

67 Special "5 Degrees"

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"Get the dog away from the porch... 1, 2, a 1, 2, 3, 4"

Well it's near on five degrees
And I'm freezing in my sheets
What I wouldn't give for you next to me
It's near on five degrees
I gotta wear three pairs of jeans
What I wouldn't give for you next to me

And every time I close my eyes
Oh the things that I see, yeah that I see
Pretend the smoke gets in my eyes
People they gonna see me crying no

All this talk of getting sold is kinda boring
And I've got better place to be
"Like at the Public Bar!"
Just plug me in and turn it up
Bring the bottle and fill the cup

With something other than the truth

And every time I close my eyes
Oh the things that I see, yeah that I see
Pretend the smoke gets in my eyes
People they gonna see me crying no

Well it's near on five degrees
And I'm freezing in my sheets
What I wouldn't give for you next to me
It's near on five degrees
I gotta wear three pairs of jeans
What I wouldn't give for you next to me

Oh my darlin'
Near on five degrees
And I'm freezing in my sheets
'round five degrees
And I'm freezing in my, oh oh in my head

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