

Band Of Skulls, Cold Fame

What's the point of pain if it's been abused?
What's a kid like me even got to lose?
Here I am on your bed again-- its too big for the room it's in.
Wash your face and mouth just a little bit,
everybody knows that you're good at it.
Nothing hurts like an answer phone, drinking some, waking up alone.
Maybe if I try just a little more, I can take myself from this dirty floor.
Walk through buildings of elegance, just like you are intelligent.
But still I fall from grace with this microphone,
how'd you find yourself if you never roam?
Certainly I'm indebted baby, certainly, certainly...
I know my place, but it don't know me.
I know my place, but it don't know me.
No one wants to hear that you're breaking up,
it wasn't long ago we said start me up.
Now all your dreamin' will have to wait, what you deserve you'll anticipate.
Play your 45 with this late at night, open all the windows, turn out the light.
Mysterious creatures will fill the room, a midnight show just put on for you.
But still I fall from grace with this microphone,
how'd you find yourself if you never roam?
Certainly I'm indebted baby, certainly, certainly...
I know my place, but it don't know me.
I know my place, but it don't know me.
Cold fame in my brain, but it's okay cause I know it's the best for me...