

Cold Wind

Arcade Fire

In the middle of the summer
I'm not sleeping
Cold wind blowing
In the middle of the night they
Try to find me but I'm still driving
If you're going to San Francisco
Lay some flowers on the grave stone
There's music on the station but I'm just listening to cold wind whistling
And if they ever find me tell the papers cold wind, cold wind
cold, cold wind blowing
cold wind blowing
Hey Hey Hey
Something ain't right
Something ain't right
And if they ever find me tell the papers cold wind, cold wind
Cold, cold wind blowing, cold wind blowing, cold wind blowing,
cold wind blowing, cold wind blowing