UK Shanty

Clean Bandit

January always brings a fear of creatures
Strong-holdings and salt in places yet to heal
Crying at the site of strings
She was there when they came for you
A great man and the child in you
Enough when I take you far from here
Enough to cut a morning view
...
Strange how a sound could change your feelings
Staring wide and dirty breathing
I remember how a calling came in
Scared of deceiving and all I could hear was "run!"
...
The fire, the fire
...
January always brings a fear of creatures
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