

# Glasgow

## The Snuts

And I will bite my tongue  
And I won't be the one  
To tell you no I promise you this  
I'll always love the way that you say Glasgow Will you hold your fire,  
When there comes a time,  
To take your shot.  
Will you stand on stage,  
when they disengage from your song. When the big bad city won't call your name  
And the clouds won't clear  
The sun's to blame  
Jump on my back  
And i will take you home  
When the roads stand still  
And the birds won't fly  
roll your stone  
to clear your mind  
Jump on my back  
And I will take you home I'll always love the way that you say Glasgow Will you hold your own  
When there comes a call  
Saying that they're gone Will you fold your hand,  
when the Sun and sand won't come your way When the big bad city won't call your name  
And the clouds won't clear  
The sun's to blame  
Jump on my back  
And i will take you home  
When the roads stand still  
And the birds won't fly  
roll your stone  
to clear your mind  
Jump on my back  
And I will take you home I'll always love the way that you say Glasgow And I will bite my tongue  
And I won't be the one  
To tell you no I promise you this  
I'll always love the way that you say Glasgow  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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