

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