

# Mad Mission

Patty Griffin

We were drinking like the Irish  
But we were drinking scotch  
Bartender turned on a movie  
Everybody turned to watch  
And every single eye was gleaming  
As he reached the final scene  
Well, at least mine did  
Here's lookin' at you, kid

It's a mad mission  
Under difficult conditions  
not everybody makes it  
To the loving cup  
It's a mad mission  
But I got the ambition  
Mad, mad mission  
sign me up

I think I've seen the look before, yes,  
it's kind of non-committal  
It says come hither, baby, but then he's hard wood to whittle  
it says it don't mean a thing, but still, somebody does  
He'd like you to join the club that likes to say  
there's no such thing as love and

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Sometimes you find yourself  
flying low at night  
Flying blind and looking for  
Any sign of light  
You're cold and scared, and all alone  
You'd do anything just to make it home

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