

## Sixty Stories

### "Whisky Neck"

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Whiskey neck  
In my hand  
Steal my voice again  
Scratch my throat  
'Til raw  
Hold on to the end

We went up to Salem  
Desperate comes at night  
We went in the house  
The three nowhere in sight

The three nowhere in sight

????????????????????are drunken  
The whiskey bottles were broken  
????????????????????are drunken  
The whiskey bottles were broken

Up the steps  
Secret stair  
On into your room  
There by the bedpost  
Dancing around us  
Sweepnig on a broom

Across the devil's window  
Up above the raging sea  
They plotted their course  
On winds from the north  
In silence came the three

In silence came the three

????????????????????are drunken  
The whiskey bottles were broken  
????????????????????are drunken  
The whiskey bottles were broken

Broken

Broken  
Broken  
Broken

Can we break the escape  
Behind us and keep us free  
Can we topple the high cults instead?  
Would she float in the water  
Oh no, no  
Would she ignite in the fire  
In the fire, the fire tonight

Sometimes I drink myself to sleep  
Wake up, wish I was dead  
One day I will become a dream  
I will become a dream  
Oh yeah  
One day  
One day float on the water  
Would she ignite the fire?  
Tonight  
In the fire  
Would she float  
One day I will become a dream  
Tonight  
I will become a dream  
Tonight

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