

# Smog, 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  
The type of memory  
That turns your bones to glass  
Turns your bones to glass

And though you were  
Just a little swirl  
You understood every word  
And in this way they gave you clarity  
A cold-blooded clarity

Cold-blooded old times

Now how can I stand  
and laugh with the man  
Who redefined your body

Those cold-blooded old times...