

## Sugar Ray "Cold Metal"

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Uh

I played tag in the auto graveyard  
I looked up at the radio tower  
Rag tent by the railroad tracks  
Concrete poured over steel bridge  
Pondered my fate  
While they built the interstate

I'm a product of america  
From the morgue to the prisons  
Cold metal, when I start my band  
Cold metal, in my garbage can  
Cold metal, gets in my blood  
And my attitude

Yeah, a huh

Threw my hide in an automobile  
Heard a song called "drive the wheel"  
Truckers, trailers, tractors caught me workin'

This is the song of my heritage  
From the bad to the buddha  
Cold metal, that's what it be  
Cold metal, from sea to sea  
Cold metal, it's how we win  
And also how we sin  
How we sin, how we sin, how we sin, how we sin

Cold metal, in the afternoon  
Sounds lovely like a stooges tune  
Cold metal, it's the father of beat  
The mother of the street  
Cold metal, it rolls on by  
Cold metal, gonna raise it high  
Cold metal, it's gotta be  
Better save a tree  
Save a tree, save a tree, save a tree, save a tree  
Yeah

