

# Cold War Kids, Expensive Tastes

Strings attached, fake eye lashes  
Broke upon the piggy bank for petty cash  
Sensitive sister blushin', don't stare  
Watch the children squabblin' in the square

Tip my hat, low windows  
Once I saw you naked, there was nothing to show  
Piano place and out of tempo  
Of all the girls of in our class she's the most refined

I'd like to be there in the morning when you wake up  
Maybe pipe dream, but come easter we could pack up  
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I like to show up at your door step  
Wipin' the wintertime in name attack  
And meet your family, couple of them cookin'  
Take the peanuts to

I refuse to take that job  
Just because i'm poor don't mean I can't be a snob  
Strawberry hair, fair freckled skin  
Waiting like a creep outside till the end

Shy expression shown on her shoulders  
Bought this house with money that your grandfather stole  
Much too young, save the imagination  
Ruin an elegant girl's reputation

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Maybe pipe dream, but come easter we could pack up

Woah, woah  
Woah, oh  
Woah, oh  
Woah, oh

And when they ask me my occupation  
I'm a prayin and working on my patience  
I got no good friends, politic party  
Parents take my car keys

Now that time, rollin' smoke for trades  
drink my waiting coffee at the penny arcade  
rows of shoes, shelves of jewelery  
Mama's dying her hair in the vanity

Daddy's watch too tight, try silver spoon for size  
Harder than a needle through a camel's eye  
Folks gather around the table, find a place  
Boys that girl don't have expensive tastes