

## 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 armoires

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