

Webb Wilder, Cold Front

"Cold Front"

New York woman
Got the rich girl blues
She can do anything she wants
Can't find nothin' to do
She goes through boys
Like a princess through toys
Yes she do

New York woman
She got the penthouse view
I can see bad weather comin'
Storm clouds billowin' through
She drinks the Dom Perignon
Like it was orange juice

Well there' a cold front movin' in
Some real bad weather
Just around the bend
I'm thinkin' about
Migratin' south
There's a cold front movin' in

How's the woman's cookin'?
It tastes like monkey stew
But she got the recipe
For the wang dang do
Now there's a nip in the air
There's a chill in the thrill
Well, are we through?

Now there's a cold front movin' in
Some real bad weather
Just around the bend
I'm thinkin' about
Migratin' south
There's a cold front movin' in

Get this

I'm just a yard dog
Unaccustomed to sleepin' by your fire
And, Momma, if you put me out
I'll wake your neighbors
Howl and scratch and cry and fit to tie

Highrise woman
She got a downtown view
Her daddy's head cook and bottle washer
At a bank or two
She lives to shock her momma
And momma don't like you know who

Well there's a cold front movin' in
Some real bad weather
Just around the bend
I'm thinkin' about
Migratin' south
There's a cold front movin' in yeah

Now there a cold front movin' in
Frosty man frosty
I said a cold front movin' in

There's a cold front
There's a cold front movin' in...aww yeah