

# Cold War Kids, Hair Down

Conversations that went on terrible paths  
don't talk about that  
No no, don't talk about that  
We're coming back loud  
and end this conversation

Said you let your hair down  
you got enough to go round, oh mine  
Said you let your hair down  
but you've been telling me that since the day we meet

She's laughing like a choir girl  
She's laughing like a choir girl  
She's laughing like a choir girl  
when she doubles over sounds like Hallelujah

She's talking to my mother  
She's on the phone with my mother  
She's talking to my mother  
She's looking up at me like I'm a criminal

She bargains like a lawyer  
sacrifice like a martyr  
She's just her mother's daughter  
cutting cloth and washing a pan

Man, we were still just babies  
dreaming of the sixties  
Man, we were still just babies  
dressing up in rags with our wallets full

Now our pockets are shallow  
our quart running low  
I saw their empty but I'm just a fool  
A woman in the kitchen told me that true love it waits  
but of all the rules he lives by that's the one that he hates.