

Sugar Ray, Cold Metal

Uh

I played tag in the auto graveyard
I looked up at the radio tower
Rag tent by the railroad tracks
Concrete poured over steel bridge
Pondered my fate
While they built the interstate

I'm a product of America
From the morgue to the prisons
Cold metal, when I start my band
Cold metal, in my garbage can
Cold metal, gets in my blood
And my attitude

Yeah, a huh

Threw my hide in an automobile
Heard a song called "Drive the wheel"
Truckers, trailers, tractors caught me workin'

This is the song of my heritage
From the bad to the Buddha
Cold metal, that's what it be
Cold metal, from sea to sea
Cold metal, it's how we win
And also how we sin
How we sin, how we sin, how we sin, how we sin

Cold metal, in the afternoon
Sounds lovely like a Stooges tune
Cold metal, it's the father of beat
The mother of the street
Cold metal, it rolls on by
Cold metal, gonna raise it high
Cold metal, it's gotta be
Better save a tree
Save a tree, save a tree, save a tree, save a tree
Yeah