

# Cryptomnesia

## Cold War Kids

I sold you for parts, you get what you want  
Bet I wanted to, I know who you are  
Don't know who you're not, I don't dare ask  
Come back, use the stove  
We'll make plans in the back of your pickup truck  
Oh, why no one told, she crowns my lips and waits up  
Her look of dissent, watching bird's eye  
That's when I dropped  
And oh, my hands were behaving like maps six five  
These rags have been kept, my body is spent  
Can't stop and rest, oh no, your comfort blessings, I see it in 3-D  
You can't dream so slow, don't check the index for reference  
'Cause the sky, Lord give me heads, I search the place for your prince  
I feel your cryptomnesia, cryptomnesia

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