

# Metallica, Sweet Amber (Metallica St Anger)

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