

# White Gold

## Metric

Piss-poor, ridin' high  
Sun-bathin' fire-side  
We're here for the porn  
Of the sirloin  
Get your T-bone, let your backbone slide  
Tunnel and sky collide  
Lose friends to the air waves  
And the airlines  
I wanna make it right  
Some future in my eyes bright  
Hush, don't explain  
When you water down my name  
I'll be up too late  
Call me when you get  
Better at your game  
You haven't beat me yet  
The waitress, the actress  
Got the skin and the bones  
With the hairbrush and an air brush  
She'd be white gold  
She asked the piss-poor  
"Why you lookin' for that party in the sky?  
It's just a movie about a movie  
Too old to die"  
But I'm gonna make it right  
Future in my eyes bright  
Hush, don't explain  
When you water down my name  
I'll be up too late  
Call me when you get  
Better at your game  
You haven't beat me yet  
Though my vision is strainin'  
I'm gonna make it right  
Some future in my eyes bright  
Hush, don't explain  
When you water down my name  
I'll be up too late  
Call me when you get

Better at your game  
You haven't beat me yet

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