

Rust (Interlude)

Twin Shadow

I was born on the islands
Parents tryna get away from a little bit of violence
Moved to the golf course
Four kids, tryna make the most
You're a child in the badlands
Your mother tried to get just a little bit of silence
Moved from the city
Famous living, privilege given
Baby our hearts don't beat the same
I don't expect them to be that way

We are precious metals
Bruised petals
Called in the echos of new loves mistrust
Pulling you closer now
But your fingers are closed
We are rare precious metals
Starting to rust, starting to rust