

Electric President "Metal Fingers"

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Stand and move and walk across the water.
Peel the cover from the city.
Watch its insides twitch and smoke and rotate
endlessly.
Sinking. Moving deep beneath the water.
Lots of other worlds exist.
Soon enough we *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *||* tear them open.
Soon enough we *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *||* break them too.

Swimming. Watching concrete eat the ocean.
Metal fingers scrape the skies.
The windows look like Christmas lights from out here.
Floating. Counting clouds. They *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *re* slowly
fading.
Blending in with cardboard skies.
Soon we *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *||* manufacture replicas.
It *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *s* all replaceable.

From the sky, the train tracks look like stitches.
Like they *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *re* holding the world together; like
it *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *||* blow any minute.
And I *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *ve* got another thought I *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *||*
keep to myself.

Until the skeletons walk free. Until the make-up all
comes off.
There *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *s* nothing new to discover,
there *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *s* nothing new to invent.
There *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *s* nothing new to think that
hasn't *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *t* been thought of before.
And there *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *s* nothing to believe we
haven't *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *t* already forgotten.
There *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *s* nothing left, there *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *s*
nothing new, there *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *s* nothing *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *||*
No, no, no, no.
And I *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *ve* got another dream I *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *||*
keep to myself.
Until the tyrants are dead and the patriots are
swallowed whole.
And I *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *ve* got a bottle I can aim at the center,
Full of letters, as a kid, I *f* *ç* *â*, *¬* *Â* *™* *d* always meant to
send.

We ãfâçâ, ã™ d speak our minds and change the world.

We ãfâçâ, ã™ d fix the past and pave the way.

But now we ãfâçâ, ã™ re fresh out of heroes; now we ãfâçâ, ã™ ve run dry on hope.

There are no saviors in technology: just quick fixes.

And holes, within holes, within holes, within you.

And a place to hang my head, and convince myself there is no difference.

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