# 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)
I'm coming up
(Coming, coming, coming up)
I'm coming up
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