

# Enamel

## Brave Saint Saturn

Here's another song with the four oldest chords in history  
I guess, I lost all ambition turning left on Missouri I could have made it better but the feelings just aren't there  
My heart is cold and black but I just don't think I care  
So here's to me saying, "Fare-thee-well"  
And when you hear this song I hope it hurts like Enamel is stretched too thin  
You're beautiful, but not beneath your skin The phone lines down in Mexico are slow and maybe tired  
I guess all your devotion, got lost inside the wires Well, I hope you cannot sleep, and I hope you cannot smile  
And I hope that you are burdened with your guilt for quite a while  
I hope you fall in love but I hope your plans are thwarted  
And I hope that now you're back it's because you were deported Enamel is stretched too thin  
You're beautiful, but not beneath your skin  
Enamel, like insect shells  
So hollow, like your wedding bells Enamel is stretched too thin  
You're beautiful, but not beneath your skin  
Enamel, like insect shells  
So hollow, like your wedding bells

Lyrics provided by

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