

Curren\$y

"Cold Eye"

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In the cold eyes of criminals, I drank in the wild
Laughter
Isn't that my laughter that I'm laughing now?
And in the cold eyes a terrible storm reaches with wild
Thunder
Isn't that the thunder that I call my home?
And go tell the night, you tell the night when we are
Through
And in the old dives of parallels, I stirred in the
Waitress's wonder
Oh what's the waitress wondering about?
And in the old dives of parallels, I stood on a stage of
Tables
Aren't those the tables I'm diving from?
But go tell the night, you tell the night when we are
Through
And under cold candlelight, I wait here to be rescued
And go tell the night, you tell the night when we are
Through
And under cold candlelight, I wait here to be rescued.

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