

# Cobra

## My Morning Jacket

Cobra comes up next to me  
Anywhere he goes, he's silently  
How do you take speaking so much?  
How do you live without a lover's touch?  
Dale always says it's easy  
I'm hooked on four like one, two, three  
I got them moves, declared to me  
You need to listen cuz I guarantee you're for sure  
Now I know I've been movin' too much  
I'm gonna live for my hottie's touch  
How do you take him speaking so much?  
How do you live without a lover's touch?  
Covered in charcoal, head to toe  
Sticky, stick charcoal, I want you to know  
How I long till I get these off  
They're so convenient but at such a cost  
King I go out to plead  
Sticky, sticky warmth, come and rush to me  
I want to know, I want to see  
There's life for me  
Oh how I long till I get these off  
They're so convenient but at such a cost.  
I know somebody, yes, I know someone  
Who loves to wait, loves to wait for the policeman to come.  
I know somebody, yes, I know them well  
And I'm aware of the thought they call ringing the bell  
Four on the floor and four in the air  
I'm drinkin' cold, cold lightning with the bugs in my hair  
I knew a partner, yes, I knew his house (now)  
I know somebody, yes, I know someone  
Who likes to wait, likes to wait for the policeman to come.  
I know somebody, yes, I know them well  
And I'm aware of the thought they call ringing the bell  
Four on the floor and four in the air  
I'm drinkin' cold, cold lightning with the bugs in my hair  
I knew a partner, yes, I knew his house  
Why do my toes always feel so cold?  
How come? How come? How come?  
Why's all the soap always burn like a rope?  
How come? How come? How come?  
When I see your reflection, it always frightens me  
So strong that I can hardly speak.  
How come?  
Mixed up potion, the summer's ocean  
I feel I'm swimming in tannin lotion  
Too many car chairs, and not enough leads  
How come? How come? How come?  
Thank you for all the sleep  
So I know the spark's aside  
Stuff that keeps me clean

Stuff that helps me breathe  
The lamps, the lights, the kerosene  
Beautiful, two gardenias spring  
How come? Why does all the soap always burn like the rope?  
How come? How come? How come?  
Why's all my toes always seem so cold?  
How come? How come? How come?

Songwriters

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