Cold Wind

John Butler Trio

Cold wind it blows,
blowing through you like Sunday morning.
Chill in my bones, take me home, take me.
Home is where the heart is, but my heart's been truly stolen.
Cold wind it blows, wind it blows.Fire in my gut reminding me that yes I will,
great big role, great big hole, great big hole.
Oh, no one knows. You tell me where those chains cooking.
Fire in my gut, in my gut, in my gut.And there are places you will never go.
And there are things that you never know.
It all depends on which side of the road.Cold wind in my soul makes me feel like
I am floating far my place.
I got no land, I got no face.
Tell me Mr, what's a man supposed to believe in?
Hole in my soul, in my soul, in my soul.And there are places you will never go.
And there are things that you never know.
It all depends on which side of the road.Come in my hand, you tell me that
I am to obey laws of your land, of your land, of your land.
You don't follow the rules of the silly games you play.
Come take my hand, take my hand, take my hand.And there are places you will never go.
And there are things that you never know.
It all depends on which side of the road.And there are places you will never go.
And there are things that you never know.
It all depends on which side of the road.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/