

Gary Jules, Whiskey For Everybody

From the air the fields over Dublin
Look like a watercolor
When the streets rise up to meet the plane
Nobody notices
That I miss your face
More than anything in the world
I miss your face
More than anything in the world
Whiskey for everybody
To us and to all we left behind

A beautiful morning
You've got someplace to be
So if you have to go
Be sure and think of me
Cause I miss your face
More than anything in the world
And I miss your face
More than anything in the world
Whiskey for everybody
Whisper the words before you're out the door again

I believe that you were right
The seas are full and stars are falling
I believe that you were right
We were so young when we left home

From the fields the air over Dublin
Looks like a watercolor
And even in empty arms
I feel the weight of you
Oh I miss your face
More than anything in the world
And I miss your face
More than anything
Whiskey for everybody
To us and to all we left behind when we left home.