

The Gift

The Whiskey Saints

Give me a roof to shout your name
Through streets, off building walls
So the world can hear my claim
Give me years of city nights
And we'll walk from bay to sea
Round the Half Moon light I could have told you long ago
But if there's one thing I've learned, it's that love isn't certain
Give me a rule to follow by
The path that I will choose
A second chance we'll try
Give me the words you want to hear
When the shadows pass outside
To calm your fears I could have told you long ago
But if there's one thing I've learned, it's that love isn't certain

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