

David Sylvian "Small Metal Gods"

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It's the farthest place I've ever been
It's a new frontier for me
And you balance things
Like you wouldn't believe
When you should just let things be
Yes, you juggle things
'Cause you can't lose sight
Of the wretched storyline
It's the narrative that must go on
Until the end of time
And you're guilty of some self-neglect
And the mind unravels for days
I've told you once
yes, a thousand times
I'm better off this way
I'm better off ~~in~~ this way
Where's my queen of hearts
My royal flush
I have cleaned and scrubbed her decks
My suicide, my better days
There's nothing I regret
I've placed the Gods
In a Ziploc bag
I've put them in a drawer
They've refused my prayers for the umpteenth time
So I'm evening up the score
Small metal gods
from a casting line
From a factory in Mumbai
Some manual labourer's bread and butter
And a single-minded life
Small metal gods
Cheap souvenirs
You've abandoned me for sure
I'm dumping you, my childish things
I'm evening up the score

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