

Tip of My Tongue

The Civil Wars

You're a red string tied to my finger a little love letter I carry with me. Sunlight, smoke rings and cigarettes
outlines of kisses on silver screens.

Oh dear never saw you coming oh my look what you have done you're my favorite song always on the tip of
my tongue

You own me with whispers like poetry your mouth is a melody I memorize

Mmm ,so sweet I hear it echo everywhere I go day and night.

Oh dear never saw you coming oh my look what you have done you're my favorite song always on the tip of
my tongue. The tip of my tongue. Oh oh oh oh dear never saw you coming oh my look what you have done
you're my favorite song always on... oh oh oh dear never saw you coming oh my look what you have done
you're my favorite song always

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