

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
You're sunlight
Smoke rings and cigarettes
Outlines and kisses for silverscreens

Oh dear, never saw you coming
Oh my, look what you have done
You're my favourite song
Always on the tip of my tongue

Oh
Well you own me with whispers like poetry
Your mouth is a memory I memorize
So sweet
I hear it outdoors everywhere I go
Day and night

Oh dear, never saw you coming
Oh my, look what you have done
You're my favourite song
Always on the tip of my tongue
The tip of my tongue

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