

# Cold Feet

## Tracy Chapman

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 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 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 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 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 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

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