Cold War Kids, Red Wine, Success!

He pours the wine into his coffee cup This jazz has dropped, it's time to pick it up 2:30 he rolls out of this brass at last Terence love is barking something crass

Each night a thousand stairs go up both ways Soul and colour peeking through his sleeves M's down at the coast it's too late for busses run Slides into his headphones, sleeps to solo monk

Success success his smile is saccharine Glamorous he's pouring Pancho's gin Lives his live a painful and lovely day In the history of a great pregnancy

Squat public library checking out ""The Trial"" Strolls to the pier to gather his thoughts Squat public library checking out ""The Trial"" He's talking to himself about it

He don't get upset, get upset He can't sleep He'll have another cigarette and don't get upset He don't get upset, get upset