Heart's Grown Cold

Nazareth

Go out and have your habit,
Keep on takin' it
Keep on fakin' it
You're the one whose heart grows cold
You're the one whose heart's grown cold.
Go out and have your habit
You're the one that's takin' it
You're the one that's fakin' it
You're the one whose heart's grown cold
You're the one whose heart's grown cold.
I touch your lips with my fingertips
I hang on every breath you take
You don't need me like,
I need you
You have your heartaches to climb
Everyday, I just hope and pray
I just hope that you still have,
That you still have your dreams.
Come down and tell me that it's better
You're the one who's choosin' it
You're the one who's losin' it
You're the one who's got no soul,
You're the one whose heart's grown cold.

(Cleminson)
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