

Perry Como, Cold, Cold Heart

I tried so hard, my dear, to show
that you're my every dream
Yet you're afraid each thing I do
Is just some evil scheme

A memory from your lonesome past
keeps us so far apart
Why can't I free your doubtful mind
and melt your cold, cold heart?

Another love, before my time,
made your heart sad an' blue,
and so my heart is paying now
for things I didn't do

In anger, unkind words are said
that make the teardrops start

Why can't I free your doubtful mind
And melt your cold, cold heart?

< instrumental break >

There was a time when I believed
that you belonged to me
but now I know your heart is shackled
to a memory

The more I learn to care for you
the more we drift apart
Why can't I free your doubtful mind
and melt your cold, cold heart?

Words and Music by Hank Williams, 1951