

Let the Cold Winds Blow

The Turtles

Oh let the cold winds blow
And let the chills freeze hell
Because the rich can't see
How the poor ones tell

The nature's right
While we got ready
Let the cold winds blow
Is the human's race

If rich men and poor cannot live in peace
If hatred and sorrow and prejudice foresees
If man can't find the senses before it is too late
Oh when the cold wind are hard
We'll surely see his face

Oh let the cold winds blow
And let the chills freeze hell
Because the rich can't see
How the poor ones tell

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With bonds and big long rivals
We face our coloured
Spend more time on destruction
That on nature's masterplan

Spend billions of green dollars
So to ask for we can win
But now willing to spend the penny
To get to no arcade

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