

# 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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