

Cold Shoulder

Garth Brooks

There's a fire burning bright
At our house tonight
Slow music playing
And soft candlelight
On her lips I keep tasting
The warm red wine
I'm there in her arms
But it's all in my mind

The snow is piled high on the highway tonight
I'm a ship lost at sea on this ocean of white
Eighteen wheels anchored somewhere out of Dover
I wish I could hold her
Instead of huggin' this old cold shoulder

This old highway
Is like a woman sometimes
She can be your best friend
But she's the real jealous kind
She's the lady that leads me
To the life I dream of
She's the mistress that keeps me
From the ones that I love
The snow is piled high on the highway tonight
I'm a ship lost at sea on this ocean of white
Eighteen wheels anchored somewhere out of Dover
I wish I could hold her
Instead of huggin' this old cold shoulder
God, I wish I could hold her
Instead of huggin' this old cold shoulder