

# 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

...

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