

If Your Love Grows Cold

Resurrection Band

December wind cuts like a knife
On a neglected face
Suburban sprawling on a thick rich rug
Before the fireplace

If your love grows cold
You've got to warm it up
If your love grows cold
You've got to give it up

He's in prison she walks the street
There are no children here
City fathers spin that wheel
Manicured sincere

Rush Limbaugh and the state patrol
Solving South L.A.
Big blessings in a big glass house
Here comes the ricochet