

With Whiskey

Tunng

He believed in you,
remember when he said:
Words are always hard to manage,
can't get out of bed.

Now hear him,
trough the empty city.
He swept you of your feet,
he's sweeping up the dust now baby,
drink your whiskey neat.

Mmmmmmm....

Come on old lovers,
fall down in the grass.
wake up with the breeze,
and gather around the torn off pictures.
Join the family.

Hold the blankets tighter,
Turn on all the lights.
Mommy fight the lovers,
burn them in the night.

Gather our belongings, value from the trains.
Liquor of the railings, liquor of the rains.

Take on me, take me on.
Take me on, take on me.