

Sarah

Travis

Where are you goin' tonight
Where do you dance
When you turn of the light

In your eyes as they're rollin' your hair
Spin you around as you lie on the bed
But I'm not keepin' time
Upon the creepin' vine, vine

He was the one made you fall
But he couldn't help you at all
Not at all
So he packed up and jumped from the wall
Pushing his luck past the ghosts in the hall
Still I'm not keepin' time
Upon the creepin' vine, vine

Oh, Sarah
You've done it all to yourself
With your bottle of gin on the shelf
And your love letters sent to yourself

Oh, Sarah
You used to say you were lucky
Now your luck's runnin' off down the stairs
To the arms of another

At the back of her mind
There's a photograph
Of a child all alone in the dark
She can tell by the bell ringing back at her
She's lost

Where are you goin' tonight
Dressed like a rag doll
With holes in your tights
In your eyes as they're rollin' your hair
Spin you around as you fall out the bed
But I'm not keepin' time
Upon the creepin' vine, vine

Oh, Sarah
You've done it all to yourself
With your bottle of gin on the shelf
And your love letters sent to yourself

Ohhh, Sarah
You used to say you were lucky
Now your luck's runnin' off down the stairs
And you realize nobody cares
Take a bottle of gin from the shelf
And pour me another