

Cooling Card

Jawbox

Fear as friend I wish I'd never kissed;
faded hand to mouth as catalyst.
Technicolored static sender,
secondguess my love for danger.
Bold-face it with a hand of 10 by 10. Turn the cooling card
and show your hand to me.
Hands up, past time for both of us to see. Clothes and match were pulled straight from my bed.
Fatal weather rolls around my head.
Burned the place down to the ground now,
and crazy head singed up this town;
marked it with a blackened boldface T. Since I've got myself an easy job,
money passed behind and now I'm robbed.
Sold away my rights forever
to something that was multi-splendored.
I'll pass up the decision once again.

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