

# Whiskey Jack

Republica

I'm gonna rip out a tongue  
I stand too near the sun  
I can't remember one time you wanted  
Me to call you everyday  
To send the ghosts away  
Whatever people say  
You won't forget me

Keep your poisons to yourself  
Just stew in your own hell  
I'll ring the waking bell and won't you hear it  
Put the creature out of pain  
Same old black eyes again  
I'm in your fucking brain  
And in your coma

Keep your poisons to yourself  
Just stew in your own hell  
I'll ring the waking bell and you won't hear it  
Keep the creature out of pain  
Same old black eyes again  
I'm in your fucking brain  
And in your coma

Whatever happened to angels?  
Whatever happened to demons?  
I can look into your life  
And tell you like the smell of freedom

I'm gonna rip out a tongue  
Don't wanna spoil the fun  
Just wait until I come  
You won't regret it  
Put the piece on the barbeque  
It's such a lovely view  
We'll pick up a witches' brew  
And we'll die laughing

I'm a friend of whiskey Jack  
He's lying on his back  
He's telling me to pack  
He's inconsistent  
Keep your secrets to yourself  
I'll find somebody else  
I'll stand here packing shelves  
But not for long now

I'm a friend of whiskey Jack  
He's lying on his back  
He's telling me to pack  
He's inconsistent  
Keep your secrets to yourself  
I'll find somebody else  
I'll stand here packing shelves  
But not for long now

Whatever happened to angels?

Whatever happened to demons?  
I can look into your life  
And tell you like the smell of freedom  
Whatever happened to angels?  
Whatever happened to demons?  
I can look into your life  
And tell you like the smell of freedom