

Cold War Kids

"St. John"

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Another supper time in the hole
I shamed my family, shamed my home
(Tell my sister, Jane)

Old Saint John on death row
He's just waiting for a pardon

All the white boys in their Sta-Prest slacks
Home for the summer from college
They stayin' out late getting rowdy at the bars
Looking for trouble uptown

Come up my block, about 5 or 6 of them
Smashing their bottles in the gutter
Yelling all kinds of obscenities
About woman and God and Law

Young girl turn the corner with her clerk dress on
That girl was my sister
Just got off the night shift at Pennington's Place
Just wanna go home and get some sleep
Boys grab her by the waist and the caffeine eyes
Hands all fidget electric

I picked up a brick from my papa's front yard
And threw it at the tallest boy's face
Well, blood was streaming like a well got sprung
I couldn't believe what I had just done
But the other boys ran and this one stayed
On the ground and he would never move again

All us boys down on death row
We just waiting for a pardon

Yours truly on trial, I testify
Got to keep on running till the well run dry

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