

## Whisky Saga

The Fratellis

Well here lie the remains  
Of every girl I've loved  
The princesses of heaven and hell  
Who thought they knew me well  
There goes my wishbone  
It calms my crooked friend  
Screaming he knew I was dead  
True right down to the end

I was in a fury with a judge and with a jury  
You could tell I was a wicked man  
Well there was no one on the wall  
But the stupid and the small  
But they always do the best they can

Well here lies mother Brown  
She always looked so young  
I was never too easy to please  
Always on my knees  
Well there goes my last hope  
Here comes my bullet train  
Shooting the hole in my head  
On the wrong right side of my brain

I was getting ready  
I was shaking, I was steady  
I was pleading to be left alive  
Well I was digging for the gold  
Just waiting to be told  
That my cheating heart would survive

I was in a fury with a judge and with a jury  
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But they always do the best they can

Well here lie the remains of saving lady death  
Her old man streamed up in a hole  
Another uneven soul  
There goes my last wish  
Here comes my audience  
Pitchforks pointing my way  
And it's no coincidence

I was in a bind of the body and the mind  
And my mother was the last to know  
When I told her I was runnin'  
I was better off a'gone  
And she never even said no, no, no, no, no

I was never thick but the fall wouldn't click  
So I never had the best excuse  
You couldn't say that I was best  
So they put me to the test  
With a never ending soul abuse

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