

# Cold

Rupert Holmes

Someone pulled me over, said, "Don't try to touch her.  
She is like a glacier mowing down a mountain,  
Like a block of ice—she's hard but most of all she is so Cold."  
Cupped her hand in mine, I thought that just might throw her.  
Shivering, she backed away, and so I asked her,  
"Should I close a window? Do you need somebody to hold?"

"Are you cold? Are you cold?  
Should we lay down beside this fire?  
Should I turn up the heat much higher?  
Are you cold? You seem cold.  
Are you one of the ones who tease  
Or are you just a deep freeze?"

She threw me a glance that cut me like a sleet storm,  
Said, "I'm not that cold—I'm just a little choosy.  
Every time a woman takes her time, some man says she's so Cold.  
"

Poured some spanish wine, I finally get to know her,  
Found that she was warm as currents in the Gulf Stream.  
Later in her room, she asked with eyes of coffee and gold:

"Are you cold? Are you cold?  
Should we lay down beside this fire?  
Should I turn up the heat much higher?  
Are you cold? You seem cold.  
Are you one of the ones who tease,  
Or are you just a deep freeze?"

I have tried to reach her. She's evaporated.  
Why'd she have to leave before I said I loved her?  
And although this feels like hell from all I've ever been told,

Still I'm cold. Feels so cold.  
And this chill seems to cut right through you  
Once you're warm, then the cold gets to you.  
And it's cold. I'm so cold.  
And I'm burning for you although  
It feels like twenty below.