Cold Front

Webb Wilder

New York woman, got the rich girl blues
She can do anything she wants
Can't find nothin' to do, she goes through bars
Like a prince of blue towers, yes, you doNew 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 a orange juiceWell, 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' inAwful woman's cookin'
It tastes like monkey stew
But she got the recipe
About the wine [Incomprehensible]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' inGet thisI'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 enough to dieHigh rise 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, yeahNow, 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, ahh, yeah

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