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## **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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