

# Cold Blooded

Foxing

I know I'm a black sheep  
Walking the field like a Golden Fleece  
I wish that I could get out of my head but I'm back in it again  
It feels the same at least  
I used to cry to "Only Time"  
I forget the last time I tried  
I wish that A Day Without Rain would make me feel the same today  
But I'm desensitized

And now nothing makes me cry  
I must be cold blooded

And now nothing makes me cry  
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I know what's on your sleeve  
And when it weeps it's a holy thing  
When you remember Mahlon Layne turned nine and no one  
Showed up to surprise him  
You are crumbling

So why does nothing make me cry?  
I must be cold blooded

Nothing makes me cry  
I must be cold blooded  
Nothing makes me cry  
I must be cold blooded  
I must be cold blooded

I must be cold blooded  
Nothing makes me cry  
I must be cold blooded  
Nothing makes me cry  
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