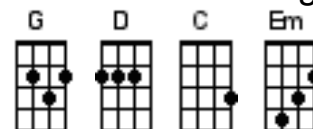


# Cold on the Road. Colin Henderson

4/4 timing



1, 2, 1 2 3 4 [C] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night.

[G] \_ \_ \_ There's [G] no clouds in the [G] sky tonight,

No [C] blanket for the [C] moon's cold light

[G] Footsteps sliding [G] on the frozen [D] ground.

[D] \_ \_ \_ your [G] breath like smoke be-[G]-fore your eyes,

[C] fingers numb deep [C] down inside,

[G] pockets of your [D] coat wrapped right a-[G]-round.

[G] \_ \_ \_ And It's [C] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night. [G] \_ \_ \_ So [C] far from  
the [D] fireside, and the [G/] warmth of a [Em/] welcome [C] light.

It's [G] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night.

[G] \_ \_ \_ Jack [G] Frost is painting [G] cobble streets,

His [C] brush is touching [C] all it meets,

His [G] canvass is as [G] far as you can [D] see.

[D] \_ \_ \_ His [G] palette is a [G] little bare,

You'll [C] only find one [C] colour there,

A [G] whitewash world hangs [D] in the galler-[G]-y.

[G] \_ \_ \_ And It's [C] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night. [G] \_ \_ \_ So [C] far from  
the [D] fireside, and the [G/] warmth of a [Em/] welcome [C] light.

It's [G] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night.

[G] \_ \_ \_ You're [G] thinking 'bout your [G] room back home,

That [C] shelters every-[C]-thing you own,

The [G] friendly feel of [G] your favourite arm-[D]-chair.

[D] \_ \_ \_ The [G] clock ticks gentle [G] hours away,

As [C] night time wanders [C] into day,

You'd [G] give up all you [D] have to be back [G] there.

[G] \_ \_ \_ And It's [C] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night. [G] \_ \_ \_ So [C] far from  
the [D] fireside, and the [G/] warmth of a [Em/] welcome [C] light.

It's [G] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night.

[G] \_ \_ \_ You [G] reach for home with [G] frozen hands,

[C] Stumbling through this [C] silent land,

[G] Tumbling snowflakes [G] silently ap-[D]-pear.

[D] \_ \_ \_ [G] If you lift your [G] eyes up higher,

[C] Diamond stars like [C] ice on fire,

[G] Freeze your bones and [D] melt your icy [G] tears.

[G] \_ \_ \_ And It's [C] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night. [G] \_ \_ \_ So [C] far from  
the [D] fireside, and the [G/] warmth of a [Em/] welcome [C] light.

It's [G] cold on the [D] road to-[G]-night. [G] [D] [G]