

# Cold War Kids, In Harmony In Silver

Jeff knocks at 1128  
waits at the stairs  
me and Marcus scurry down  
got his ass on the rail  
bright shocks our eyss  
we stumble adaze  
we'll save all our stories  
for the tea and the shade

I know I didn't write you  
but then there was no desire to  
I see a sea of faces  
I wish I had

Thomas's wrists on his chins  
kelly green shirt  
smirkin' 'cause he don't  
got a nickle to pitch  
steamin' plates  
they for reach  
we politely withhold  
can't put out a fork  
til Marcus has thanked the Lord

we laugh about our friends  
from gradeschool  
working for their fathers and  
Marcus tells me Rose is doing great

and we know we sleep so long on borrowed grants and dimes from Miles  
and you know that package of yours makes me proud and bittersweet with time

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