

Amy Cook

"Mescaline"

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Pour me bitter mescaline
Sail me home on a silver wind
Where the roots crept down all night as we slept
Or the river did flow on from your ruby lips
It's a long way down to the water

Drifter, you roll with the turning tides
I wish you an ocean of satellites
On the freeways and side-streets from here to Japan
Sorrow's gonna wonder just where you've been

And she'll call your name
Call your name
Call your name
Call your name

Sunbeam is gonna fall on your lonely head
Moonshine is gonna leave you alone again
I know I have the weakest of hearts
But baby I've got a mouthful of stars
And I'll lead you down to the water

So pour me bitter mescaline
Bring me a jar full of lightning
What kind of fire leaves you drenched to the bone?
Why don't you come here and leave me alone?

And I'll call your name
Call your name
Call your name
Call your name

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