

Cold Wind

Arcade Fire

In the middle of the summer
I'm not sleeping, cold wind blowing
In the middle of the night
They try to find me but I'm still driving If you're going to San Francisco
Lay some flowers on the grave stone
There's music on the station
But I'm just listening to cold wind whistling And if they ever find me
Tell the papers, cold wind, cold wind
Cold, cold wind blowing
Cold wind blowing Hey hey hey
Something ain't right
Something ain't right And if they ever find me
Tell the papers cold wind, cold wind
Cold, cold wind blowing
Cold wind blowing Cold wind blowing
Cold wind blowing
Cold wind blowing

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