

Ryan Matthew "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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