

# I Am Cold

## Bears In Trees

Don't talk about the weather  
I wanna know what makes you sick (Know what makes you sick)  
Tell me 'bout your sneezes  
Your coughs and your diseases  
We'll find common ground  
In the aches that get us down (In the aches that get us down)  
In the aches that get us down

I'm getting better  
I'm getting worse  
Would you hold me please  
Yossarian?

Well I cut my hair  
And I stopped my meds  
'Cause I could not conquer  
My split ends  
I would do absolutely anything to feel  
New again  
To feel new  
I feel new again!

I'm getting better  
I am getting worse  
Would you hold me please  
Yossarian? (I'm cold)

This is my handle  
And this is my spout  
These are the words  
That fall out of my mouth  
Paper planes off my tongue  
Words run black with ink  
You promised I wouldn't feel a thing

And these are my friends (Badadada-da-da)  
And these are my fears (Badadada-da-da)  
Holding my hands (Badadada-da-da)  
Whilst I'm close to tears (Badadada-da-da)  
Together we can figure it out (Badadada-da-da)  
Together we can figure it out (Badadada-da-da)  
Together we can figure it out, out! (Badadada-da-da)

I'm getting better  
I am getting worse  
Would you hold me please  
Yossarian? (I'm cold)  
I'm cold, I am cold  
I am cold, I am cold  
I am cold!  
(Ah fuck!)

I'm getting better  
I am getting worse  
Would you hold me please  
Yossarian? (I'm cold)  
Tisťeno z pisnický-akordy.cz