

## So Cold

Bag of Toys

Turn around, I doubt it  
Never would I live without it  
Shelling out my money for the love I can't live without  
Here she comes again  
She says he's just another friend  
But that's one friend I know I can live without

She's got my mind in line  
And Lying to me every night  
Pushing out the pieces and pull em' all back again  
Pick her up at home  
She's always on that telephone  
Chatting to another man, catting and it's oh so cold...

And it feels so cold  
And it's getting old  
How could I be  
That I don't know

Ditched that girl eventually  
Listened to the things they told me  
Finally found some fool to take my own advice  
Here I am at home  
Watching TV all alone  
Bored out of my skull bored out of my mind

Couldn't take it, Had to break it  
On the floor, more, more times than I could stand it  
Couldn't fake it, had to shake it  
out the door for more drinks than I could handle...

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And it's getting old  
How could I be  
That I don't know

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