

Proclaimers

"Blood Lying On Snow"

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You've lost your tan from a few months ago
Now that red dress looks like blood lying on snow
I feel my pulse start to increase the flow
On this cold winter's night with such beauty on show

You don't like winter, you're a summer girl
Sun burnt and barefoot, your body unfurls
But I can see you're a Celtic princess
And in pale Northern Lights, you're at your very best

My goodness, well, how do you do?
It's taken generations of lucky breeding
To make you, to make you

In my life's challenge, you must be first prize
I can see gold in the light of your eyes
My honest soul, it just yearns to be free
And I'm sure it would happen if you lie with me

My goodness, well, how do you do?
It's taken generations of lucky Britons
To make you, they made you

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