

# Hawksley Workman, Common Cold

Common cold  
Common cold  
Christmastime with the common cold  
Oh I won't go back  
And I'm never getting over this common cold

They're much the same  
Heading home on a plane  
Lyin' on the border to avoid paying claims  
'Cause our bags are full of presents and it's Christmas all the same  
We just got home on a plane

And I'm gonna kiss you nice, believe me  
Between your woven hands  
This cold is a nice excuse  
When your friends call to talk to you  
You can't go out, you say you're getting old  
Another thing I like about the common cold

Nearly OD  
On Vitamin C  
You're standing in a lineup with a gift just for me  
And you wrap it up in newsprint with a bow quite naturally  
I won't even try to peek

And I'm gonna kiss you nice, believe me  
Between your woven hands  
This cold is a nice excuse  
When your friends call to talk to you  
You can't go out, you say you're getting old  
Another thing I like about the common cold

Common cold, common cold  
They've got a miracle cure or that's what you've been told  
Well let's not rush to remedy  
Come get warm in bed with me  
We'll pack dry heat

And I'm gonna kiss you nice, believe me  
Between your swollen hand  
This cold is a nice excuse  
When your friends call to talk to you  
You can't go out, you say you're getting old  
Another thing I like about the common cold