

Every Valley Is Not a Lake

Cold War Kids

Don't bother grandma 'cause she's right
Or you'll be in some mess
I see how you see her creaky bones, bitchin' 'bout IRS

Well, take a look child through this photo album
She sang to sailors in the war, baseball stadiums
Nineteen forty eight

Well, now you'll graduate
And you think you're going to move out now
I will congratulate you as soon as you pay your own way

Not tryin' to stick a pin in your shiny new balloon
Your alimony check won't buy a bigger room or a new car

Don't ever think about coming 'round here
With that junior from up the street
Sneakers squeaking on the kitchen tile, hat pulled below his eyes
That boy is trouble in his sleep

You got your father's reckless charm, babe
Long as you're giving, somebody'll take
Oh, every sermon is not the gospel, babe
Let me put it in another way, every valley is not a lake

Before I let you go with your friends got one more thing to say
You think my love is tough
Should've seen your grandma in her day

Oh, use your wits child 'cause nothing stays the same
In forty years my song will be public domain
Oh, oh, oh, sharp tongue, quick switch, sharp tongue, quick switch
We'll make, finally a quality man