

Aqualung "Cold"

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God and his priests and his kings
All were waiting, all will wait as they go over
Held between heaven and hell
As they're dancing, as they dance over and over...over
Cold, Cold
Crimson and bare as I stand
Yours completely, yours as we go over
Sing for the lion and lamb
Their hearts are haunting
Still hearts hold ever and ever...ever
Cold, Cold
God and his priests and his kings
Turn their faces, even they feel the cold, oh...oh
What you are given can't be forgotten and never
forsaken
What you are given can't be forgotten and never
forsaken
Cold, Cold

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