

Brandon Heath

"Nothing But The Chill"

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You make me drunk like dad's whisky
When I was thirteen years old
Now I've got my nose pressed down on the table
Like I'm waiting for him to come home

My thought's keep rolling like boulders
Sharp off the tip of my tongue
I know he'd say Son, you're a man, stop crying.
But daddy I still feel so young

Hold me, I will hold you back
Nothing but the chill will let you go

Outside the rust just keeps building
Around the gate of my fence
Last time I checked it was you I was mending
And nothing else needed me since

Over the streets in the city
Winter is bringing her chill
I hear her calling at the top of the chimney
But I'm not inviting her in

Hold me, I will hold you back
Nothing but the chill will let you go
Love me, I will love you back
Nothing but the chill will let you go
There's no way I'm ever letting go

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