

# So Cold

## Miss Montreal

All they know is to photograph  
People when they're on their knees  
Say your prayers and wear your black  
And be grateful it's not you and me

How am I supposed to live  
Knowing that they're dying  
How am I supposed to laugh  
Knowing that they're crying  
When did we get so cold  
When did we get so cold

When did we grow so old  
So old  
Raise me up to where the wind blows  
Out of the ghettos oh  
Raise me up to where the sun glows  
Out of these shadows oh  
When did we get so cold  
When did we get so cold  
When did we grow so old  
So old

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