

# Whiskey Tango

Tanya Donelly

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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