

Warm Day Cold War

Bronze Radio Return

Even cold wars have their warmer days
When everything stops and we sleep on it, it's when
Cold enemies look like warmer friends
If they don't, let's pretend, hey we've all got some rules to bend
We all reach a point when we find a way
To sink into a place where we think the same, but then
Find a loose end and a new reason to blame
What we can't contain, and the war carries on

Look out, look out man
When the cold's rolling in
You look out and see the wreckage
Let the warm day begin

In automatic battle it feels cinematic
So dramatic that eventually you're numb too
All the others that see another point of view
Not like you, you're not like them- hey we've all got some rules to bend

It's all coming down to the line in the sand
Where the people gather 'round and decide where to stand
If the winds came in and blew away the lines
Just a bunch of people standing with nothing to divide
It sounds so easy but really there is no chance for
Breaking up the lines that decide what we stand for
So for now let's find a little common ground
And make a warm day in a cold war

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