

Man Cold

Music, lyrics: Henrik Widegren

I feel the Reaper
Breathing down my neck
I'm sinking deeper
Like a useless wreck
I have no hope
The light is white and beautiful
But will my children cope
With their dad's funeral
I feel like I am made of phlegm
I listen to my requiem
It is dark in Hades' hole
And he does not provide Tylenol

Man cold, man cold
I have got a man cold
I've never been this low
Man cold, man cold
A major man cold
No woman will ever know
Man cold, man cold
A deadly man cold
It's like I've been hit by a train
Man cold, man cold
A fatal man cold
No woman can feel this pain

I'm drifting off
I can see an angel
But then I cough
Yellow, green and painful
It's goodbye
I am barely alive
My fever's running high
Thirty-seven point five
And you can laugh and have your fun
But now there's almost evidence
That my lack of estrogen
Is the cause of this nemesis

Chorus

Mother Mary
This is scary
Can you ever realize?
How intense a
Manfluenza

Is. Can you hear my cries?

Chorus