

Webb Wilder "Cold Front"

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New York woman, got the rich girl blues
She can do anything she wants
Can't find nothin' to do, she goes through bars
Like a prince of blue towers, yes, you do

New York woman, she got the penthouse view
I can see bad weather comin'
Storm clouds billowin' through
She drinks the Dom Perignon like it was a orange juice

Well, there's a cold front movin' in
Some real bad weather just around the bend
I'm thinkin' about migratin' south
There's a cold front movin' in

Awful woman's cookin'
It tastes like monkey stew
But she got the recipe
About the wine [Incomprehensible]

Now, there's a nip in the air
There's a chill in the thrill
Well, are we through?

Now, there's a cold front movin' in
Some real bad weather just around the bend
I'm thinkin' about migratin' south
There's a cold front movin' in

Get this

I'm just a yard dog
Unaccustomed to sleepin' by your fire
And mamma if you put me out
I'll wake your neighbors howl and scratch and cry
enough to die

High rise woman, she got a downtown view
Her daddy's head cook and bottle washer at a bank or
two
She lives to shock her mamma
And mamma don't like you know, who?

Well, there's a cold front movin' in
Some real bad weather just around the bend
I'm thinkin' about migratin' south
There's a cold front movin' in, yeah

Now, there a cold front movin' in, frosty man, frosty
I said a cold front movin' in
There's a cold front
There's a cold front movin' in, ahh, yeah

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