

Fuck, I Hate the Cold

Cowboy Junkies

Too many years on the rinks of Montreal.
Too many years in the lofts of old TO.
Too many nights in the bowels of Avenue B.
Too many days in the arms of Lady T.
Or maybe I'm just getting old,
'cause, fuck, I hate the cold. Too much time in the bed of a petty thief.
Too much time in the arms of a failed conceit.
He told me how he love the best about me
And then he told me what was best
And maybe I'm just getting old,
But, fuck, I hate the cold. Too much fun on the roads of the USA.
Too much fun plugging in and starting to play.
Too much time on this winding trail
Of a tale yet to be told
Baby, I'm getting old
And, fuck, I hate the cold.
I fucking hate it.
I hate the cold.
I fucking hate the cold.

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