

# Cold

## David Wilcox

You ever wonder why you get a cold  
Look at the word, spell it, C-old  
C-old, you're pulled over by the reaper for a warning  
He says, "I clocked you thinking 80  
You know you're not that old  
You've been worried about the darkness in the morning"  
"Well, I'll give you something to worry about", he says  
Flips open his ticket pad, appreciates your breathing  
I'm gonna write you up a headache for those thoughts  
Now why you been so worried, man? What have you been reading?  
And why do you have to tally all you've lost?  
I'ma write you up a head cold, it comes on like bad weather  
So maybe you'll appreciate the warming  
See, it gives a new perspective, soon you'll be feeling better  
I'll let you off this time with a warning  
He says, "But take it easy, alright, people live around here"  
You won't see him in time  
What I'm trying to say is, you'll miss him

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