

Damien Rice, Prague

I pack my suit in a bag
I'm all dressed up for prague
I'm all dressed up with you
All dressed up for him too...
Prepare myself for a war
Before I even open up my door
Before I even look out
I'm pissing all of my bullets about...

Wrap myself in a bag
I'm all wrapped up in prague
I'm all wrapped up in you
I'm all wrapped up in him too

Prepare myself for a war
And I don't know what i'm doing this for
Trying to let it all go
But how can I when you still don't know?

I could wait for you
Like that hole in your boot
Waiting to be fixed
I could wait for you
What good would that do
But to leave me pricked?

Cheers darlin'
Here's to you and your lover
...darling
I got years...
Pack my suit in a bag
Pack myself in a bag
Pack my suit in a bag
All dressed up for Prague
Pack my suit in a bag
All dressed up for
All dressed up for
All dressed up for