

## Mittens

Frank Turner

Wandering lonely through the snow streets of New York  
I stumbled on a thrift store that sold postcards by the yard  
I bought a mile and shipped them home so I could read  
Ten thousand ten-word tragedies, the lives these strangers lead  
To remind myself the things I need

Cause I once wrote you love songs  
You never fell in love  
We used to fit like mittens, but never like gloves

You left me feeling like  
We'd never really been in love

Huddled home down in my place, in Holloway  
I wondered if you even heard those songs I used to play  
I wrote them as a gift for you and in return  
You gave a pair of hand knit mittens to keep my fingers warm  
So I could play more ignored love songs

I once wrote you love songs  
You never fell in love  
We used to fit like mittens, but never like gloves  
And I once wrote you postcards  
You never wrote back  
You promised me you would and I'm still waiting for them

You left me feeling like  
We'd never really been in love  
Don't wanna fit like mittens  
I wanna fit like gloves  
Wanna fit like gloves

I once wrote you love songs  
You never fell in love  
We used to fit like mittens but never like gloves  
Never like gloves