

Stiff Little Fingers, Cold

Sometimes it's fine
Sometimes I know just what it's all worth
Sometimes it's fine
Sometimes it feels like heaven on earth
Then other times you scream at me
The hate freezes your soul
And it's cold
It feels so cold
It's so cold
It's cold

Sometimes we smile
Sometimes we sit there and laugh out loud
Sometimes we smile
Sometimes I'd try to seek you out in a crowd
Then other times I'd run a mile
Than see your face again
And it's cold
It feels so cold
It's so cold
It's cold

Sometimes we talk
sometimes we reason everything out
Sometimes we talk
Sometimes I wonder what we argue about
Then other times I see the hate
The stubbornness that's your role
And it's cold
It feels so cold
It's so cold
It's cold

But I won't cry
No, I won't cry
I won't cry
I won't cry, anymore

Sometimes we fight
Sometimes we stand toe to toe and shout
Sometimes we fight
Sometimes I want to get up and get out
The other times you smile at me
And arguments seem so old
It's not cold
It's not so cold
No it's not cold
Not cold