

# The Cold Wind

Greta Van Fleet

Oh sweet mama, lay me down in my grave  
Leave me baby, I'm too far gone to save  
The snow is comin', all the village folk know  
This wicked shiver, chills me down to my soul, oh Only time will tell  
Take the ox to town and you can sell  
And leave me in my bed  
Today The Yankee peddler bargains with you on his way  
Woe sweet mama's gotten herself a new dray  
Keep the children snug as the wagon rolls on  
When the cold wind blows most of them will be gone, oh Only time can tell  
Take the ox to town and I'll get well  
And leave me in my bed  
Today  
Only time will tell  
You take the ox to town and you can sell  
And leave me in my bed  
Today

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