

Whiskey Tango

Tanya Donnelly

You accuse me of fancy talk
When i'm just trying to find my words
You've got a funny way of saying my name
Like i just ripped it off

These whiskey tango ghosts
Won't leave us alone
But you are too polite to complain
Of the art of speaking plain
I haven't gathered a thing

While I know we're dug in deep here
Why can't we live high with the wind
You're just a freckle away from changing everything
I'll make this easy
By calling on my gypsy pedigree

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Won't leave us alone
Of the art of speaking plain
I haven't gathered a thing

While i know we're dug in deep here
Why can't we live high with the wind
Can't we live

Of the art of making waves
I had my lesson in spades
And these ghosts they make it plain
They're never going away

And my ghost she makes it plain
I haven't gathered a thing
Though I know we're dug in deep here
Why can't we live high with the wind
Can't we live

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