

Hot Coals

Cold War Kids

I don't feel a thing
Walking on hot coals
No sensitivity
in the fog of war
Try to unwind
to enjoy the good life
but the pressure that I hold
on my shoulders goes I suspect the reason I am lost
is because of how tight I'm holding on Now and then she just wants to talk
Problems on and on
Whatever happened to the old-fashioned
strong and silent type
What they didn't know
is once you get us in touch
when I feel it
You would never keep it in
once you pull the piin I suspect the reason I am lost
is because of how tired of holding on
If I set you free, If I let go
Tell me would I still
be the one you want? Even a broken clock
is right twice a day
Even a rusted mop
Can keep the FEET away He's not the type
Soldiers don't go to hell
it's a place reserved
for the twisted and evil
Now you ask how I feel
and I told you that
you're gonna talk to me
solely with air I suspect the reason I am lost
is because of how tight I'm holding on
If I set you free, If I let go
Tell me would I still
be the one you want? I am falling behind
I am falling behind
I'm falling, falling behind Oh, I suspect the reason I am lost
Suspect the reason I am lost
If I set you free, if I let go

Tell me, would I still be the one you want?

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