

# Cold

## Stiff Little Fingers

Sometimes it's fine, sometimes I know just what it's all worth  
Sometimes it's fine, sometimes it feels like heaven on earth  
Then other times you scream at me, the hate freezes your soul  
And it's cold, it feels so cold, it's so cold, it's cold

Sometimes we smile, sometimes we sit there and laugh out loud  
Sometimes we smile, sometimes I'd try to seek you out in a crowd  
Then other times I'd run a mile than see your face again  
And it's cold, it feels so cold, it's so cold, it's cold

Sometimes we talk, sometimes we reason everything out  
Sometimes we talk, sometimes I wonder what we argue about  
Then other times I see the hate the stubbornness that your role  
And it's cold, it feels so cold, it's so cold, it's cold  
But I won't cry, I won't cry, I won't cry anymore

Sometimes we fight, sometimes we stand toe to toe and shout  
Sometimes we fight, sometimes I want to get up and get out  
Then other times you smile at me and arguments seem old  
It's not cold, it's not so cold, it's not cold, not cold  
But I won't cry, I won't cry, I won't cry anymore