

Cappuccino City

Rolling Blackouts Coastal Fever

Steppin' into the town
Ignore the stink of burnin' leather
'Cause you're young and right down
Radio sings, cool life forever
And depending on the weather, you'll be there
Your shadow tall, you lean against the wall
Waitin' on the call
Waitin' on the call that'll set it out

At the top of the hour, meet me at Cappuccino City
Roaches climbing the wall, coffee is cold, service is shitty
In neon light you look so pretty as you say
Your race is run, no longer having fun
You're not the only one
Not the only one with short memory
You're not the only one with short memory

FM on the stereo
Belgians in the Congo
Short memory
Cappuccino City