

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