

Heather Masse

"Mittens"

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Icy fingers without a home
Cause of mittens that were never sewn
Last year When they got a tear

But its too cold outside tonight
For fingers to put up a fight
Against the wind the snow the air is white

But I know of a place
Where its nice and warm
there's no one home
You could change your plans
I'll warm your hands
You won't need your mittens tonight

Your hat fell off when you crossed the street
And a car ran it over with its muddy feet
And now your ears can only hear the cold

You should have put your long johns on
But its too late now and your legs are gone
You can't feel them they're frozen to the bone

So won't you come on up to my room
There's a fire lit you'll warm up soon
You'll have no regrets when I warm your legs
You won't need your long underwear

I know of a place
Where its nice and warm
there's no one home
You could change your plans
I'll warm your hands
You won't need your mittens tonight

Thanks to razvan

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