

Cold War Kids, Passing The Hat

Look up from the hymnal, look around at the faces of families closing their eyes
We're taking Communion and passing the offering hat around at the same time

I reached for the hat and take all the cash
And slide it into my ragged coat sleeve
And leave in its place a note to explain
All of the reasons that stealing has led me to leave
If there was a worthy cause for to give to
May I be so bold as to say
The givers not knowing where their money's going
Is as sinful as throwing away

Stained glasses shine on my red wine
And the sweat of my brow drips to my shaking knees
A small sacrifice to benefit one man's journey away from America's seas

Sweet sweet sigh of relief
Sweet sweet O Baltic Sea
Sweet sweet sigh of relief
Sweet sweet O Baltic Sea
Sweet sweet sigh of relief
Sweet sweet O Baltic Sea

Nobody here knows my name
Call it right or wrong
I bought my ticket just the same