

# Hold My Home

## Cold War Kids

London fog and an empty suitcase  
Choreography in Piccadilly  
It's time to carve out a place in the sun  
I'd like to hold my home where  
The seasons never ever ever change

Charlie the painter in Japan  
We have grown apart  
The cigarette the gardener throws in the grass  
I'd like to hold my home where  
The mountains run right into the sea

Holiday in the waves  
Holiday in the waves

Feet in the sand in St. Tropez  
She is a woman of the world  
Letting the past go to get what you want  
I'd like to hold my home where  
The seasons never ever change

Holiday in the waves  
Holiday in the waves  
Holiday, holiday in the waves  
Holiday, holiday in the waves  
Holiday in the waves

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