

Hank Williams, My Cold, Cold Heart Is Melted Now

WRITER HANK WILLIAMS

My cold, cold heart is melted now
I seek for peace but don't know how
I go to bed but only weep
My cold, cold heart won't let me sleep

Your lonesome voice that seems to say
Your cold, cold heart will pay and pay
My tears pour down like falling rain
Through restless sleep I call your name

Perhaps someday beyond the blue
We'll meet sweetheart and live anew
Where cold, cold hearts can't enter in
We'll laugh and love, sweetheart, again

My cold, cold heart is melted now
My once proud head I humbly bow
Your lonely face in dreams I see
My cold, cold heart has told on me