

# Cold Shoulder

Garth Brooks

There's a fire burning bright  
At our house tonight  
Slow music playing  
And soft candlelight  
On her lips I keep tasting  
The warm red wine  
I'm there in her arms  
But it's all in my mind

The snow is piled high on the highway tonight  
I'm a ship lost at sea on this ocean of white  
Eighteen wheels anchored somewhere out of Dover  
I wish I could hold her  
Instead of huggin' this old cold shoulder

This old highway  
Is like a woman sometimes  
She can be your best friend  
But she's the real jealous kind  
She's the lady that leads me  
To the life I dream of  
She's the mistress that keeps me  
From the ones that I love  
The snow is piled high on the highway tonight  
I'm a ship lost at sea on this ocean of white  
Eighteen wheels anchored somewhere out of Dover  
I wish I could hold her  
Instead of huggin' this old cold shoulder  
God, I wish I could hold her  
Instead of huggin' this old cold shoulder