

Cold Carolina

[Cris Jacobs](#)

South 85, the grey fog and mills run down
Felt good to drive, through the Black Mountain rain
where the smell of the evergreen, let's me reminisce
on easy days gone when the freeze never felt like thisCold Carolina, can't shake the chill this time
One day we'll find all our angels and make all the pain disappear a whileThe sound of my voice, could have
said everything
I had no choice, but to tell all the truths
That we been holding in, too long I guess
Well here's to the might of our fragile frame standing the test
Cold Carolina, can't shake the chill this time
One day we'll find all our angels and make all the pain disappear a whileYou're always dancing, and I come to
you
In diamond eyed dreams where that hopeless unease, finds something to hold on to, for a moment or two
Somewhere out here, is a quiet so still
Clouds they will clear, and lord knows I will
Pardon the sentences, I've made myself serve
And bask in the warmth of the simple daylight I deserveCold Carolina, can't shake the chill this time
One day we'll find all our angels and make all the pain disappear a while
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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