

So Cold

Bag of Toys

Turn around, I doubt it
Never would I live without it
Shelling out my money for the love I can't live without
Here she comes again
She says he's just another friend
But that's one friend I know I can live without

She's got my mind in line
And Lying to me every night
Pushing out the pieces and pull em' all back again
Pick her up at home
She's always on that telephone
Chatting to another man, catting and it's oh so cold...

And it feels so cold
And it's getting old
How could I be
That I don't know

Ditched that girl eventually
Listened to the things they told me
Finally found some fool to take my own advice
Here I am at home
Watching TV all alone
Bored out of my skull bored out of my mind

Couldn't take it, Had to break it
On the floor, more, more times than I could stand it
Couldn't fake it, had to shake it
out the door for more drinks than I could handle...

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And it's getting old
How could I be
That I don't know

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