

# 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.....