

Silver Tiles

Matt & Kim

Three teeth left his silver smile
Brushed clean three metal tiles
And tiles like parking lots
Three miles it never stops

Boy
You'll be okay, boy
Your silver tiles

And all our hopes
And all our friends
Through parking lots
It's where we've been

Shoes grown mighty old
Pants faded knees with holes
Stitched up now silver thread
Fixed up now like I said

Boy
You'll be okay, boy
Your silver thread, boy
Your silver tiles
Your silver bones

And all our hopes
And all our friends
Through parking lots
I found this
B I got in school

Three teeth left his silver smile
Burnt skin from miles and miles
Of crossing parking lots
Three miles it never stops

Boy
You'll be okay, boy
Your silver tiles
Your silver bones
With silver sides

And all our hopes
And all our friends
Through parking lots
I found this
B I got in school