

Tuxedos

Cold War Kids

I think about eyes that watch you.
I think about changes I've made.
I think about all this fancy food going down the drain.
I spend a lot of time by myself,
Imagining great speeches I'd make
To crowds of people; how can I help?
But what would I say?

When will I find, when will I find someone to take?
Or did I find and not realize, I was the fake.

I love to be a stranger at a wedding.
Cause tuxedos don't discriminate
A perfect disguise, so be cool and fill up your plate.

When will I find, when will I find someone to take?
Or did I find and not realize, I was the fake.
When will I find, when will I find someone to take?
For the millionth time, for the millionth time I was the fake.
I was the fake, I was to blame.

I think about eyes that watch you.
I think about changes I've made.
I think about all this fancy food
Going down the drain, down the drain, down the drain
Going down the drain, down the drain, down the drain
Going down the drain, the drain, the drain, the drain, the drain
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Going down the drain