

Cold Was The Wind

Kurt Vile

Cold was the wind on my frozen face
But I didn't mind, cause I was long gone

Cold was the wind upon my brow
Below it, well, you don't wanna know at all
Cold, was the wind

Christmas in Siberia with the little bitty case of delirium tri
m
For some reason, picture Roger Clemens but [?] the city I came
with
Crossed my heart, hoped to die
Stick a needle in my, butter around your bread

Cold was the wind upon my brow
Below it, well, you don't wanna know at all
Cold, wind, blows

Cold wind blows on my naked brow
Sun sits down on the sacred cow
You better God-damn miss me when I'm gone, cause guys gonna dam
n me up the [?]
Whoever it is, they're gonna give me the business
Whoever it is, gonna miss my girls
On the plane I'm drinkin red wine, like everybody else I'm afra
id to die
Did I mention that I'm afraid of dying, think I heard my daught
er crying
So I pick her on up, spin her around, live it on up, of what I
found

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Cold, wind, blows