

Peter Krason "Cold In Chicago"

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I could take the cold of Chicago
But I could not sell myself this front
She's been my soul, my conscious
I had to let her know

In the end, I suppose, I could have let it go
But I felt somehow that the truth would make things
better

(She said) I always wear her down
She doesn't need this weight right now

Then it snowed in Chicago
Then it snowed in Chicago

Somehow the frost bites harder
When you're alone in love it seems
Your feelings unrequited
Leave you feeling ill-at-ease

I suppose, when she goes, she knows, she knows she's
gone
I suppose when she says she's done she means
forever

(She said) I always wear her down
She doesn't need this weight right now

Then it snowed in Chicago
Then it snowed in Chicago

She could take my imperfections and turn them into
something good
I had my chances and I blew them like she knew I would

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