

# Blood Lying On Snow

## The Proclaimers

You've 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 unfurls  
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 challenge, 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 Britons  
To make you, they made you  
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Now that red dress looks like blood lying on snow  
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