

## Raw Sugar

Metric

Sort of wonder why No one said a word  
Don't you like it on the sly?  
Don't you like it till it hurts?  
Have I been on your mind? What's a voice without a song?  
Something in your head You've been fighting all the long...

I don't want to say it, The news is not so good  
We'll never get away, And even if we could  
We'd just play the tambourine Around an open flame  
Oversleep and burn To be back in the game

'Cause summer never comes Nowhere near high noon  
And winter never comes Nor the harvest moon

Raw sugar  
I don't want to die living in a high rise grave  
My baby come home  
(same black day, high rise grave)

No I'm not complaining, Yes it could be worse  
Ferment on the wish bone, Match the lips to the purse  
Neighborhood's a runway, Fry the ass and thighs  
Dirty diamond dealers, pushed behind the ire's

Still I wear the red dress, Paint my toes and twirl  
Take it back to old times, Back when I was still a girl  
'Cause now I'm all baboon boys, Cootchie Cootchie Co  
Sort of wonder why I missed a kiss for you

'Cause summer never comes (same black day)  
Winter never comes (high rise grave)