

Cold Comfort

Pzychobitch

I know it's cold comfort
They found him a guilty man
But it don't feel like justice
And it wasn't a first offense
Heavy drink was on his breath
Her death was on his hands
Now you must look into his eyes
For your consolation prize
And I know that's cold comfort
You held your father in your arms
While he cried like a baby
But you were too cold to mourn
By the fireplace late last night
You tried there to get warm
But the fire wouldn't start and so you
Sat there in the dark
And I know that's cold comfort
You feel your body growing numb
It will thaw in a year or ten
It happens to everyone
Friends can only watch and wait
While the seasons slowly change
It is a fact of life that we
Learn to live again
And I know that's cold comfort
But winter will soon be here
And except for the holidays
It's a fine time of year
Skies are turning gray
Snow will fall so deep
You don't want comfort
You only want to sleep

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