

by Teenage Fanclub

"Metal Baby"

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Metal baby, I met her, baby
I'm her (m?)other and she's got me on her arm
Metal baby, I met her, baby
Got her finger round the trigger of her God.
I'm not the sort of person she'll admit she knows...
She's not the sort of person as driven white as snow...
Metal baby, my metal baby
Made me take her to the heavy metal show
Metal baby, my metal baby
Track the her curfew when I didn't want to go (?)
I'm not the sort of person she'll admit she knows...
She's not the sort of person as driven white as snow...
Metal baby, my metal baby
I'm not ready to be party to her plan
Metal baby, my metal baby
Left the city with the heavy metal band
I'm not the sort of person she'll admit she knows...
She's not the sort of person as driven white as snow...
So...(Instrumental

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