

Cold War

Janelle Monç-‡

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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