

Cold War Kids

"Rubidoux"

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So let's go deadbolt your shed door
Cram your paper money snug, closer than before
Chandeliers are falling in graveyard rows
And your eyes are shifting dials like AM radios

Snowed over river melted more last night
Still the same
The shattered windshields of spidered ice
Yes, yes mother I mean to be baptized
Seeds that make the higher ground grow and multiply

Joy to rubidoux in the the middle of the night
Bourbon and a pistol in the dash, out of sight
What did you expect
Romantic call of why
Just empty desert light

Few feet float above these Persian throw rugs
And tuck themselves in percussionist succession words
Tonight a single simple folk play themselves low
Just like talking city blues down in the hole we loathe

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Romantic call of why
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I suggest that you respect the deal
And keep your nose out of business of
Priests and holy men
The life you have chosen is filled with dirty finger nails
And lost and found
And canceled appointments

Ten more avenues, time to choose
And there's rain that'll fall down on fire
There's fifty doors to choose from and there's many
more
Many more inside, inside, inside
Well the night time's going to come
The night time's going to come

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