

Cold Shot

W.C. Clark

Once was a sweet thing, baby
We held that love in our hands
And now I reach to kiss your lips
It just don't mean a thing And that's a cold shot, baby
Yeah that's a drag
A cold shot, baby
I've let our love go bad Remember the way that you loved me
Do anything I say
But now I see you out somewhere
You won't give me the time of day And that's a cold shot, girl
Yeah that's a drag
And that's a cold shot, baby
We've let our love go bad I really meant I was sorry
For ever causing you pain
You showed your appreciation
By walking out anyway And that's a cold shot, baby
Yeah that's a drag
And that's a cold shot, baby
We've let our love go bad So sad, too bad, so sad
Don't let our true love run cold

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