

White Gold

Metric

Piss-poor, ridin' high
Sun-bathin' fire-side
We're here for the porn
Of the sirloin

Get your T-bone, let your backbone slide
Tunnel and sky collide
Lose friends to the air waves
And the airlines

I wanna make it right
Some future in my eyes bright
Hush, don't explain
When you water down my name

I'll be up too late
Call me when you get
Better at your game
You haven't beat me yet

The waitress, the actress
Got the skin and the bones
With the hairbrush and an air brush
She'd be white gold

She asked the piss-poor
"Why you lookin' for that party in the sky?
It's just a movie about a movie
Too old to die"

But I'm gonna make it right
Future in my eyes bright
Hush, don't explain
When you water down my name

I'll be up too late
Call me when you get
Better at your game
You haven't beat me yet
Though my vision is strainin'

I'm gonna make it right
Some future in my eyes bright
Hush, don't explain
When you water down my name

I'll be up too late
Call me when you get
Better at your game
You haven't beat me yet