

Arcade Fire, The Arcade Fire

In the middle of the summer
I'm not sleeping
cold wind blowing
In the middle of the night they
try to find me but I'm still driving.
If you're going to San Francisco
lay some flowers on the grave stone.
There's music on the station and I'm just listening to cold wind whistling
and if they ever find me
tell the papers cold wind cold wind
cold, cold wind blowing
cold wind blowing
Ohhh hey hey hey
something aint right
something aint right
and if they ever find me tell the papers
cold wind cold wind
cold, cold wind blowing cold wind blowing cold wind blowing
cold wind blowing cold wind blowing