

# 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  
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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  
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