

## **Out of My Hair**

### **"Cold winds"**

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Artist: Out Of My Hair

Title: Cold winds

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Cold winds by his name  
Blow through the door  
People give way  
He don't like what he saw  
So he snuffs it right out  
Straight to the floor

When it kills it  
He fills its image with hope  
But the stain of life's invasions  
Leaves a shadow on his coat  
His mind is blinded  
His spirit is weak  
And the beige and bile  
Of jaded style  
Hangs round him as he speaks

Chorus:  
I'm still happy  
Doing what I can  
Oh but you haven't a clue  
If you're never in the mood

Preacher preach in vain  
If you fuck the crowd  
You can't complain  
It's lonely by the boards  
If you piss me around  
I'll make you poor

A mate of mine  
He wastes his time  
On image and dope  
But the stain of life's invasions  
Leaves him puzzled and remote

Chorus

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