

Lisa Hannigan

"Knots"

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It was early in the morning,
we were sitting on the stoop,
There wheeled away a starling
And I thought that I would too.
Whoa, to all I knew
I was lost through and through

In my high heels, and my old dress
With my new keys in the wrong city.
I tied the knots to remember in my heart
So I choke and I sputter to a stop
I am a borrower and lender of the lot.

I walk away asleep
and chalk an outline round the scene.
This shadow play of whiskey talk,
a heavy denier dream.
Whoa, now let it be
I was lost in him and me

In my high heels, and my old dress
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With my new keys and the roses
I tied the knots to remember in my heart
So I choke and I sputter to a stop
I am a , in the other part

In my high heels, and my old dress
With my new keys in the wrong city
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So I choke and I sputter to a stop
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Thanks to Laina for correcting these lyrics

