Front Row

Metric

I'm in the front row with a bottle
Don't know what I can't decide
I'm in the front row, I'm a model
Don't know what I can't describe
Burned out stars they shine so bright
All of us, burned out stars they shine so bright
He's not perfect, he's my hero
Smashing the piano, spitting in the front row
Chronic confrontation, psychic conversation
Radical compassion louder than the action
All of us, burned out stars they shine so bright
All of us, burned out stars they shine so bright
All the stars, burned out stars they shine so bright
All of us, burned out stars they shine so bright
I'm in the front row with a bottle
Don't know what I can't decide
I'm the front row, I'm a model
Don't know what I can't describe
Burned out stars they shine so bright
All of us, burned out stars they shine so bright
He's not perfect, he's a victim
Of his occupation, social insulation
Secret intervention, charge him with possession
I just wanna watch him make or break and beat them
All the stars, burned out stars they shine so bright
All the stars, burned out stars they shine so bright
All the stars, burned out stars they shine so bright
All the stars, burned out stars they shine so bright
Burned out stars they shine so bright
Burned out stars they shine so bright
Burned out stars they shine so bright
Burned out stars they shine so bright

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