Precious Metals

Lorde

The Chanel, the Dior and the Prada
Take it home, make a fire in the garden
Sundance kids, so godless
One day it's gonna be not like this
Black sand on all our beaches
Witchcraft, split lip and a bee sting
But what I really wanna know is

Do I look like a fool?
'Cause I must be a fool
To hold on to precious metals like I do, I do, I do
To hold on to precious metals like I do, I do, I do

The Chanel, the Dior, and the Prada
Give my best to the ones that are bothered
Take a flight trip to Jakarta
All the kids at the shows make it louder
All of the feelings and all of the tears are going
All of the secrets and all of the schemes that don't go my way
I wish you would come back, didn't want to run back
Come back, bet you want to come back
And I'll find you

Do I look like a fool?
'Cause I must be a fool
To hold on to precious metals like I do (ah), do (ah), do (ah)
To hold on to precious metals like I do (ah), do (ah), do (ah)

Ah, ah, ah...

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