

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 stormd 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