

Standing In The Cold

Drenge

I wait, for you, in dusky avenues
My skin, soaked through, the tree you nailed me to
You wanted my heart, for it's little worth
I was half your age, and I thought we were in love
Then I found your car, but it was already burnt
Your eyes from a stained glass window
But you had my soul
Standing in the cold
Trying to get back home
Frozen to the bone
I wanted to know
I wanted to know
We ride, all night, make out in motel lights
Your touch, and your kiss, Paris, even though all things
You wanted my heart, for it's little worth
I was half your age, and I thought we were in love
Then I found your car, but it was already burnt
Your eyes from a stained glass window
But you had my soul
Standing in the cold
Trying to get back home
Frozen to the bone
I wanted to know
I wanted to know
You wanted my heart, for it's little worth
I was half your age, and I thought we were in love
Then I found your car, but it was already burnt
It was covered in rust, someone got there first
I was running away
Because I thought we were in love
Then I saw your eyes
But they said it all
Standing in the cold
Trying to get back home
Frozen to the bone
I wanted to know
Why I'm screaming in the dark
My boyfriend won't call
Standing in the cold
I wanted to know
I wanted to know

Songwriters

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