

Cold

The Oh Hellos

When the feeling leaves you
It moves so slow
Like the loose change from your front pocket
You don't even feel it go

When the bitter creeps in
To bite you whole
A spectre unreflected, oh
It keeps you cold

When you keep your linens
Like virgin snow
Like a blanket of white
Unbroken by the soil below

The sound don't carry
Won't rise or fall
It damps the racket, chokes it back
A strangle hold (awoo)

Well, you paved your hades
With precious stone
Made an heirloom to patricians and the
Rich alone

And the toll for crossing
I'd owe Charon
Would atrophy a half of me
The heart of gold

Well, I'm not quite ready
To turn to bone
To petrify the shred of life
I'm holding onto

There's no peace to upset
That spirit's flown
This ossified philosophizing's
Getting old