

Flight 1277

The Whiskey Saints

Dragging hours behind this morning
She's dealt a long delay
San Francisco is departing
But we're heading to LA
She's the last person that I need to meet
But we're stuck here this way
It's possible she missed her cab
Sleeping off three bottles of champagne
Still she's finding the nearest lounge
To drink until she goes insane
Though McCarran is filled every day
With people in pain
Spending money you just hope to forget
And now you're running late
Our chance will be happening soon
But girl you've gotta wait
For twelve seven seven
Unpredictable and never content
She's becoming a clich

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