

## In Two Glasses Of Wine

Tilly and the Wall

I can feel them come back around  
The slow migration of our hearts  
Back to our empty chests  
When we know there's nothing left to win back  
Our love picks up slowly in the night  
It slides across dirty bedroom smiles  
Lift up your head so the sun can catch your eyes  
No, I wouldn't leave you for a sadder song  
No, I wouldn't leave you for a shoulder to lean on  
No, I wouldn't leave you for a circle to live long