

# Jennifer Nettles, Cold Sweat Scream

(Chorus)

I been sleeping on a rich woman's pillow  
I been sleeping in a rich man's bed  
I been sleeping on a rich woman's pillow  
And in my dreams that pillow said  
She said, "Why do you always fuss and fight?"  
I said, "We ain't got that long"  
She said, "Shut up and talk! We got all night"

When you turn on the light to your memory  
Can you tell me just what do you see?  
When you push back the cobwebs  
And fish out the mothballs  
Are you still surprised to see me?  
I'm the postcard and shot glass from Texas  
I'm the wine stain that never came clean  
Or a phone number left in a wad in your pocket  
Dried and crumbled from the washing machine

(Chorus)

When you turn out the lights in the evening  
Can you tell me just what do you dream?  
When you let go of all of your conscious defenses  
Are your unconscious visions of me?  
Do I ride in, in Godiva splendor?  
Do I waltz in and steal all your steam?  
Do I crouch in a corner of your bedroom laughing?  
When you wake in that cold-sweat scream?