

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 Coo
Sort of wonder why I missed a kiss for you

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