

# Cold War Kids, Rubidox

So let's go deadbolt your shed door  
Cram your paper money snug, closer than before  
Chandeliers are falling in graveyard rows  
And your eyes are shifting dials like AM radios  
Snowed over river melted more last night  
Still the same  
The shattered windshields of spidered ice  
Yes, yes mother I mean to be baptized  
Seeds that make the higher ground grow and multiply  
Joy to rubidoux in the the middle of the night  
Bourbon and a pistol in the dash, out of sight  
What did you expect  
Romantic call of why  
Just empty desert light  
Few feet float above these Persian throw rugs  
And tuck themselves in percussionist succession words  
Tonight a single simple folk play themselves low  
Just like talking city blues down in the hole we loathe  
Joy to rubidoux in the the middle of the night  
Bourbon and a pistol in the dash, out of sight  
What did you expect  
Romantic call of why  
Just empty desert light  
I suggest that you respect the deal  
And keep your nose out of business of  
Priests and holy men  
The life you have chosen is filled with dirty finger nails  
And lost and found  
And canceled appointments  
Ten more avenues, time to choose  
And there's rain that'll fall down on fire  
There's fifty doors to choose from and there's many more  
Many more inside, inside, inside  
Well the night time's going to come  
The night time's going to come  
Joy to rubidoux in the the middle of the night  
Bourbon and a pistol in the dash, out of sight  
What did you expect  
Romantic call of why  
Just empty desert light  
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