

# The Proclaimers, Blood Lying On Snow

You lost your tan from a few months ago.  
Now that red dress looks like blood lying on snow.  
I feel my pulse start to increase the flow  
On this cold, winter's night, with such beauty on show.

You don't like winter, you're a summer girl.  
Sun burnt and barefoot, your body unfurled.  
But I can see you're a Celtic princess  
And in pale, northern lights, you're at your very best.

My goodness!  
Well, how do you do?  
It's taken generations  
of lucky breeding  
to make you,  
to make you.

In my life's challenges, you must be first prize.  
I can see gold in the light of your eyes.  
My honest soul, it just yearns to be free.  
And I'm sure it would happen, if you lie with me.

My goodness!  
Well, how do you do?  
It's taken generations  
of lucky breeding  
to make you,  
They made you.

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