

Cold Cold Wind

Jim Cuddy

Standing by the road sign
A-wondering when the cars will come
Last night was a killer, a three way thriller
Now I'm stick here in the noon day sun

Might have left too early
I'm missing my Trineta girl
She loved me like no other
Through winter, through the summer
And set me off into the world

Just because I planned it
Don't mean I understand it
I don't know what I'm searching for
Sometimes I wake up
In the middle of the night
To the sound of all those slamming doors

But I can't look behind me
I know I'll make mistakes again
I'll pray for my tomorrows, and gather up my sorrows
And tear them to the cold, cold wind

Hurry Lord, don' doddle
Shine a little light ahead
How can I keep going with all that I don't know and
And need to know before I'm dead

Oh, just because I planned it
Don't mean I understand it
I don't know what I'm searching for
Sometimes I wake up
In the middle of the night
To the sound of all those slamming doors

But I can't look behind me
I know I'll make mistakes again
I'll pray for my tomorrows, and gather up my sorrows
And tear them to the cold, cold wind
And tear them to the cold, cold wind

Just because I planned it
Don't mean I understand it
I don't know what I'm searching for
Sometimes I wake up
In the middle of the night
To the sound of all those slamming doors

But I can't look behind me
No I know I'll make mistakes again
Pray for my tomorrows, gather up my sorrows
And tear them to the cold, cold wind
Tear them to the cold, cold wind
Yeah gonna tear them to the cold, cold wind
But I'll tear them to the cold, cold wind