

Brett Anderson

"Ebony"

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Strangers just the other day
Walked right up and asked your name
Vodka in the afternoon
Drunk so much we left our food

Ebony now here we go, moving fast and moving slow
And my liver is in your hands, make me a bad man

Wandered down to Lisson Grove
It was somewhere I used to go
We saw faces in the trees
The traffic whispered 'Ebony'
Ebony now here we go, moving fast and moving slow
And my liver is in your hands, make me a bad man

I'll take you where the pigeons fly
And I'll tell you pretty lies
When nothing really makes much sense all you need
Is confidence

Ebony now here we go, moving fast and moving slow
And my liver is in your hands, make me a bad man

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