

Mittens

Frank Turner

[Verse 1]

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[Chorus 1]

Cause I once wrote you love songs

You never fell in love

We used to fit like mittens, but never like gloves[Post-Chorus 1]

You left me feeling like

We'd never really been in love[Verse 2]

Huddled home up in my place, in Holloway

I wondered if you ever heard those songs I used to play

I wrote the [?] 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[Chorus 2]

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

Promised me you would and I'm still waiting for them[Post-Chorus 2]

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[Outro]

I once wrote you love songs

You never fell in love

We used to fit like mittens but never like gloves

Never like gloves

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