

Wigwam

Clusone 3

The chips are down, you're in the game

But win or lose you feel the same

Another bottle in the hand

You're sick of life and its demands

You're taking off in the night

You're coming in when it's light

You make it up to the wife

You say you're wrong when it's right

You think you got me all worked out

I'll see you off you and your crowd

Another bottle takes a man

Sick of life and its demands

Come to me where I can see

Way beyond the stars

So my friends what's here to me

Open up your arms

[Incomprehensible]I'm coming up, I'm coming up

I'm coming up, I'm coming up

I'm coming up, I'm coming up

(Yeah, you've been coming up)

I'm coming up, I'm coming up

I'm coming up

(Coming, coming, coming up)

