

Cold Cold Ground

Tom Waits

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Crestfallen sidekick in an old cafe
Never slept with a dream before he had to go away
There's a bell in the tower, Uncle Ray bought a round
Don't worry 'bout the army in the cold, cold groundCold, cold ground
Cold, cold ground
Cold, cold groundNow don't be a cry baby when there's wood in the shed
There's a bird in the chimney and a stone in my bed
When the road's washed out, we pass the bottle around
And wait in the arms of the cold, cold groundThe cold, cold ground
The cold, cold ground
The cold, cold groundThere's a ribbon in the willow and a tire swing rope
Oh, and a briar patch of berries takin' over the slope
The cat'll sleep in the mailbox and we'll never go to town
Till we bury every dream in the cold, cold groundIn the cold, cold ground
The cold, cold ground
In the cold, cold ground
In the cold, cold groundGive me a Winchester rifle and a whole box of shells
Blow the roof off the goat barn, let it roll down the hill
The piano is firewood, Times Square is a dream
I find we'll lay down together in the cold, cold groundThe cold, cold ground
The cold, cold ground
In the cold, cold groundWe'll call the cops on the Breedloves, bring a Bible and a rope
And a whole box of Rebel and a bar of soap
Make a pile of truck tires and burn 'em all down
Bring a dollar with you, baby, in the cold, cold groundIn the cold, cold ground
In the cold, cold ground
In the cold, cold groundTake a weathervane rooster, throw rocks at his head
Stop talking to the neighbors until we all go dead
Beware of my temper and the dog that I've found
Break all the windows in the cold, cold groundIn the cold, cold ground
In the cold, cold ground
In the cold, cold ground

In the cold, cold ground
In the cold, cold ground
In the cold, cold ground
In the cold, cold ground
In the cold, cold ground
In the cold, cold ground
In the cold, cold ground

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>