

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 toda
y
But I'm desensitized

And now nothing makes me cry
I must be cold blooded

And now nothing makes me cry
I must be cold blooded

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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