

# Let the Cold Winds Blow

The Turtles

Oh let the cold winds blow  
And let the chills freeze hell  
Because the rich can't see  
How the poor ones tell

The nature's right  
While we got ready  
Let the cold winds blow  
Is the human's race

If rich men and poor cannot live in peace  
If hatred and sorrow and prejudice foresees  
If man can't find the senses before it is too late  
Oh when the cold wind are hard  
We'll surely see his face

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And let the chills freeze hell  
Because the rich can't see  
How the poor ones tell

The nature's right  
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With bonds and big long rivals  
We face our coloured  
Spend more time on destruction  
That on nature's masterplan

Spend billions of green dollars  
So to ask for we can win  
But now willing to spend the penny  
To get to no arcade

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