

The Cold Wind

Greta Van Fleet

Oh sweet mama, lay me down in my grave
Leave me baby, I'm too far gone to save
The snow is comin', all the village folk know
This wicked shiver, chills me down to my soul

Only time will tell
Take the ox to town and you can sell
And leave me in my bed
Today

The Yankee peddler bargains with you on his way
Woe sweet mama's gotten herself a new dray
Keep the children snug as the wagon rolls on
When the cold wind blows most of them will be gone

Only time can tell
Take the ox to town and I'll get well
And leave me in my bed
Today

Only time will tell
You take the ox to town and you can sell
And leave me in my bed
Today