Cold Spot

Kane Brown

A cement building
White cinderblocks
And faded red lips
The sign read "Cold Spot"
He worked behind the counter
To them he was an old man
When my world was crumbling
My grandpa gave me his handIt was crickets, minnows and kerosene
RC, moon pies and a softball team
Learned about life
Learned about girls
Learned about livin' in this cold, cruel world
It's where you bought your tag for your white-tailed deer
Where the southern baptist bought the most beer
A hole in the wall with holes in the wall
From behind this counter you saw it all
At the Cold SpotIt was cool in July, warm in December
If I live a hundred years
I'll always remember
The song and the hum of that old ceiling fan
And his North Georgia voice saying, "Buddy, you can"
Out here I'm just a kid trying to make a name
I am who I am because he raised Kane sellingCrickets and minnows and kerosene
RC, moon pies and a softball team
Learned about life
Learned about girls
Learned about livin' in this cold, cruel world
It's where you bought your tag for your white-tailed deer
Where the southern baptists bought the most beer
A hole in the wall with holes in the wall
From behind this counter you saw it all
At the Cold Spot
Oh yeah
At the Cold Spot

Songwriters
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