

Hold My Home

Cold War Kids

London fog and an empty suitcase
Choreography in Piccadilly
It's time to carve out a place in the sun
I'd like to hold my home where
The seasons never ever ever change

Charlie the painter in Japan
We have grown apart
The cigarette the gardener throws in the grass
I'd like to hold my home where
The mountains run right into the sea

Holiday in the waves
Holiday in the waves

Feet in the sand in St. Tropez
She is a woman of the world
Letting the past go to get what you want
I'd like to hold my home where
The seasons never ever change

Holiday in the waves
Holiday in the waves
Holiday, holiday in the waves
Holiday, holiday in the waves
Holiday in the waves