

# 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