

## Cold Feet

Richard Thompson

I know you're the wayward kind  
The way you always drag behind  
Show me a horse and I'll feed it hay  
Show me the cart and I'll throw it away  
Prettiest face I've ever seen  
It looked like something in a magazine  
To a blind man it's plain to see  
That I need you and you need me  
I've got cold feet, it's a-crazy chasin'  
Things get serious, time is a-wastin'  
I cross my fingers but they don't seem to meet  
There's no need to tell me that I've got cold feet, ah ha ha  
Took me home to tell your dad  
That you were the best girl I've ever had  
I stayed for dinner, I couldn't refuse  
I spilt the tea and I ?ate? the news  
Ah, you must think you're really neat  
Got me tied down to my seat  
I can't move, it's hard to think  
Cramp in my eyes and I can't blink  
Well, I've got cold feet, it's a-crazy chasin'  
Things get serious, time is a-wastin'  
I cross my fingers but they don't seem to meet  
There's no need to tell me that I've got cold feet, ah ha ha  
Ah ha ha ha