

Rubidoux

Cold War Kids

So let's go deadbolt your shed door
Cram your paper money, snug, closer than before
Chandeliers are falling in graveyard rows
And your eyes are shifting dials like AM radios
Snowed over river, melted more last night
Still the same, the shattered windshields of spidered ice
Yes, yes, mother, I mean to be baptized
Seeds that make the higher ground grow and multiply
Joy to Rubidoux in the the middle of the night
Bourbon and a pistol in the dash, out of sight
What did you expect, romantic call of why?
Just empty, desert light
Few feet float above these Persian throw rugs
And tuck themselves in percussionist, succession words
Tonight, a single, simple folk play themselves low
Just like talking city blues, down in the hole we loathe
Joy to Rubidoux in the the middle of the night
Bourbon and a pistol in the dash, out of sight
What did you expect, romantic call of why?
Just empty, desert light
I suggest that you respect the deal
And keep your nose out of business of priests and holy men
The life you have chosen is filled with dirty finger nails
And lost and founds and canceled appointments
Ten, ten more avenues, time to choose
And there's rain that'll fall down on fire
There's fifty doors to choose from and there's many more
Many more inside, inside, inside
Well, the night time's going to come
The night time's going to come
Joy to Rubidoux in the the middle of the night
Bourbon and a pistol in the dash, out of sight
What did you expect, romantic call of why?
Just empty, desert light
Joy to Rubidoux in the the middle of the night
Joy to Rubidoux in the the middle of the night
Joy to Rubidoux in the the middle of the night
Just empty, desert light, it's just empty, desert light
It's just empty, desert light

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