

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.