

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