

## 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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All my pain is bottled affection

My affection, my affection  
Pouring out, pouring out  
My affection, my affection  
Pouring out, pouring out  
My affection, my affection