

You won't leave the table
She won't leave your mind
Gotta get out of Ohio
Feeling short on time
Eyeball your inheritance
Dead stare at the bar
Put back one more
Stumble under the stars

We could fly to Ireland
You know I'm good for the ticket
Try to smirk, but you're smiling
Know I'll stick with it
Annie, I want you to marry me
We'll wait a few years
I don't mean to frighten you
I just wanna be clear

She's a drink behind you
Wander off to the stairs
Ten bucks for the last game
Suck smoke from the air
Man, it cuts like a dull knife
When you're young and you're told
"Makes sense when you're older"
Darling, let's get old

I say you look tired
Sing, my secret choir
Soak my scrapes and sleep tight
Sing, my brave acolyte