

Lisa Hannigan, Fall

Hold you horses, hold your tongue
Hang the rich and spare the young
Who drain the spirits from the jars
Up the fences, steal the cars
From the fumes and from the north
And burn for us right through the fall

All the ladies call your name
Brush you hair like it could be tamed
Hitch their dresses past the knees
Spilling to the floor like ease
They swing the bridges one and more
And burn for us right through the fall

All our running ahead /4x

And we'll seize the captain's wheel
A mutiny we've come to feel
When were their aiming's gone from view
With everything we thought to do
If the devil won't have me
I wonder who will? /2x
Al our running is a crawl
And burns for us right through the fall

All our running ahead /4x

All our running /2x