

Hot Coals

Cold War Kids

I don't feel a thing
Walking on hot coals
No sensitivity in a fog of war
Try to unwind
To enjoy the good life
But the pressure that I hold
On my shoulders goes

I suspect the reason I am loved
Is because of how tight I'm holding on
Nowadays you're supposed to talk
Problems on and on
Whatever happened to the old -fashioned
Strong and silent type

What they didn't know is once you get us in
Touch with our feelings
You would never hear the end
Once you pull the pin
I suspect the reason I am loved
Is because of how tight I'm holding on
If I set you free, If I let go
Tell me would I still be the one you want

Even a broken clock
Is right twice a day
Even a busted lock
Can keep a thief away

He's not the type and soldiers
Don't go to hell
It's a place reserved for the
Twisted and evil
Now you ask how I'm feeling
I told you then
You're gonna torture me slowly with it

I am falling behind