

# My Blue Manhattan

Ryan Adams

My blue Manhattan,  
She's angry like a child, but how sweet  
Fire and rain on the street,  
It's you against me most days  
It's me against you, doll.

The snow is coming down  
On the cars in midtown.  
Stone cold in sheets with you all over me,  
Ain't that sweet, my little gal?  
Ain't that sweet, my little gal?

My blue Manhattan,  
She cusses with her sailor's mouth  
And fire and rain on the streets  
It's you against me most days  
It's me against you, doll.

Making snow angels in the gravel and the dirt  
Crawling like a spider,  
And I'm somewhere inside her  
Too hurt to move, too hurt to move  
My blue Manhattan.