Cold Shoulders

Gold Motel

Clutching your glass; spitting your ash.
Sold my heart as petty cash.
On the telephone; say you're coming home.
But we both know that you won't.

Once I saw through; you tried to outdo you.
We were better back then when I barely knew you.
A backseat kiss; a heartbreak wish.
It's too late to take it all back.
Take it all back.
Take it all back.

Some things end without trying.
We turn away without warning.
Your cold shoulders.
Your cold shoulders.
Your cold shoulders.
Your cold.

You're in the lead; picking up speed.
Down on my luck, but not gonna plead.
Your loyalty to your vanity.
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Take it all back.
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Lyrics submitted by Danny Fritz.

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