

# Chrome

Matthew Ryan

It's not the things that  
I can't change that bother me  
And it's not the things that  
I don't know that undermine me

It's not the thing that  
I can't hold or the balancing wire  
That broke, that throws me

It's not the fact that  
You walked out that bewilders me  
It's not the sleep that  
I can't steal that wires me

It's not the coffee or the pills  
It's not this space that  
I can't fill that kills me

Well, in case you didn't know  
I've got a heart made of chrome  
It's been bent 'til it was twisted

And in case you didn't know  
I've got a heart made of chrome  
It's been burned  
But it's still willing to try and shine

It's not the drunks and their devices  
That provoke me  
And it's not the politics of love and distance  
And all that that shit evokes in me+

It's not the Sunday morning fights  
Or this soul on ice that numbs me  
And it's not the passing of another Indian  
Summer that saddens me

It's no the shutter in the undertow  
That bears down on me  
It's not everything ending as it begins  
Or the loneliness that grins that destroys me

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And in case you didn't know  
I've got a heart made of chrome  
It's been burned  
But it's still willing to try and shine, yeah shine