

Lisbeth Scott

"Smokehouse"

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I am a tight wire
You hold me like a line to throw
You give me something that baites me
When the tide is low

All around I hear the trains coming in
One by one
But you don't come, no you don't come

She makes a smokehouse
You cannot find the door to leave
The priest is puttering and humming
There's something up his sleeve

The sun is looking gray today
And the birds can't find their way
And so you stay, and so you stay

I need a moment
To whisper something in you ear
I got a piece of your puzzle
To me you are so clear

Some take and then they go and some flow
Like a river in the sand
Baby I know you can
Come on I know you can
Baby I know you can
Come on I know you can
Come on I know you can

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