

Chrome

Matthew Ryan

It's not the things that
I can't change that bother me
And it's not the things that
I don't know that undermine meIt's not the thing that
I can't hold or the balancing wire
That broke, that throws meIt's not the fact that
You walked out that bewilders me
It's not the sleep that
I can't steal that wires meIt's not the coffee or the pills
It's not this space that
I can't fill that kills meWell, in case you didn't know
I've got a heart made of chrome
It's been bent 'til it was twistedAnd 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 shineIt's not the drunks and their devices
That provoke me
And 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
And it's not the passing of another Indian
Summer that saddens meIt'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 meWell, in case you didn't know
I've got a heart made of chrome
It's been bent 'til it was twistedAnd 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, yeah shine

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