

## Front Row

### Metric

I'm in the front row with a bottle  
Don't know what I can't decide  
I'm in the front row, I'm a model  
Don't know what I can't describe  
Burnout stars they shine so bright

He's not perfect  
He's my hero  
Smashing the piano  
Spitting on the front row  
Chronic confrontation  
Psychic conversation  
Radical Compassion  
Louder than the action of all of us  
Burnout stars they shine so bright

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He's not perfect  
He's a victim of his occupation  
Secret Intervention  
Social Insulation  
Charge him with possession  
I just want to watch him  
Make a break and beat them, all the stars  
Burnout stars they shine so bright