

Little Whiskey

Angus & Julia Stone

There's nowhere else
For us to go
My dear
So won't you
Go, get home

Pour a little whiskey before I head home
Pour a little whiskey before I head home
Poor, poor lovesick child
There's still fire in your belly and your heart is still wild
There's still fire in your belly

There's a ghost in my garden
It's telling me to go
Find my way back
To where my love is gone

Pour a little whiskey before I head home
Pour a little whiskey before I head home
Poor, poor love sick child
There's still fire in your belly and your heart is still wild
There's still fire in your belly
There's still fire in your belly and your heart is still wild
There's still fire in your belly, son