## 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