

Idle Sons

"The Bronze Medal"

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It felt cold inside, so we threw the radio onto the fire
It felt good to watch it, burn away to nothing

You said you felt weak
I hope it's got nothing to do
With the things you told me

Nothing but your eyes
Looking down on the third place
Youve got nothing but determination
To come in third

You were always going to be like this
If it's somewhere that's as cold as this
You were always meant to be like this
In the cold

It felt warm inside, so we threw the television on the
fire
It wasn't frustration, because I had nothing to throw
away

When there's nothing but your eyes
Looking down on the third place
When there's nothing but determination
To come in third

You were always going to be like this
When you're somewhere that's as cold as this
It was always meant to be like this

In the cold

Youve got nothing but your eyes
Looking down on the third place
Youve got nothing but determination
To come in third

You know that you always meant to be like this
You know that Im always meant to be like this
You know that you always meant to be like this

You know that you're always meant to be

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