

# John Cena

## Donovan Wolfington

Cold hands touching her face  
While you make plans for lovers embrace  
It's a slow ride back to her place  
And I hope that I am not too late You've got something I should understand  
Weighing down in the palm of my hand  
I've got nothing  
I've got some kind of remorse About you, of course  
And your parents divorce  
"Am I the only one who didn't grow up in the north?"  
Cold hands tell me where to wait  
I've been making a lot of dumb mistakes  
And I know that I can't feel your pain  
but I know that you know I feel the same Well I've got something you should understand  
Weighing down in the palm of my hand  
I've got nothing  
I've got some kind of remorse  
About you, of course  
And your parents divorce  
"Am I the only one who didn't grow up in the north?" Well I think it's time to abort  
"Cause every single day just gets a little worse  
In every single way I feel a little worse"

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>