

# Cold Kisses

**Richard Thompson**

Here I am in your room going through your stuff  
Said you'd be gone five minutes, that's time enough  
Here in your drawer there's lacy things  
Old credit cards and beads and bangles and rings But I think I've found what I'm looking for  
Hidden away at the back of the drawer  
Here's the life that you led before Old photographs of the life you led  
Arm in arm with Mr. X Y and Z  
Old boyfriends big and small  
Got to see how I measure up to them all There is a place we all must start love  
Who were you holding in that fond embrace  
I've found a door into your heart love  
And do you still feel the warmth of cold kisses? Here I am behind enemy lines  
Looking for secrets, looking for signs  
Old boyfriends, big and small  
Got to see how I measure up to them all This one's handsome, not too bright  
This one's clever with his hands alright  
Tougher than me if it came to a fight And this one's a poet, a bit of a wet  
Bit of a gypsy, a bit of a threat  
I wonder if she's got over him yet Old passions frozen in the second  
Who were you holding in that fond embrace  
Hearts have a past that must be reckoned  
And do you still feel the warmth of cold kisses? Time to put the past away  
That's your footstep in the street I'd say  
Tie the ribbon back around it  
Everything just the way I found it And I can hear you turn the key  
And my head's buried when you see me  
In a Margaret Miller mystery And do you still feel the warmth of cold kisses?  
Do you still feel the warmth of cold kisses?

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