

Cold Comfort

Tiny Ruins

The knights of the road
Lightning fingered gentry
Sing an old song
As they fetch and carry

We got the golden goose
Who lays those golden eggs
So much the worse
She's just cold comfort

She'll make a fool out of you
Make a monkey of you
Money burning on through
She's just cold comfort

'Cause the backstreets are cold
When nobody wants you
Young fingers grow cold
With the silver they cling to

She'll make a fool out of you
Make a monkey of you
Money burning on through
She's just cold comfort

What is worthy of worship
What is worth your watch and ward
Are those patient hangers-on
To your warmth and friendship

She'll make a fool out of you boy
Make a monkey of you boy
Money burning on through
She's just cold comfort

So I'm crying out low
Singing out softly now
For a good full stage
And no false favour

A will of one's own
Oh lady let me go
So much the worse
She's just cold comfort

She'll make a fool out of you boy
Make a monkey of you boy
Money burning on through
She's just cold comfort