

## Whiskey On Ice

Amos Lee

I see you pour whiskey on ice  
It's what you've known of sacrifice  
Stumbling down this empty hall  
Pictures stare back on the wall

I can see the light  
Starting to take shape  
I can see the sun  
Seeking out escape  
I can see the moon  
Slowly creeping in  
Worlds are dying high she said  
Anytime you wear the wind  
When you wear the wind

You said he was your only son  
He gave himself to everyone  
In the end the loss was yours  
Now you pace upon these floors

Looking for the light  
Finding its own shape  
While the sun, it falls  
Seeking its escape  
Moon is coming in  
Stars are hiding high  
Where are you my son  
Where are you right now

Looking for the light  
Finally found your shape  
While the sun, it falls  
Tumbling down my face  
Moonlight crashing in  
Like waves upon the shore  
You are the at the gate  
Waiting to find  
All the fortune that you lost that night  
That night  
Was a new moon  
My new moon  
My new moon