

## Forks and Knives (La Fête)

Beirut

Uptown, the street's in a calming way  
And outside is warm as a bed with a maid  
And I find it's all our waves and raves  
That makes the days go on this way

I heard the sad sound of words  
Spoken from a beak of a wise old bird  
Uptown, the streets are kept afloat  
And that girl never leaves me alone

He means well, saying,  
I've got stories of wine, superb  
And of course my childhood, forks and knives  
And a hospital bed, where I turned my life over and over again