

## Ghost Poet

### "Cold Win"

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[Verse 1: Ghostpoet]

So a crunching bird flu signals another day  
Boss thinks I'm stubborn eh, but I wish she would  
button it  
New kicks, loving it, took me like two months  
But big things from cold feet, one squashed like  
butternut  
Outside the double dutch kiddies wait for chicken fix  
And I hate the lunch run, six months I'm out of here  
Saving up the pennies cos the city's too gritty  
And cooking french fries ain't pretty

[Hook: Ghostpoet]

Can someone show me the way?  
I don't know this place  
I rose awake in a dream  
I need to go back before the sun goes down on my  
heart  
Before the sun goes down on my heart

All my clothes smell of grease  
A night on holiday  
Break my back all week for  
Crumbs and abuse  
And I swear what's the use?  
Quick sip of Lucozade to pep up the bones  
And amp up Ramones  
And volume maximum  
I'm feeling like Maximus  
You know in that film? Film4 Tuesdays  
And highlight of the wicked week  
Complain til [?] bleak or some navy blue  
I don't know you

[Hook - Ghostpoet] x 2

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