

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

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