

Bottle of Waiting Whisky

Racoon

I take your hand
Like a bottle of waiting whiskey
I build my plans

On a bottle of waiting whiskey

But as soon as I drink it down
I know I'll fall behind
Cause the woman by my side is worth more than a thousand of your kind
A thousand of your kind

You go your way
Is better than my way anyway
If I fall, stand up again and say
What if I leave and feel alive finally

And as soon as I drink it down
I know I'll fall behind
Cause the woman by my side is worth more than a thousand of your kind

Cage all that fear and all the longing
Go on and leave all the doubt behind
It's not what you need but what you wanted
Steam keeps on building up inside
When daytime ends, here comes the night

I crave your hand
Like a bottle of waiting whiskey
Yeah I crave, but I don't even understand
What the hell is wrong, what the hell is wrong with me
And as soon as I give in
I know I'll lose control
As the guilt will leave a scar upon my soul

So cage all that fear and all the longing
You go on and leave all the doubt behind
And it's not what you need but what you wanted
Steam keeps on building up inside
When daytime ends, here comes the night
When daytime ends, here comes the night