

# Abigail Washburn, Coffee's Cold

Some folks say the times are hard  
I just say oh my lord  
Coffee's cold and I been sold for half a dollar bill

Every seed that I do sow  
harvest time nothin's grown  
Coffee's cold and I been sold for half a dollar bill

Fore I have ten dollars saved  
I'll be resting in my grave  
Coffee's cold and I been sold for half a dollar bill

I been broke a thousand times  
no one cares to spare a dime  
Coffee's cold and I been sold for half a dollar bill

When I lay my burden down  
peace nor comfort have I found  
Coffee's cold and I been sold for half a dollar bill

Angels I am on my knees  
but you'll never sing for me  
Coffee's cold and I been sold for half a dollar bill

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I just say, oh my lord  
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