

Elton John, Cold As Christmas (In The Middle Of

We still sit at separate tables
And we sleep at different times
And the warm wind in the palm trees
Hasn't helped to change our minds

It was the lure of the tropics
That I thought might heal the scars
Of a love burned out by silence
In a marriage minus heart

And I call the kids on the telephone
Say there's something wrong out here
It's July but it's cold as Christmas
In the middle of the year

The temperature's up to ninety five
But there's a winter look in your mother's eyes
And to melt the tears there's a heat wave here
So how come it's cold as Christmas in the middle of the year

I dreamed of love in a better climate
And for what it's really worth
I put faith in the star we followed
To this Caribbean surf

But there's an icy fringe on everything
And I cannot find the lines
Where's the beauty in the beast we made
Why the frost in the summertime