

Tanya Donelly "Whiskey Tango"

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You accuse me of fancy talk
When I'm just trying to find my words
You've got a funny way of saying my name
Like I just ripped it off

These whiskey tango ghosts
Won't leave us alone
But you are too polite to complain
Of the art of speaking plain
I haven't gathered a thing

While I know, we're dug in deep here
Why can't we live high with the wind
You're just a freckle away from changing everything
I'll make this easy by calling on my gypsy pedigree

These whiskey tango ghosts
Won't leave us alone
Of the art of speaking plain
I haven't gathered a thing

While I know we're dug in deep here
Why can't we live high with the wind?
Can't we live?

Of the art of making waves
I had my lesson in spades
And these ghosts they make it plain
They're never going away

And my ghost she makes it plain
I haven't gathered a thing
Though I know, we're dug in deep here
Why can't we live high with the wind?
Can't we live?

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