

Cold War Kids "Cabaret"

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I'm dreaming from a subway car, leaving my shoes for
that seven story mountain
I can't remember ever climbing anything
Because my fingers are snapping two years past now
with nothing to show
I tried to go because I'm all bruised up searching for
the road.

And what am I to look for?
How will I know when I find it?
In the country or the city?
I peep my head 'round every building.

I'm making up for lost time now giving everything I
own to the kids on my street.
And I can rest assured they need it so much more than
me.

I can't explain it, can't explain it, but it feels like
somebody lifted.
I can't explain it but it feels like some weight is gone.
And could you use some help, sir?
I can't offer you no money.
How 'bout some strong advice, sir?
You can climb better than any other.

Sometimes I worry 'bout my friends and their lives,
they get me so overwhelming.
I seen their lives had passed, had passed just with one
blink of an eye.
And making so sure they can't leave me once and
you're leaving me two toned.
I can't believe I let the things I hear inside this room.

And what am I to live for?
I can't count on any other.
And things are running rather way past due and I
can't complain.
And all the fights I fight are way past due and I can't
complain.

