

# 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