

Cold Blooded Old Times

Smog

Cold blooded old times
Cold blooded old times
Cold blooded old timesThe type of memories
That turn your bones to glass
Turn your bones to glassMother came rushing in
She said, we didn't see a thing
We said, we didn't see a thingAnd father left at eight
Nearly splintering the gate
Cold blooded old timesCold blooded old times
Cold blooded old times
Cold blooded old timesThe type of memories
That turn your bones to glass
Turn your bones to glassAnd though you were
Just a little squirrel
You understood every wordAnd in this way
They gave you clarity
A cold blooded clarityCold blooded old times
Cold blooded old times
Cold blooded old timesThough how can I stand
And laugh with the man
Who redefined your body?How can I stand
And laugh with the man
Who redefined your body?Those cold blooded old times
Cold blooded old times
Cold blooded old times

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