

# Small Metal Gods

David Sylvian

It's the farthest place I've ever been  
It's a new frontier for me  
And you balance things  
Like you wouldn't believe  
When you should just let things be  
Yes, you juggle things  
Cause you can't lose sight  
Of the wretched story-line  
It's the narrative that must go on  
Until the end of time  
And you're guilty of some self neglect  
And the mind unravels for days  
I've told you once  
Yes, a thousand times  
I'm better off this way  
I'm better off this way  
Where's my queen of hearts  
My royal flush  
I have cleaned and scrubbed her decks  
My suicide, my better days  
There's nothing I regret  
I've placed the Gods  
In a zip-lok bag  
I've put them in a drawer  
They've refused my prayers  
For the umpteenth time  
So I'm evening up the score  
Small metal Gods  
From a casting line  
From a factory in Mumbai  
Some manual labourer's bread and butter  
And a single-minded lie  
Small metal Gods  
Cheap souvenirs  
You've abandoned me for sure  
I'm dumping you, my childish things  
I'm evening up the score.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>