

Coffee's Cold

Abigail Washburn

Some folks say the times are hard
I just say oh my Lord
Coffee's cold and I've been sold for half a dollar bill
Every seed that I do sow, harvest time and
nothing's grown
Coffee's cold and I've been sold for half a dollar bill
Before I have \$10 saved, I'll be resting
in my grave
Coffee's cold and I've been sold for half a dollar bill
I've been broke a thousand times,
No one cares, spare a dime
Coffee's cold and I've been sold for half a dollar bill
When I lay my burden down, peace nor
comfort have I found
Coffee's cold and I've been sold for half a dollar bill
Angels, I'm on my knees but you'll
never sing for me
Coffee's cold and I've been sold for half a dollar bill
Ohhhh?
Coffee's cold and I've been sold for half a dollar bill
Some folks say the times the are hard
I just say oh my Lord
Coffee's cold and I've been sold for half a dollar bill

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