

# Glasgow

## The Snuts

And I will bite my tongue  
And I won't be the one  
To tell you no

I promise you this  
I'll always love the way that you say Glasgow  
I promise you this  
I'll always love the way you say

Will you hold your fire  
When there comes a time  
To take your shot  
Will you stand on stage  
When they disengage from your song

When the big bad city won't call your name  
And the clouds won't clear  
The sun's to blame  
Jump on my back  
And I will take you home

When the roads stand still  
And the birds won't fly  
Roll your stone  
To clear your mind  
Jump on my back  
And I will take you home

I'll always love the way that you say Glasgow

Will you hold your own  
When there comes a call  
Saying that they're gone

Will you fold your hand  
When the sun and sand won't come your way

When the big bad city won't call your name  
And the clouds won't clear  
The sun's to blame  
Jump on my back  
And I will take you home

When the roads stand still  
And the birds won't fly  
Roll your stone  
To clear your mind  
Jump on my back  
And I will take you home

I'll always love the way that you say Glasgow

And I will bite my tongue  
And I won't be the one  
To tell you no

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I'll always love the way that you say Glasgow