

Bottled Affection

Cold War Kids

I let the bats out, we walked through
The cathedral out in to the moon
Your flashback is airtight
Like an elephant never hurt a fly
Mother instinct, never gonna die

Alright, stay, you got my attention
All my pain is bottled affection

Now it's my turn to play cool
Nothing you can say can even break through
I see the weapons, I pulled out
I met my match, so why am I proud?

I'm not the same kid, I grew up
Didn't I? Or did I get stuck?
You get older, it gets worse
You be the good one that gives it up first
Or the bad one that never gets hurt

Alright, stay, you got my attention
All my pain is bottled affection
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My affection, my affection
Pouring out, pouring out
My affection, my affection
Pouring out, pouring out
My affection, my affection