

Cold Blooded Old Times

Smog

Cold blooded old times
Cold blooded old times
Cold blooded old times

The type of memories
That turn your bones to glass
Turn your bones to glass

Mother came rushing in
She said, we didn't see a thing
We said, we didn't see a thing

And father left at eight
Nearly splintering the gate
Cold blooded old times

Cold blooded old times
Cold blooded old times
Cold blooded old times

The type of memories
That turn your bones to glass
Turn your bones to glass

And though you were
Just a little squirrel
You understood every word

And in this way
They gave you clarity
A cold blooded clarity

Cold blooded old times
Cold blooded old times
Cold blooded old times

Though how can I stand
And laugh with the man
Who redefined your body?

How can I stand
And laugh with the man
Who redefined your body?

Those cold blooded old times
Cold blooded old times
Cold blooded old times