

# Sidney York

## "Cold In Here"

Visit "[Cold In Here](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

You leave stains on my windows.  
You pick the locks on my doors.  
This roomâ€™s a place of silence.  
This hallâ€™s a stage for whores.  
I say blackâ€™s not your color.  
As you paint my face, you paint my face to the floor, to  
the floor!

Itâ€™s cold in here, itâ€™s cold in here.  
Itâ€™s cold in here, itâ€™s cold in hereâ€¦!

Strange dancing in the corner.  
Your rhythmic liberties.  
I hide my stamp collection,  
as you smash my glass figurines.

Itâ€™s cold in here, itâ€™s cold in here.  
Itâ€™s cold in here, itâ€™s cold in hereâ€¦!  
Itâ€™s cold in here, itâ€™s cold in here.  
Itâ€™s cold in here, itâ€™s cold in hereâ€¦!

Enter the heart, and plunge the heel through the chest.  
The heart beats faster without frost on the edge.  
Enter the heart, and bind the limbs to the bed.

Itâ€™s cold in here, itâ€™s cold in here.  
Itâ€™s cold in here, itâ€™s cold in hereâ€¦!  
Itâ€™s cold in here, itâ€™s cold in here.  
Itâ€™s cold in here, itâ€™s cold in hereâ€¦!  
Itâ€™s cold in here, itâ€™s cold in here.  
Itâ€™s cold in here, itâ€™s cold in hereâ€¦!

Visit [Sidney York](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.