

Cold War Kids, Saint John

Suppertime in the hole
Suppertime in the hole
I shame my family
Shame my home
Suppertime...

Old Saint John on death row, he's just waiting for a pardon
Old Saint John on death row, he's just waiting for a pardon
Old Saint John on death row, he's just waiting for a pardon
Old Saint John on death row, boy he's just a-waiting...

All the white boys in their stay-pressed slacks, they're home for the summer from college
Stayin' out late, getting rowdy at the bar, they're looking for trouble uptown
They come up my block, about 5 or 6 of them, smashin' their bottles in the gutter
Yelling all kinds of obscenities, about women and God and law

Another suppertime in the hole
Suppertime
I shame my family
Shame my home
Suppertime...

Young girl turn the corner with her clerk dress on, that girl was my sister
Just got off the night shift at Penningtons Place, just wanna go home and get some sleep
Boys grab her by the waist with their caffeine eyes, their hands all figdet and 'lectric
I picked up a brick from my papa's front yard and threw it at the tallest boy's face
Well blood was streaming like a well that sprung, I couldn't believe what I had just done
Well the other boys ran and this one stayed on the ground and he would never move again

Old Saint John on death row, he's just waiting for a pardon
Old Saint John on death row, he's just waiting for a pardon
All us boys on death row, we just waiting for a pardon
All us boys on death row

Yours truly on trial, I testify
I got to keep on running till the well run dry
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