

A Sail

Lisa Hannigan

It's long gone that I carry on from December
It is no matter, if you remember
Mold, paper, bad wine, and too much bedside whiskey
I will roll my heart up
I will roll my heart up in my sleeve

Now it is your line
I know that I wrote it
And if you tell a lie
Well, no one will notice
And of you and I
Well, I was the loudest
While you stayed quiet
We were surrounded

It's long gone that I carry on from the winter
I asked you upstairs
Until we tangled in my hair
You were never one for chronic chattering
Your heart beat pale
While I flew my colors
I flew my colors like a sail

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I know that I wrote it
And if you tell a lie
Well, no one will notice
And of you and I
Well, I was the loudest
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