

Russian Futurists, The "Precious Metals"

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You said your life's a house of cards, and it teeters on
the brink
On the edges of window ledges, until like a great ship
down it sinks

Into the sea bed, with sunken gold
And words that we said back when

You used to think that your life was precious metals
and rose petals
But now as you're growing up you're finding it's nail-
biting and teeth-grinding
That crown you wore with the Rhinestones is now just
thorns, needles and pinecones
And here's one last thing that you must learn too; what
keeps you warm can also burn you

Time's sinister sundials make your days hard as city
streets
You fall in traps, jet black in the hole that your self-pity
eats
I'm playing cards real close to my chest so you can't
see what I've got
One minute we're sub-zero and in the same breath
piping hot because

When we are up, we're up and then when we are down,
we're down
Cars crash in perfect fashion but they don't seem to
make a sound and now
When I'm hanging with you it feels like I'm hanging
myself
Now my phone's off the hook and I lay low, lie low, I go
stealth

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But now as you're growing up you're finding it's nail-
biting and teeth-grinding
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You said your life's a house of cards, and it teeters on
the brink
On the edges of window l-e-d-g-e-s,
Watch the clouds move up above, As we slowly start to
fade
You and I had things that cut like a razor blade

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