

Forks and Knives (La Fête)

Beirut

Uptown, the street's in a calming way
And outside is warm as a bed with a maid
And I find it's all our waves and raves
That makes the days go on this way

I heard the sad sound of words
Spoken from a beak of a wise old bird
Uptown, the streets are kept afloat
And that girl never leaves me alone

He means well, saying,
I've got stories of wine, superb
And of course my childhood, forks and knives
And a hospital bed, where I turned my life over and over again