

## Beirut "Cliquot"

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A plague in the workhouse  
A plague on the poor now  
I feed on my drum 'til I'm dead  
Yesterday, fever  
Tomorrow, St. Peter  
I'll feed on my drum until then

What melody will lead my lover from his bed?  
What melody will see him in my arms again?

Set fire the foundation  
And burn out the station  
You'll never get nothing of mine  
The pane of my window  
Will flicker and glimmer  
Leave only the stitching behind (?)

Oh, what melody will lead my lover from his bed?  
What melody will see him in my arms again?

I'll sing of the walls of the well  
And the house at the top of the hill  
I'll sing of the bottles of wine  
That we left on our old windowsill  
I'll sing of the usual spin  
Getting sadder and older, oh love

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