

Sandy Denny, Cold Feet

I know you're the wayward kind
The way you always drag behind
Show me a horse and I'll feed it hay
Show me the cart and I'll throw it away
Prettiest face I've ever seen
It looked like something in a magazine
To a blind man it's plain to see
That I need you and you need me

I've got cold feet, it's a-crazy chasin'
When things get serious, time is a-wastin'
I'd cross my fingers but they don't seem to meet
There's no need to tell me that I've got cold feet, a-ha-ha

Took me home to tell your dad
That you were the best girl I've ever had
I stayed for dinner, I couldn't refuse
I spilt the tea and I ate the news
Ah, you must think you're really neat
Got me tied down to my seat
I can't move, it's hard to think
With cramp in my eyelids and I can't blink

Well, I've got cold feet, it's a-crazy chasin'
Things get serious, time is a-wastin'
I cross my fingers but they don't seem to meet
There's no need to tell me that I've got cold feet, a-ha-ha
A-ha-ha