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's 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

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