

Cold Tea

The tea's gone cold and my feet have froze in this house

the gas bill rose to my fear

i'm far too old to take this cold the winter is near

The tea has gone cold, the tea has gone cold

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I sit and wait for my son he's always late, he works too hard he needs a break

I'll shout so loud I'm oh so proud, he'll get here soon just you wait

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I like to glare as passers stare at this old man don't they care who I am?

Who's this now someone has come it might be my son

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