

## Cold Wind

The John Butler Trio

Cold wind it blows  
Blowing through like Sunday morning  
Chills my bones, take me home, take me home  
Home is where the heart is,  
but my heart's been truly stolen  
Cold wind it blows, wind it blows

Fire in my gut  
Reminding me that yes I'm in a  
Great big rut, great big hole, great big hole  
No one knows, can tell me  
where those chains begin  
Fire in my gut, in my gut, in my gut

There are places you will never go  
And there are things that you will never know  
It all depends on which side of the road

Hole in my soul  
Makes me feel like I am floating  
Far from my place, I got no land, I got no face  
Tell me Mr.  
what's a man supposed to believe in?  
Hole in my soul, in my soul, in my soul

There are places you will never go  
And there are things that you will never know  
It all depends on which side of the road

Gun in my hand  
You're tellin' me that I'm meant to obey  
Laws of your land, of your land, of your land  
But you don't follow rules  
of the silly games you play  
So gun in my hand, in my hand, in my hand

There are places you will never go  
And there are things that you will never know  
It all depends on which side of the road (2x)