

Tracy Chapman, Cold Feet

There was a little boy once upon a time
Who in spite of his young age and small size knew his mind
For every copper penny and clover he would find
Make a wish for better days the end of hard times
For no more cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet

His clothes were always clean
His face was always scrubbed
There was food on the table enough to fill him up
His house was full of life - His house was full of love
But when winter days arrived
There was never money enough to shod his cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet

He grew up to be a worker determined to succeed
He made a life for himself, free from worldly wants or needs
But with nobody to share the life he'd made
No body to keep him warm at night
When he'd go to sleep he'd sleep alone with his cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet

One night he walked the street looking to the heaven's above
Searching for a shooting star a benevolent God
When a woman passing by brushed his arm
He turned and found love
He then wished for the courage to ask this stranger
Who she was to not have cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet

He thought she'd like the party life and want the finer things
So he promised more than he could buy
And he promised her the sun and moon to not have cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet

He worked day and night his fingers to the bone
Hi worried mind guilty conscience drive him on
He can't give her what she needs
He wants to give her what he thinks she wants
Her sad-eyed face, his empty pockets drive him on and his cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet

He'd struggled all his life to be an honest man
Proud that the dirt on his palms was the soil of the land
But some guys he knew from high school days
Said they had a plan to get rich quick
And they could count him in if he don't have cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet

He thought about their offer accepted it without qualms
Dreamt about the life he'd buy
The comfort that would come without cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet

He decided to tell his wife things would soon turn around
He said the little boy is dead

A man stands with you now without cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet
Without cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet

He thought he'd set his clock right, He though he'd read his watch
He left in such a hurry he didn't think to wish for luck
Makes no difference if you're early, No difference if you're late
When you're out of time, The flowers have been laid
You're six feet underground
With cold feet
Cold cold cold cold feet