

Fall

Lisa Hannigan

Hide your horses, hold your tongue
Hang the rich and spare the young
Who drain the spirits from the jars
Hop the fences, steal the cars
Run on fumes and from the north
And burn for us right through the fall

All the ladies call your name
Brush your hair like it could be tamed
Hitch their dresses past the knees
Spilling to the floor like ease
They swing the bridges one and more
And burn for us right through the fall

All our running ahead, all our running ahead

All our running ahead

And we'll seize the captain's wheel
A mutiny we've come to feel
When [?] their aiming's gone from view
With everything we thought to do
Oh, the devil won't have me
I wonder who will, I wonder who will
All our running is a crawl
And burns for us right through the fall

All our running ahead, all our running ahead
All our running ahead
All our running, all our running
All our running, all our running