

Serengeti

"Cold"

Visit "[Cold](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Never go to work, everything messy
Ashes everywhere, giant cans of Pepsi.
Constant updates, the van needs brakes,
Everything is great, stolen license plates.
Dandruff everywhere, kids got colds,
Dishes in the sink, place smells like moles.
Live inside cable, fantasize about moves,
Enter your 30's, still wearing Jerseys.
Need to do burpees, take more showers,
Get yourself together, assume a spirit power.
Maybe it's a raven, maybe need prestique,
Same conversation, the same long weeks.

I want a simple life, where we milk cows and cobras,
Coral snakes, souffl s of the lightest cakes.
Moon lightning, stationed exercise biking.
The same qualities found in the common Viking.
Floyd similar to the singer, Lloyd.
the fang of the cobra and the morning avoid.
They're just kin called Roys and The Donovan Boys.
All six of them, exotic like British men
I'm like, fellas, you could have won a Tony,
We could have been brothers like Josiah and Yoni.
There's so much room, beautiful purple flowers bloom.
Check me out, man, I'll be over soon.
The detective skills of Dolph Lundgren, L.A.'s never
been more safe,
The great escape is tougher, like having a family
complicates.
Look on the bright side,
there's many things to be happy for,
Like living in Los Angeles with an unlocked door.
That's what you pay Dolph for.
Beaver coats, pretty walls, snore atop a house for
birds,
A total loss for use of words, to shave your lamb, that
shit was cold.
The weight of snow on naked trees, the weight of
giving up a dream,
Settle down into the soil, sprout another dream tutorial.
Grobby criminals versus the fire department, I followed

them to the apartment, sergeant
Axes out, with positioned on sixth floor, hoses up the
staircase, aimed at their front door.
We got 'em, those bastards won't know what hit 'em.
Chalk one up for the good guys, we got 'em, captain.

Hey, marry into royalty, become a duke,
Make your buddies puke, 'cause you joined the new
social loop.
Involving velvet, couplets, and little bells.
Go to hell, suckers, enjoy livin' at your brothers',
And your covers smell like rubber,
Sleeping bags, and cupboard's mold.
Walkin' to your car cold.
I'm children's quires and gray tea old.

Visit [Serengeti](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.