

# Cold War Kids, I've Seen Enough

How's it going to feel when summer ends?  
Out of money, out of friends

I've seen enough of nothing new  
The blacker stain on history or last laugh blues  
Not gonna fight, not gonna cry  
Not gonna shop around for one flag to fly

I've seen enough, inventor's age  
I've cover up my face, brownbeaten shame  
I've got the itch, I feel the sting  
Like fallen in to the deepest sleep, telephone rings

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I've seen enough, the angry mob  
Yeah they were unison da-da-da  
They can't be stopped  
Sitting at home, making plans  
Don't wanna be another silly set of accident hands

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