

Roland Grapow

"Cold"

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The coldest shoulder cast in metal
Frozen to the bone
To rely on hook, line and sinker
What a sinker
Sinking like a stone
You'd be better off alone
She saw me on the television underneath the sun
Thought that I was warm like a mother, lover, brother
Brother, she was wrong
Me, I don't long to belong

Cold, been excommunicated cos I'm cold
My temperature's been rated and I'm cold
Bring to me my big old sweater
Nothing more will make me better

I met her on a Monday and my heart did nothing new
Seems she thought of me as some mystic, fatalistic,
mystical guru
Me, I haven't got a clue
But floating on a magic carpet high above the earth
You can see the world like a Buddha, bread and
Buddha
Bigger than your hurt
Don't you know that love is work

Cold, no heat on the horizon guess I'm cold
And Capricorn is rising yes I'm cold
Listened to my old friend Nockles
Hoped that it would warm the cockles

You can't fight the fear you can't, this is the road you're
on
You don't belong to me you don't belong to any one
Your reputation lies not in your eyes, but those who
dare
Will bite the hand that feeds when it don't meet your
needs
When you got blood to bleed, you got a life to lead

In the flood with my blood I can hold you

Cold, been excommunicated cos I'm cold
My temperature's been rated and I'm cold
Bring to me my big old sweater
Nothing more will make me better

Cold no heat on the horizon guess I'm cold
There'll be no compromising, cold, cool, cold
Stone cold
Stone cold
Cold
Cold
Cold

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