

# The Alter Boys, Can't Cool Down

The icebox is locked and I can't cool down  
It's Louisiana hot - old dog in a new town  
Round midnight why can't the light be found  
Got me poundin' on the pavement wrestlin' with the ground  
Sharkskin in a pig pen stirrin' up a sound  
Pawn shop stacks a box of .45 rounds  
Got a code to uphold contractually bound  
said the icebox is locked and I can't cool down  
Icebox is locked and I cannot cool down  
Plastic palm trees and conspiracies dot the grassy knoll

The icebox is locked and I can't cool down  
Got both barrels cocked and a young blood hound  
There's an old butchers block where you pay by the pound  
And the homecoming queen's waiting tables in her own crown  
Belly up to the bar to buy the first round

Bartender surrenders says we're in a dry town  
Son we can't serve you here he said with a frown  
Because the icebox is locked so you can't cool down

Icebox locked and I cannot cool down  
Umbrella drinks and cheap cigars while hot tub bubbles roll  
Icebox locked and I cannot cool down  
Plastic palm trees and conspiracies dot the grassy knoll

Born of this world of hate - Born of an orphaned throne  
Born without a faith - Born of a broken home  
Belly to the bar dark in the block  
Draw an ace from the top of the stack