

I'll Rust With You

Steam Powered Giraffe

I'm sittin' there by the girl with the golden hair,
ruby lips, poppin' gum, and electric stare
Dashboard lights glowing red and the moonlight catching on her pretty head

Black leather lace, bell buckle grease
In my white Cadillac, may it rust in peace
On a yellow dying lawn, while the radio plays a crackling song

I'll rust with you
I'll rust with every one of you
Nostalgic nights
Have got me feelin' its all
gone (gone, gone) to rust
It's all gone (gone, gone) to rust

Swing skirt, fishnets and a broken dream
Blue petrol flame makes the Jukebox scream
The cool cats all there are crying, cause the records are all burnt and dyin
g

Leopard high tops lift into the sky
Fingerless gloved hands pulling me to fly
In the winter cold she kisses, and vanishes despite my wishes.

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gone (gone, gone) to rust
It's all gone (gone, gone) to rust

Baby don't keep me waiting
On this memory
The years and tears have gone and turned you
into what you see
It's all gone
To rust

The mall shop's a derelict skeleton
The disco's dead and the hop is done
The raves are flickering out, and your future tlings follow en route

Let's drive the Cadillac into the sea
It's got transmission in my memory
Reminiscing in retrograde will fuel our pointless escapade

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