

Cold War Kids

"Expensive Tastes"

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Strings attached, fake eye lashes
Broke apart the piggie bank for petty cash
Sensitive sister blush, and don't stare
Watch the children squabblin' in the square

Tip my hat, low windows
Once I saw you naked, there was nothing to show
Piano plays, sonata tempo
Of all the girls of in our class she's the most refined

I'd like to be there in the morning when you wake up
Maybe pipe dream, but come easter we could pack up
I'd like to be there in the morning when you wake up
Maybe pipe dream, but come easter we could pack up

I like to show up at your door step
Wearing the winter tie my neighbour tied,
And meet your family, compliment cookin'
Drink the beer your uncles are brewin'

Flat-out refused to take that job
Just because i'm poor don't mean I can't be a snob
Strawberry hair, fair freckled skin
Waiting like a creep outside catillian

Shy expression, shawl on her shoulders
Bought this house with money that your grandfather stole
Much too young, save the imagination
Ruined an elegant girl's reputation

I'd like to be there in the morning when you wake up
Maybe pipe dream, but come easter we could pack up

Woah, woah
Woah, oh
Woah, oh
Woah, oh

And when they ask me my occupation
I'm a prayin man working on my patience

I got no preference, politic party
Parents take away my car keys

Mass lets out, rollin' smokes for trades
drink my weight coffee at the penny arcade
rows of shoes, shelves of jewelery
Mama's dying her hair in the vanity

Daddy's watch too tight, try silver spoon for size
Harder than a needle through a camel's eye
Folks gather around the table, find a place
Boys that girl don't have expensive tastes

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