

Iron Chic

"Don't Tell Me Stupid, Don't Show Me Fuck You"

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I can't stand the cold, it cuts to the bone
And you can't wear good intentions
What's plan B for mice and men
When your best laid plans have shit the bed?
We'll survive on the lies we're fed
Because you can't eat promises
Will we even live to see the end?
Posters and peeling paint
The walls, the floors they all seem the same
Any difference feels insignificant
Will we even live to see the end?
It's an arrangement that tends to disappoint
We're not mis-informed we just miss the point
The silence grows, turn on the stereo
Anything to break the tension

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