

# Abigail

Paolo Nutini

I don't have much luck these days  
With far too much time  
Lost a lot of my rhythm  
In this bubble of mine

I would sure like to help you  
I will give you my word  
Then I'll fly away, brother  
Float away like a bird

You don't get much dignity  
You don't get much sense of pride  
When your mind gets too narrow  
And your nose gets too wide

I breathe and I'm trying  
In my cauldron tonight  
Though a part of me's dying  
There's a part come alive

'Cause I had a dream last night  
That you were beside me  
Two kids in the garden  
And your love behind me  
Though today may taste bitter  
Maybe tomorrow is gold  
Lord, I wanna get happy  
Before I get old

So I took out some paper  
And I dug out a pen  
Poured myself out some water  
And I rinsed out the gin

I spoke of my dream that night  
In the greatest detail  
Of my beautiful children  
And my sweet Abigail

Ah, but before she can find me  
Before I can let her in  
Before no sweet happy ending  
Let the battle begin

Let the trumpets blow Valhalla  
Let the soldier arise  
Lord, let Abigail catch me  
When I fall from the skies

'Cause I had a dream last night  
That you were beside me  
Two kids in the garden  
And all this behind me  
Though today may taste bitter  
Maybe tomorrow is gold  
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