## **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, doll.

The snow is 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, doll.

Making 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.