

Tip of My Tongue

The Civil Wars

You're a red string tied to my finger
A little love letter I carry with me
You're sunlight
Smoke rings and cigarettes
Outlines and kisses from silverscreens

Oh
Dear never saw you comin'
Oh
My
Look what you have done
You're my favorite song
Always on the tip of my tongue

You own me with whispers like poetry
Your mouth is a melody I memorize
Mmm, so sweet
I hear it echo everywhere I go
Day and night

Oh
Dear never saw you comin'
Oh
My
Look what you have done
You're my favourite song
Always on the tip of my tongue
The tip of my tongue

Ooh
Mmm
Mmm

Oh
Dear
Never saw you comin'
Oh
My
Look what you have done
You're my favorite song
Always on
Oh
Oh

Oh
Dear
Never saw you comin'
Oh
My
Look what you've done
Oh
You're my favorite song
Always on the tip of my tongue

Ooh
Ooh
Ooh