

Metallica, Sweet Amber

Wash your back so you won't stab mine
Get in bed with your own kind
Live your life so you don't see mine
Drape your back so you won't shine

Ooh then she holds my hand
And I lie to get a smile

Using what I want
To get what you want

Ooh sweet amber
How sweet are you?
How sweet does it get?

Chase the rabbit, fetch the stick
She rolls me over 'till I'm sick
She deals in habits, deals in pain
I run away, but I'm back again

Ooh then she holds my hand
And I lie to get a smile
And she squeezes tighter
I still lie to get a smile

She holds the pen that spells the end
She traces me and draws me in