

Coffee Spoon

Cold War Kids

I can argue with the mime
I can argue with the mime
He is reading me the riot act
Every line

Every lawyer in his prime
Every lawyer in his prime
Gets nostalgic for the bar's
Naivete to crime

Ascetics wring their hands
This decadent misuse
Inside my china room
You are my coffee spoon

My indulgence is a joke
And while everybody laughs
I'm clipping coupons
And saving my breath

I was celebrating Lent
With a candle in a tent
When you came and snatched me up
Out of retirement

Now I'm buying finer clothes
In department store windows
Throwing credit cards down
Never raise my voice