

## Manchester Snow

Benjamin Francis Leftwich

Its better to sing that you stick to your wings then to roll in  
the past  
But right in the blur of a stormed apparition I was stuck out m  
aking it last

Are you ready for love to carry you home  
Keep your hands steady  
You're bound to be unknown

When you were getting low in the Manchester snow I was buying n  
ew jeans  
When you were giving head in the cold of his bed I had lapped y  
ou twice  
I don't know their names but I know what they mean at least I'm  
not another major machine

Are you ready  
For love to carry you home  
Keep your hands steady  
You're bound to be unknown  
Are you ready now  
For love to carry you home  
Keep your hands steady  
You're bound to be unknown

If my soul is returning from where I cannot see  
From smoke into summer tonight could set us free  
In the morning there is sunlight and it burns into our world  
Oh little darling we have learned