

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