

Cold Spot

Kane Brown

A cement building
White cinderblocks
And faded red lips
The sign read "cold spot"
He worked behind the counter
To them he was an old man
When my world was crumbling
My grandpa gave me his hand

It was crickets, minnows and kerosene
RC, moon pies and a softball team
Learned about life
Learned about girls
Learned about livin' in this cold, cruel world
It's where you bought your tag for your white-tailed deer
Where the southern baptist bought the most beer
A hole in the wall with holes in the wall
From behind this counter you saw it all
At the cold spot

It was cool in July, warm in December
If I live a hundred years
I'll always remember
The song and the hum to that old ceiling fan
And his north Georgia voice saying, "Buddy you can"
Out here I'm just a kid trying to make a name
I am who I am because he raised Kane, selling

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It's where you bought your tag for your white-tailed deer
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A hole in the wall with holes in the wall
From behind this counter you saw it all
At the cold spot
Oh yeah
At the cold spot

It was crickets, minnows and kerosene
RC, moon pies and a softball team
Learned about life
Learned about girls
Learned about livin' in this cold, cruel world
It was heaven on earth when my world was hell
And the big stores came and the business failed
But all my memories are alive and well
At the cold spot
Oh yeah
At the cold spot
Take me back to the cold spot