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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