

Cold

Stiff Little Fingers

Sometimes it's fine, sometimes I know just what it's all worth
Sometimes it's fine, sometimes it feels like heaven on earth
Then other times you scream at me, the hate freezes your soul
And it's cold, it feels so cold, it's so cold, it's cold

Sometimes we smile, sometimes we sit there and laugh out loud
Sometimes we smile, sometimes I'd try to seek you out in a crowd
Then other times I'd run a mile than see your face again
And it's cold, it feels so cold, it's so cold, it's cold

Sometimes we talk, sometimes we reason everything out
Sometimes we talk, sometimes I wonder what we argue about
Then other times I see the hate the stubbornness that your role
And it's cold, it feels so cold, it's so cold, it's cold
But I won't cry, I won't cry, I won't cry anymore

Sometimes we fight, sometimes we stand toe to toe and shout
Sometimes we fight, sometimes I want to get up and get out
Then other times you smile at me and arguments seem old
It's not cold, it's not so cold, it's not cold, not cold
But I won't cry, I won't cry, I won't cry anymore