

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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