

## Sarah

Travis

Where are you goin' tonight  
Where do you dance  
When you turn of the light

In your eyes as they're rollin' your hair  
Spin you around as you lie on the bed  
But I'm not keepin' time  
Upon the creepin' vine, vine

He was the one made you fall  
But he couldn't help you at all  
Not at all  
So he packed up and jumped from the wall  
Pushing his luck past the ghosts in the hall  
Still I'm not keepin' time  
Upon the creepin' vine, vine

Oh, Sarah  
You've done it all to yourself  
With your bottle of gin on the shelf  
And your love letters sent to yourself

Oh, Sarah  
You used to say you were lucky  
Now your luck's runnin' off down the stairs  
To the arms of another

At the back of her mind  
There's a photograph  
Of a child all alone in the dark  
She can tell by the bell ringing back at her  
She's lost

Where are you goin' tonight  
Dressed like a rag doll  
With holes in your tights  
In your eyes as they're rollin' your hair  
Spin you around as you fall out the bed  
But I'm not keepin' time  
Upon the creepin' vine, vine

Oh, Sarah  
You've done it all to yourself  
With your bottle of gin on the shelf  
And your love letters sent to yourself

Ohhh, Sarah  
You used to say you were lucky  
Now your luck's runnin' off down the stairs  
And you realize nobody cares  
Take a bottle of gin from the shelf  
And pour me another