

Rez Band, If Your Love Grows Cold

December wind cuts like a knife on a neglected face,
Suburban sprawling on a thick, rich rug before the fireplace.

If your love grows cold, you've got to warm it up,
If your love grows cold, you've got to give it up,
If your love grows cold, you've got to warm it up,
If your love grows cold, you've got to give it up.

He's in prison, she walks the street - there are no children here,
City fathers spin that wheel, manicured sincere.

If your love grows cold, you've got to warm it up,
If your love grows cold, you've got to give it up,
If your love grows cold, you've got to warm it up,
If your love grows cold, you've got to give it up.

Rush Limbaugh and the state patrol solving South L.A.,
Big blessings in a big glass house - here comes the ricochet.

If your love grows cold, you've got to warm it up,
If your love grows cold, you've got to give it up,
If your love grows cold, you've got to warm it up,
If your love grows cold, got to give it up.

If your love grows cold,
If your love grows cold,
If your love grows cold,
If your love grows cold,
If your love grows cold,
If your love grows cold,
(fade)