

Mother Tongue

White Lies

The city stays high all night
Lit up and shivering like a pinball table of fire flies
An echo of home on the edge of life
Shot through the veins of an angel I'm the devil in exile.

Believe you have forgotten your precious mother tongue
What do you think your mother would say of what you've done
And if you can't remember the place you call a home
Or having trouble placing who's calling on the phone?
Who's calling on the phone?

Dip the nose of the card to the sugar lines
And to the desert of the cinnamon hills of moonshine
He said: 'what can I do to make you mine?'
Kiss out the twang from my lips on the way to the big time.

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Forgot your mother tongue
Forgot your mother tongue
Forgot your mother tongue

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