

Voxtro, Whiskey

Please send me a sign
To set me up against the rain
And give me something I can trust
In all the trauma of change

I've followed a dream
And if a man is born to fall
Then let me live against my creed
And all the filth of it all

And I can drink
My whisky and water
I am fixed falling in peace
Because there's a price you pay to live this way
its called a release

Please draw me a line
Send me loving sun to boot
Because I'm idol drunk I know
Busy with nothing to do

This body is cold
I have to make the grade alone
Because I have travelled far to find
I need a room of my own

Where I can
Bring colour with fortune coz'
She's something to be
She's spending Saturday emphatic
With the SSP

And I am
Short guilty of sin because
It hurts me to know
She's working so hard
But for the joy of stock control

(Solo)

Well let me
Sing out to myself
Polish off these bottled cries
And send them down to solve your woe
Coz' I'm not ready to die

But I am
Ready to live
But can I make it out with pride
And play the left wing let down king
Fed up with something to hide

And I can
Run to you for cover
And we'll bury the dread
When the time has come for leaving
I will love you instead

O won't you
Sing something in minor key
This stillness is bleak
But can we dream away the guilt we have
For the working week

O and in
The warm arms of a stranger
I'm too happy to lie
I know we've both been here before
Just don't ask me why

And I have
Walked here with you close to me
But never alone
But won't you cling to me
With the nature key
With the joy I've known
With the joy I've known
For the joy
I remember the joy
I remember the joy
I remember the joy
I remember the joy
Lalalalalala
Lalalalalala
Lalalalalala

Lalala