

Baby Grand

Have Mercy

Make a list of everyone you knew
Tell me all the ones that you held onto
It's the colors I want to pursue
All the lights and the shades of blue
When the words have been misconstrued
Cause they're from different points of view

You could be the pen, I could be the map
Draw me crooked lines off the beaten path
Or I could follow hums and familiar laughs
Maybe older songs from the phonograph

Give me one more night and I promise
Give me one more night and I'm sure
Give me one more night and a different life
We could be how we knew we were
How we were

So give me the old helping hand
And play me a song baby grand
Leave a mark where you stand
It's my wish, my demand

Cause you could be the pen, I could be the map
Draw me crooked lines off the beaten path
Or I could follow hums and familiar laughs
Maybe older songs from the phonograph

Give me one more night and I promise
Give me one more night and I'm sure
Give me one more night and a different life
We could be how we knew we were

Give me one more night and I promise
Give me one more night and I'm sure
Give me one more night and a different life
I could wake up next to her

I miss you playing me something good
The chipping keys and the cherry wood
Cause you could be the pen, I could be the map
Draw me crooked lines off the beaten path
Or I could follow hums and familiar laughs
Anything to get us back

Give me one more night and I promise
Give me one more night and I'm sure
Give me one more night and a different life
We could be how we knew we were

Give me one more night and I promise
Give me one more night and I'm sure
Give me one more night and a different life
I could wake up next to her
Next to her