Cold, Cold Heart

Nat King Cole

Some fellows love to tiptoe through the tulips
Some fellows go on singing in the rain
Some fellows keep on painting skies with sunshine
Some fellows must go swinin' down the laneBut I'm bidin' my time,
'Cause that's the kind of guy I'm,
While other folks grow dizzy,
I keep busy,
Bidin' my time.
Next year, next year,
Somethin's bound to happen,
This year, this year,
I'll just keep on mappin',
And bidin' my time,
"Cause that's the kind of guy I'm,
There's no regrettin',
When I'm settin',
Bidin' my time.
I'm bidin' my time,
"Cause that's the kind of guy I'm,
Beginnin' on a Monday,
Right through Sunday,
Bidin' my time.
Give me, give me,
Glass that's bright and twinkles,
Let me, let me,
Dream like Rip Van Winkle.
He's bided his time,
Like that Winkle guy,
I'm chasin' 'way flies,
How the day flies,
Bidin' my time.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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