

# Cold War Kids, Robbers

Sulkin&#039;  
Walkin&#039; &#039;round the city after dark  
Need protection from street thugs  
Who clip the tires  
And rip the doors off rugs  
And cowards

And all this life we&#039;ve glorified  
Robbin&#039; from the blind  
It&#039;s not easy, you see  
Don&#039;t think i don&#039;t know sympathy  
My victims in my shadow  
Starin&#039; back at me

Not me, i&#039;m knockin  
Tip toe outside a stranger&#039;s door  
Casually let myself in  
Fill pockets with  
Trinkets, purses, china antique armoirs

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As robbers in my thoughts  
They tell me what to think  
They&#039;re hiding in my clothes  
Crawling in the kitchen sink