

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)