

# The Classic Crime, The Coldest Heart

A couple of years and I'm a silhouette  
My halo is broken now and I'm all that's left  
I hate to disappoint but it's the way things went  
I was blind to the things I did  
And deaf to what was said  
Tie up these loose ends  
'Cause voices are calling me out  
I've got the solution:  
You can feed me to something  
That is leaving this town

Whoa, I'm losing hope  
There's a hole in my heart  
That's been cut out of stone  
Whoa, cold comes cold goes  
Could you fill this hole?  
'Cause I can't do it alone

A couple of tears and I'm a broken mess  
The sadness has taken me far too deep in regret  
So sing me a song about something good  
My heart's on the threshing floor  
And I've done every single thing I could

I used to believe in some kind of feeling  
That could change everything I thought I knew  
But that door is closed and  
My heart feels like it's frozen  
If you hear me I can't feel you

Whoa, I'm losing hope  
There's a hole in my heart  
That's been cut out of stone  
Whoa, cold comes cold goes  
Could you fill this hole?  
'Cause I can't do it alone

The coldest heart can be brought to life  
When it's thrown into the fire of goodbyes

I've got the coldest heart