

Crooked Fingers

"Coldways"

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Come out, come on, tonight the city's alive
Come let the silver street shine burn your blue eyes
Don't let the old ways con or keep you away
Don't make no difference where you go, where you
stay

Come on, the stars are shining on you
Yeah, they're shining on you

There was a giant once whose head touched the sky
He was afraid to get the sun in his eyes
The sun, it burned a black hole clean through his head
And tumbling head first to the coldways he went

Come on, the stars are shining on you
Yeah, they're shining on you

Yeah, come on, the stars are shining on you
Yeah, they're shining on you

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