

Sonya Kitchell, Cold Day

Every morning, before the sun does rise
He cries
Then he wipes away his tears
He'll have no fears
And no one will know how hard he tries

Every minute of every day
She prays
That she will be strong
Enough to carry on
But she fears she's wasting away

It's a cold day in history
One of the coldest of all time
I'm so caught up with trying to stay warm
I forgot to pay others any mind

Every evening after the sun goes down
He feels alone
In his heart of hearts
Soul of souls
He wonders if he'll ever make it home

Every hour of every night
She lies awake thinking of all she's got to do
Just to make it through
Can she handle all that is at stake?

It's a cold day in history
One of the coldest of the year
Can I hold you in my arms
And help you forget the fear?
Can I hold you in my arms
And help you forget the fear?