

## Cold

## Anxious

My body goes cold  
Sold new and old  
At the end of the day all money folds  
Who will you hold?

Your mother, a brother, or a stranger?  
Who will keep your heart beating?  
Whose promises are you keeping?

(My body)  
My body goes cold  
Sold new and old  
At the end of the day all money folds  
Who will you hold?

Who will you hold?  
Who spins your gold  
Because I'm spinning mine  
Tell me am I wasting my time?

We all know how it goes  
When you hold someone too close  
And they let you go  
I don't want to be on my own  
And die alone