

Recoil "Chrome"

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So let's be done with this.

You said "I want you,
I don't want another,
I want a girl who knows how to suffer."
Chalk down my hands, I need to work the bars dry.
So now you're in the middle of someone terrible
And you're carrying a tiny crucible.
Every raw boy wants relief.

You tough guys
With the glass jaws,
Your pins, your backstage laws,
Your French positions,
Your stripper damage.
It's more than you can hide,
More than you can manage.

I'm done with the dark boys,
Through with the dark boys,
Done with the dark boys,
I swear you'll be the last one.
I'm done with the dark boys,
Through with the dark boys,
Done with the black cotton mafia.

Last one...

I'm done with the dark boys,
Through with the dark boys,
Done with the dark boys,
I swear you'll be the last one.
I'm done with the dark boys,
Through with the dark boys,
Done with the dark boys,
I swear you'll be the last one.

I'm done with the dark boys,
Through with the dark boys...

You dream of a girl with silver skin,
You dream of a girl cooled and thinned.

She's gone a bit blue around the edges.
You want a girl who sucks her thumb
When she comes,
You're just looking for a clean sleep.

She doesn't want to see you,
She wants to be seen
By the cameras, the crews
And the soft machines.
You want a girl who could suck the chrome.

You're so rocked and wrapped in anguish,
Some little tragedy
I'm slow to extinguish.
Watching the suitors stagger home,
Now I'm butcher,
Now you're bone.

I'm done with the dark boys,
Through with the dark boys,
Done with the black cotton mafia.
I'm done with the dark boys,
Through with the dark boys,
Done with the dark boys,
I swear you'll be the last one.

I'm done with the dark boys,
Through with the dark boys.
It's documented,
Tequila scented.

I'm done with the dark boys,
Through with the dark boys,
Done with the black cotton mafia.
I'm done with the dark boys,
Through with the dark boys,
Done with the dark boys,
I swear you'll be the last one.

I'm done with the dark boys,
Through with the dark boys,
Done with the dark boys,
I swear you'll be the last one.

I swear...
I'm through...
... the last one.

You want a girl who's pale and bled,
You want a girl who's easily led.
Her slim hips,

Your tight grip,
Tell me it doesn't hurt just a little bit boy.
Come on, copy,
She doesn't read you,
She fed,
Fed the hand that bit her,
She doesn't need you.
Your fill-in girls, your soft metal foxes,
Your white receipts, your big, black boxes.
Life doesn't mean telling lies,
It means enduring what you despise.

I'm done with the dark boys,
Through with the dark boys,
Done with the dark boys,
I swear you'll be the last one.

I'm done, I'm through.

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