

# 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