

Chapman Tracy

"Cold Feet"

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There was a little boy once upon a time who in spite of
his young age
knew his mind
For every copper penny and clover he would find make
a wish for better
days the end of hard times
For no more cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet
His clothes were always clean
His face was always scrubbed
There was food on the table enough to fill him up
His house was full of life
His house was full of love
But when winter days arrived there was never money
enough to shod his
cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet
He grew up to be a worker determined to succeed
He made a life for himself free from worldly wants or
needs
But with nobody to share the life he'd made
Nobody to keep him warm at night
When he'd go to sleep he'd sleep alone
With his cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet
One night he walked the streets looking to the heavens
above
Searching for a shooting star a benevolent god
When a woman passing by brushed his arm he turned
and found love
He then wished for the courage to ask this stranger
who she was to not
have cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet
One year later he stood beside her
He vowed I'll give you everything you want
She said I'll take some love from my heart to keep your
body warm
You won't have cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet
He thought she'd like the party life and want the finer

things
So he promised more than he could buy and he'd
promise her the sun and
moon to not have cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet
He worked day and night his fingers to the bone
His worried mind guilty conscience drive him on
He can give her what she needs
He wants to give her what he thinks she wants
Her sad-eyed face his empty pockets drive him on and
his cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet
He'd struggled all his life to be an honest man
Proud that the dirt on his palms was the soil of the land
But some guys he knew from high school days said
they had a plan to get
rich real quick
And they could count him in if he don't have cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet
He thought about their offer accepted it without qualms
Dreamt about the life he'd buy the comfort that would
come without cold
feet
Cold cold cold cold feet
He decided to drive the car
He decided to carry the gun
To take the biggest risk of all to prove his loyalty to his
friends
He decided to tell his wife things would soon turn
around
He said the little boy is dead
A man stands with you now without cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet
Without cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet
He thought he'd set his clock right
He thought he'd read his watch
He left in such a hurry he didn't think to wish for luck
Makes no difference if you're early
No difference if you're late
When you're out of time
The flowers have been laid
You're six feet underground
With cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet

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