

God, Make Up Your Mind

Cold War Kids

Backseat of your family station wagon, listening Nina Simone
One Hundred years of solitude and only 12 years old

God make up your mind
God make up your mind
Do you wanna play fair
Or should I take what's mine

Your mom is calling out, "Look at the Grand Canyon"
Camilla couldn't care less
Gaze into the hole
Your stomach feels the emptiness of death

God make up your mind
God make up your mind
Do you wanna play fair
Or should I take what's mine, like everyone else

From New York to New Orleans, played alphabet
Kansas to Boise, won the battleship
Memorized the capitals, crossword puzzles
Drew a picture of a cat laying dead in the street
Daydream about my real dad back in California

Elephant in your brain, reminding you you've got to make a choice
Wraps his arms around you slow
Cause you tense up like an armadillo

God make up your mind
God make up your mind
Do you wanna play fair
Or should I take what's mine, like everyone else

Why ain't my teacher on a street sign?
He's done so much more than politicians, dead musicians
You wanna help someone you gotta be a no one
That's what I figured out the cat in the street meant

You gotta make up your mind
Make up your mind
Make up your mind