright  
Hush, don't explain  
When you water down my name  
I'll be up too late  
Call me when you get  
Better at your game  
You haven't beat me yet  
Though my vision is strainin'

I'm gonna make it right  
Some future in my eyes, bright  
Hush, don't explain  
When you water down my name  
I'll be up too late  
Call me when you get  
Better at your game  
You haven't beat me yet