

Robbers

Cold War Kids

Sulkin'
walkin' 'round the city after dark
need protection from street thugs
who clip the tires
and rip the doors off rugs
and cowards

and all this life we've glorified
robbin' from the blind
it's not easy, you see
don't think I don't know sympathy
my victims in my shadow
starin' back at me

not me, I'm knockin
tip toe outside a stranger's door
casually let myself in
fill pockets with
trinkets, purses, china antique armoirs

and all this life we've glorified
robbin' from the blind
it's not easy you see
don't think I don't know sympathy
my victims in my shadow
starin back at me

as robbers in my thoughts
they tell me what to think
they're hiding in my clothes
crawling in the kitchen sink