

Ryan Adams, My Blue Manhattan

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
Ah, the snows comin' 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
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