

# 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, dollThe 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, dollMaking 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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