

## Ryan Malcolm

### "Chrome"

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It's not the things that I can't change, that bother me  
It's not the things that I don't know, that undermine me  
It's not the thing that I can't hold or the balancing wire  
that broke, that  
Throws me  
It's not the fact that you walked out, that bewilders me  
It's not the sleep that I can't steal, that wires me  
It's not the coffee or the pills it's not this space that I  
can't fill that  
Kills me  
Well in case you didn't know I've got a heart made of  
chrome  
It's been bent 'til it was twisted  
And in case you didn't know I've got a heart made of  
chrome  
It's been burned, but it's still willing to try  
And shine  
It's not the drunks and their devices, that provoke me  
It's not the politics of love and distance, and all that  
that shit evokes  
In me  
It's not the Sunday morning fights or this soul on ice,  
that numbs me  
It's not the passing of another Indian summer, that  
saddens me  
It's no the shutter in the undertow, that bears down on  
me  
It's not everything ending as it begins or the loneliness  
that grins that  
Destroys me  
Well in case you didn't know I've got a heart made of  
chrome  
It's been bent 'til it was twisted  
And in case you didn't know I've got a heart made of  
chrome  
It's been burned, but it's still willing to try  
And shine

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