

Red Wine, Success!

Cold War Kids

he pours the wine into his coffee cup/
this jazz has dropped its 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 to 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 life like a painful and lovely day
in the history of great pregnancy/
squat public library checking out "the trial"/
strolls to the pier to gather his thoughts/
he's talking to himself about it/
he don't get upset, can't sleep/
he'll have another cigarette

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