

The Civil Wars

"Tip of My Tongue"

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You're a red string tied to my finger a little love letter I
carry with me. Sunlight, smoke rings and cigarettes
outlines of kisses on silver screens.
Oh dear never saw you coming oh my look what you
have done you're my favorite song always on the tip of
my tongue
You own me with whispers like poetry your mouth is a
melody I memorize
Mmm ,so sweet I hear it echo everywhere I go day and
night.
Oh dear never saw you coming oh my look what you
have done you're my favorite song always on the tip of
my tongue. The tip of my tongue. Oh oh oh oh dear
never saw you coming oh my look what you have done
you're my favorite song always on... oh oh oh dear
never saw you coming oh my look what you have done
you're my favorite song always

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