

# Outta the cold

I woke up In New Orleans  
Walked upon the ashes of our dreams  
The barrel was burning and I feel the heat  
Everybody's sleeping but we outta leave

Out of the cold  
And into the cold  
A house of gold got us out of the cold

Put out my bedroll, save me a shwill  
Roll me up a cigarette, take our sleeping pills  
The demons are dancing, from old creole  
Their shadows were dancing up and down the walls...

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I'll crumble mountains, Fill in the valleys  
I'll drink the oceans And spit tsunamis  
I'll hack up the highways and twist the tracks  
Nobody knows that I don't wanna go...

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Into the cold  
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Sleepin in the park, drinkin until dark  
Stories didn't have an end, didn't have a start  
You said goodbye then hit the road  
You said you'd meet us but you never showed