

Enamel

Brave Saint Saturn

Here's another song with the four oldest chords in history
I guess, I lost all ambition turning left on Missouri

I could have made it better but the feelings just aren't there
My heart is cold and black but I just don't think I care
So here's to me saying, "Fare-thee-well"
And when you hear this song I hope it hurts like

Enamel is stretched too thin
You're beautiful, but not beneath your skin

The phone lines down in Mexico are slow and maybe tired
I guess all your devotion, got lost inside the wires

Well, I hope you cannot sleep, and I hope you cannot smile
And I hope that you are burdened with your guilt for quite a while
I hope you fall in love but I hope your plans are thwarted
And I hope that now you're back it's because you were deported

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Enamel, like insect shells
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