

The Alter Boys, Can't Cool Down

The icebox is locked and I can't cool down
It's Louisiana hot - old dog in a new town
Round midnight why can't the light be found
Got me poundin' on the pavement wrestlin' with the ground
Sharkskin in a pig pen stirrin' up a sound
Pawn shop stacks a box of .45 rounds
Got a code to uphold contractually bound
said the icebox is locked and I can't cool down
Icebox is locked and I cannot cool down
Plastic palm trees and conspiracies dot the grassy knoll

The icebox is locked and I can't cool down
Got both barrels cocked and a young blood hound
There's an old butchers block where you pay by the pound
And the homecoming queen's waiting tables in her own crown
Belly up to the bar to buy the first round

Bartender surrenders says we're in a dry town
Son we can't serve you here he said with a frown
Because the icebox is locked so you can't cool down

Icebox locked and I cannot cool down
Umbrella drinks and cheap cigars while hot tub bubbles roll
Icebox locked and I cannot cool down
Plastic palm trees and conspiracies dot the grassy knoll

Born of this world of hate - Born of an orphaned throne
Born without a faith - Born of a broken home
Belly to the bar dark in the block
Draw an ace from the top of the stack