

Cold Beer and Cigarettes

David Bazan

A white ghost, making his way up the west coast
Trying to focus his high hopes on a vagina or two
He's taking his chances
Meanwhile, back in his living room
Bright smiles are watching his toddler run speed trials
Over a grandmother's rug
And nature advances

Up the interstate
He's been awake
And pretty drunk for three whole days
No one wants to stop
Until they get to where they're going
I'll get to where I'm going pretty soon

So he takes another drink
'Cause watching the scenery bleed
Into each similar scene
Isn't as sweet as it had been in his dreams

It's faster to buy cigarettes and some cold beer
If you don't rattle the cashier
By asking her back to your room
She's calling security

Our car's on fire in the parking lot
And nobody wants it to rain
But God isn't listening
So all of the windshields glisten
The water and oil mix
Causing the fire to spread
To five or six innocent automobiles
Waiting in their nearby spots
What a cruel God we've got

Right on, right on, right on
Right on, right on
Right on, right on, right on
Right on, right on

So he takes another drink
'Cause watching the formula bleed
Into each similar thing
Isn't as sweet as it had been in his dreams

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