

Hair Down

Cold War Kids

Conversations that went on terrible paths
Don't talk about that, no, no, don't talk about that
We're coming back loud and end this conversation
Said you let your hair down
You got enough to go round, oh mine
Said you let your hair down
But you've been telling me that since the day we meet
She's laughing like a choir girl
She's laughing like a choir girl
She's laughing like a choir girl
When she doubles over sounds like Hallelujah
She's talking to my mother
She's on the phone with my mother
She's talking to my mother
She's looking up at me like I'm a criminal
She bargains like a lawyer
Sacrifice like a martyr
She's just her mother's daughter
Cutting cloth and washing a pan
Man, we were still just babies
Dreaming of the '60s
Man, we were still just babies
Dressing up in rags with our wallets full
Now our pockets are shallow, our quart running low
I saw they're empty but I'm just a fool
A woman in the kitchen told me that true love it waits
But of all the rules he lives by, that's the one that he hates

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