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## Cold

## "Life Magazine"

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I dig myself to the center of the earth. Then there was a hole. I crawl back and put a knock upon your door. But there was no one home.

I'm not going back, I'm not going back.

I climb clouds to the bluest of the sky. But all I saw was air. I rain my love to the heads that breathe below. But none of them cared.

I'm not going back, I'm not going back.

I dig myself to the center of the earth. Then there was a hole. I crawl back and put a knock upon your door. But there was no one home.

I'm not going back, I'm not going back. I'm not going back, I'm not going back. I'm not going back.

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