

Cold Hearts

Chris Holsten

She's blowing up my cover
The liquor's running out
Can't do this any longer
Oh she blocks me out
Oh I want to hold her
And I don't even know her

Try to guess my feelings [?]
They don't go my way
Girls come in and out my door
But they don't let them stay
Do I really want to go there?
Oh, do I really want to go there?

Cold hearts, hot sheets
My favorite sound is your body next to me
Cold hearts, can't sleep
They're only feeling good on that ecstasy

The night's are getting hotter
It's just me with all these thoughts
I need another lover
Then I'll be back to start
But suddenly it's over
Oh suddenly it's over

Try to guess my feelings [?]
They don't go my way
Girls come in and out my door
But they don't let them stay
Do I really want to go there?
Oh, do I really want to go there?

Cold hearts, hot sheets
My favorite sound is your body next to me
Cold hearts, can't sleep
They're only feeling good on that ecstasy
All my favorite nights they go on and on and on
All my favorite nights they go on and on and on
All my favorite nights they go on and on and on
On and on and on, on and on and on

Cold hearts, hot sheets
Cold hearts
They're only feeling good on that ecstasy

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