

# Cold War

Janelle Monáe—‡

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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