

Lisa Hannigan, Knots

It was early in the morning,
we were sitting on the stoop,
There wheeled away a starling
And I thought that I would too
Whoa, to all I knew
I was lost through and through

In my high heels, and my old dress
With my new keys in the wrong city
I tied the knots to remember in my heart
So I choke and I sputter to a stop
I am a borrower and lender of the lot

I walk away asleep
and chalk an outline round the scene
This shadow play of whiskey talk,
a heavy denier dream
Whoa, now let it be
I was lost in him and me

In my high heels, and my old dress
With my new keys and the roses
I tied the knots to remember in my heart
So I choke and I sputter to a stop
I am a? in the other part

In my high heels, and my old dress
With my new keys in the wrong city
In my high heels, and my old dress
With my new keys in the wrong city
I tied the knots to remember in my heart
So I choke and I sputter to a stop
I am a borrower and lender of the lot
I tied the knots to remember in my heart
I tied the knots to remember in my heart
So I choke and I sputter to a stop