

Hair Down

Cold War Kids

Conversations that went on terrible paths
Don't talk about that, no no don't talk about that
We're coming back loud, ending this conversation

Said you let your hair down
You've got enough to go 'round, oh my
Said you'd let your hair down
But you've been telling me that since the day we met

She's laughing like a choir girl
She's laughing like a choir girl
She's laughing like a choir girl
When she doubles over sounds like Hallelujah

She's talking to my mother
She's on the phone with my mother
She's talking to my mother
She's looking up at me like I'm a criminal

She bargains like a lawyer
Sacrifice like a martyr
She's just her mother's daughter
Cutting cloth and washing up and

We were still just babies
Dreaming of the 60's
We were still just babies
Dressing up in rags with our wallets full

Now our pockets are shallow coin runnin' low
I saw their empty but I'm just a fool
Roman in the kitchen told me that true love it waits
But of all the rules he lives by that's the one that he hates