

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