

Arcade Fire, Cold Wind

In the middle of the summer
I'm not sleeping
Cold wind
Blowing

In the middle of the night they
Try to find me
But I'm still
Driving

If you're going to San Francisco
Lay some flowers
On the
Gravestone

There's music on a station
And I'm just listening
To cold wind
Whistling

And if they ever find me
Tell the papers
Cold wind
Cold wind
Cold
Cold wind blowing
Cold wind blowing

Hey hey hey

Something ain't right
Something ain't right

And if they ever find me
Tell the papers
Cold wind
Cold wind
Cold cold wind blowing
Cold wind blowing
Cold wind blowing
Cold wind blowing
Cold wind blowing.....