

Lisa Hannigan

"Asail"

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It's long gone, that carry on from December
It is no matter, if you remember
Mulled paper bagged wine
And too much bedside whiskey
I will roll my heart up
I will roll my heart up in my sleeve

Now it is your line, I know that I wrote it
If you tell a lie, no one will notice
And of you and I, I was the loudest
While you stayed quiet, we were surrounded

It's long gone our carry on from the winter
I asked you upstairs
And two we tangled in my hair
You were never one for chronic chattering
Your heart beat pale
While I flew my colours
I flew my colours like a sail

Now it is your line, I know that I wrote it
If you tell a lie, no one will notice
And of you and I, I was the loudest
While you stayed quiet, we were surrounded

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