

Cold Boy Smile

The Black Crowes

I'll fetch you water from the well, if you sweep all the ashes
out into the wind.
As we sit by candlelight again, two moths that hover close to t
he light of morning.

And how you make this cold boy smile.
From the storm you took me weathered, wearied, and tired.
How you showed me the lessons of simple things.
How love made this cold boy sing.

Some say that love is the poem of life.
Some say that love is the pain of being alive.
Some say there's nothing on the other side,
Some have traded their souls for just a good time.

And how you make this cold boy smile.
From the storm you took me weathered, wearied, and tired.
How you showed me the lessons of simple things.
How love made this cold boy sing.

When we are in harmony...
When we are in harmony.

And how you make this cold boy smile.
From the storm you took me weathered, wearied, and tired.
How you've showed me the lessons of simple things.
And how love made this cold,
How love made this cold,
How love made this cold boy sing.