

# Cold War

## Janelle Monâge

Written by tommy shaw  
Lead vocals by tommy shaw  
I'm tired of your psychology  
To bring me to my bended knees  
And if I could only talk to you  
I'm sure that I could make you see  
'cause time has a way  
Of bringing even mountains down, down, down  
    Storm clouds are coming  
I suggest you head for higher ground  
    I say you're a thing of the past  
    And you ain't gonna last  
    No matter what you say or do  
    It's all caught up to you  
You're duty-free, you're tax-exempt  
    You party with the president  
And you dance the dance so naturally  
    Why not believe you're heaven-sent  
    But time has a way of bringing  
Even mountains down, down, down  
    There's a storm cloud a-comin'  
I insist you head for higher ground  
You talk talk and you get so intense  
    That you almost make sense  
And that's what scares me the most  
    You as the host of celebrity lies  
    It's prime time, baby  
Can't you see in my eyes, it's a  
    Cold war-runnin' in the streets  
    Everybody you meet knows  
It's going down, don't you know  
    Cold war-blowing in the air

Everyone everywhere says it's time  
    To get ready for a cold war  
    Don't you look now  
But the skinny boy's becoming a man  
    You say it's the luck of the draw  
    And you can't have it all

And I'll die young trying to make it

Into something that ain't gonna last

You ought to reconsider

'cause I'm coming fast with a

Cold war-running in the streets

Everybody you meet

Know's it's going down, don't you know

Cold war-blood is in the air

Everyone everywhere says it's time

To get ready for a cold war-looking at me

From behind every tree

There's a scared man running from a

Cold war-don't you look now

But the skinny boy's a streetfighting man

[extra verses sung in concert during the kilroy tour:] Try as you will, you can't escape the chill

That penetrates your clothing,

Demanding that you feel

All the trouble that surrounds you,

The bad mixed with the good,

The heartless bits of data waiting to be understood

Information central promptly processed your request,

The task we're told honestly requires you acquiesce.

Well, blind faith put you where you are now

You're a selfish old cow gettin' high on society's milk.

We pay your bills, life should be so tough.

You'd better watch your fat ass, 'cause we've had enough!

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