

# Erasure, Cold Summer's Day

(a. bell / v. clarke)

(woah, woah)

Don't know what you've got 'til it's gone.  
A hint of the scents, then it's gone.  
Look at the state of you,  
You're all fingers & thumbs. (you're all fingers & thumbs)

So who's your latest flame?  
Driving 'em wild in the fast lane.  
Won't say I told you so,  
But the boy has no shame. (shame, no shame)

And I'm putting the brave face on.  
Makes me look totally kind,  
&quot;the higher the head, the closer you are to heaven.&quot;

Gone and blown it all.  
How can you say: &quot;it doesn't matter much to me.&quot;?  
A dumb mistake, to much to pay.  
A shattered heart in love's debris.

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Don't know what you've got 'til it's gone.  
The thrill of the chase, then it's gone.  
Only the hurt to prove that it ever went on.

And life is wonderful thing,  
When you're humming the words to a love song.  
Do what you wanna do, live without the within. (without)

When I'm in your arms I'm strong.  
And we're travelling at light speed,  
We shine for liberty, life,  
And the pursuit of pleasure.

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(woah, woah, ooh...)  
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Here I do walk,  
Fast from angst of loss.  
On a cold summer's day. (summer's day...woah)  
On a cold summer's day. (summer's day...ooh)  
Fast from angst of loss.  
On a cold summer's day. (woah, woah, ooh...)  
I never said thanks...(woah)  
I never said thanks...(woah)

It wouldn't work out...(woah)

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