

Smog - Cold Blooded Old Times

tom: A

Cold-blooded old times

Cold-blooded old times

Cold-blooded old times

The type of memories

That turns your bones to glass

Turns your bones to glass

Mother came rushing in

She said we didn't see a thing

We said we didn't see a thing

And father left at eight

Nearly splintering the gate

Cold-blooded old times

Cold-blooded old times

Cold-blooded old times

Cold-blooded old times

The type of memory

That turns your bones to glass

Turns your bones to glass

And though you where

Just a little swirl

You understood every word

And in this way they gave you clarity

A cold-blooded clarity

Cold-blooded old times

Cold-blooded old times

Cold-blooded old times

Now how can I stand

And laugh with the man

Who redefined your body

Now how can I stand

And laugh with the man

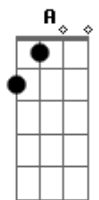
Who redefined your body

Those cold-blooded old times

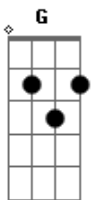
Cold-blooded old times

Cold-blooded old times

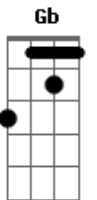
Acordes



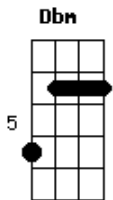
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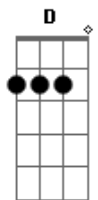
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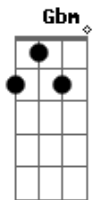
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