

Cold War Kids, Cryptomnesia

I sold you for parts
You get what you want
Then I'll want it too

I know who you are
Don't know who your not
I don't dare ask

Come back, we'll use the stove
We'll make plans in the back
Of your pickup truck

Oh, why no one told
She crowns my lips
And waits up

Helicopter sails
Watching bird's eye
That's when I dropped

And all my hands
Where behaving
Like maps expired

These rocks have been kicked
My body is spent
Can't stop and rest, oh no

Your comfort plus ease
I see it in 3-D
You can't dream so slow

Don't check the index for refrence
Curse the sky "Lord, give me hints"
I search the place for your prints

I feel your cryptomnesia
Cryptomnesia