

Ryan Matthew, Chrome

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 not 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

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