

Cold Feet

Richard Thompson

I know you're the wayward kind
The way you always drag behind
Show me a horse and I'll feed it hay
Show me the cart and I'll throw it away
Prettiest face I've ever seen
It looked like something in a magazine
To a blind man it's plain to see
That I need you and you need me
I've got cold feet, it's a-crazy chasin'
Things get serious, time is a-wastin'
I cross my fingers but they don't seem to meet
There's no need to tell me that I've got cold feet, ah ha ha
Took me home to tell your dad
That you were the best girl I've ever had
I stayed for dinner, I couldn't refuse
I spilt the tea and I ?ate? the news
Ah, you must think you're really neat
Got me tied down to my seat
I can't move, it's hard to think
Cramp in my eyes and I can't blink
Well, I've got cold feet, it's a-crazy chasin'
Things get serious, time is a-wastin'
I cross my fingers but they don't seem to meet
There's no need to tell me that I've got cold feet, ah ha ha
Ah ha ha ha