

Whiskey Tango

[Tanya Donelly](#)

You accuse me of fancy talk
When I'm just trying to find my words
You've got a funny way of saying my name
Like I just ripped it off These whiskey tango ghosts
Won't leave us alone
But you are too polite to complain
Of the art of speaking plain
I haven't gathered a thing While I know, we're dug in deep here
Why can't we live high with the wind
You're just a freckle away from changing everything
I'll make this easy by calling on my gypsy pedigree These whiskey tango ghosts
Won't leave us alone
Of the art of speaking plain
I haven't gathered a thing While I know we're dug in deep here
Why can't we live high with the wind?
Can't we live? Of the art of making waves
I had my lesson in spades
And these ghosts they make it plain
They're never going away And my ghost she makes it plain
I haven't gathered a thing
Though I know, we're dug in deep here
Why can't we live high with the wind?
Can't we live?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>