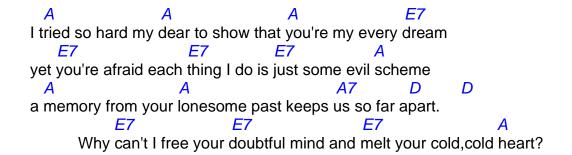
Cold Cold Heart by Hank Williams (1951)



Another love before my time made your heart sad and blue and so my heart is paying now for things I didn't do In anger unkind words are said that make the teardrops start.

Why can't I free your doubtful mind and melt your cold, cold heart.

You'll never know how much it hurts to see you sit and cry.
You know you need and want my love yet you're afraid to try.
Why do you run and hide from life to try it just just ain't smart?
Why can't I free your doubtful mind and melt your cold, cold heart?

There was a time when I believed that you belonged to me, but now I know your heart is shackled to a memory.

The more I learn to care for you the more we drift apart.

Why can't I free your doubtful mind and melt your cold, cold heart?