

Manchester

Ryan Adams

Oldham streets
Built to bruise
Freckled face
And a pair of shuffling shoes

Hot pink and red
Rain and booze
Running fast
Past the cotton mill crews

Darkness creeps
Through the halls
Til the walls come tumbling down
Hold my hand
I can tell
Heart beats fast through the streets downtown

I would throw it all away and choose
If I could have been born three blocks from you
And we burn this city to the ground

Manchester ruins
Like a ghost
With its rattling chains and moths
Heron mill
Bricks and lead
Terraced homes hot pink and red

I would throw it all away and choose
If I could have been born three blocks from you
Ooooooh
From you ooooooh

And we burn this city to the ground
And we burn this city to the ground
And we burn this city to the ground
To the ground
To the ground