

## 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...