

Arcade Fire "Cold Wind"

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In the middle of the summer
I'm not sleeping, cold wind blowing
In the middle of the night
They try to find me but I'm still driving

If you're going to San Francisco
Lay some flowers on the grave stone
There's music on the station
But I'm just listening to cold wind whistling

And if they ever find me
Tell the papers, cold wind, cold wind
Cold, cold wind blowing
Cold wind blowing

Hey hey hey
Something ain't right
Something ain't right

And if they ever find me
Tell the papers cold wind, cold wind
Cold, cold wind blowing
Cold wind blowing

Cold wind blowing
Cold wind blowing
Cold wind blowing

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