

The Gaslight Anthem, Miles Davis And The Cool

Look Miles Davis, I've been swayed by the cool.
There's just something about the summertime.
There's just something about the moon.
So I'll lay a kiss on this storm, toss it upside your window, by the roof.
Before you change your mind, Miles, bring in the cool.
Now honey, put on your red dress.
And you diamond soul shoes.
Climb on down from that window.
Climb on out of your room.
Cause I've never had a good thing and I've always had the blues.
I always heard that you always kind of wandered, Miles, strike up the Cool.
Don't wait too long to come home.
My have the years of our youth passed on.
Don't wait too long to come home.
I'll leave the front light on.
The night is our own, come home.
Poor mister pitiful, I can't turn you loose.
You move like a dream I had, woke up sweating in my room.
Your Mama's got plans, your daddy's aim is true.
She never understood that it ain't no good.
Papa never heard the cool.
So now I got out my map and found me a storm.
With a flick of the wrist and the turn of the key.
You'll just fall in my arms.
Don't wait too long to come home.
My have the years of our youth passed on.
Don't wait too long to come home.
I'll leave the front light on.
The night is our own.
You don't wait too long.
So why don't you sing to me on this long drive home?
Let the sound of your voice sway sweet and slow.
As we go down, down, down.
From our youth to the ground.
We might always be blue.
Jackson!
So don't wait too long to come home.
My have the years of our youth passed on.
Don't wait too long to come home.
I will leave the front light.
[2x]
As we go down, down, down.
From our youth to the ground.
Down, down, down, down, down.