

# Aretha Franklin, Cold, Cold Heart

I've tried so hard, my dear, to show  
That you're my every dream  
And 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 heart?  
Another love before my time  
Made your heart sad and blue  
And so my heart, my heart is paying now  
For all of the things I didn't do  
In anger unkind words are said  
And these are, these are the things that make the teardrops start  
Why, oh why can't I free your doubtful mind?  
Ooh honey, I'd really like to melt your cold, cold heart  
Why, oh why can't I free your doubtful mind?  
And I really, really like to melt your [Incomprehensible]