

# Cold Spot

Kane Brown

A cement building  
White cinderblocks  
And faded red lips  
The sign read "cold spot"  
He worked behind the counter  
To them he was an old man  
When my world was crumbling  
My grandpa gave me his hand

It was crickets, minnows and kerosene  
RC, moon pies and a softball team  
Learned about life  
Learned about girls  
Learned about livin' in this cold, cruel world  
It's where you bought your tag for your white-tailed deer  
Where the southern baptist bought the most beer  
A hole in the wall with holes in the wall  
From behind this counter you saw it all  
At the cold spot

It was cool in July, warm in December  
If I live a hundred years  
I'll always remember  
The song and the hum to that old ceiling fan  
And his north Georgia voice saying, "Buddy you can"  
Out here I'm just a kid trying to make a name  
I am who I am because he raised Kane, selling

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It's where you bought your tag for your white-tailed deer  
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A hole in the wall with holes in the wall  
From behind this counter you saw it all  
At the cold spot  
Oh yeah  
At the cold spot

It was crickets, minnows and kerosene  
RC, moon pies and a softball team  
Learned about life  
Learned about girls  
Learned about livin' in this cold, cruel world  
It was heaven on earth when my world was hell  
And the big stores came and the business failed  
But all my memories are alive and well  
At the cold spot  
Oh yeah  
At the cold spot  
Take me back to the cold spot