

Pistachio

[Lisa Hannigan](#)

 sit down and fire away,
 i know it's tricky when you're feeling low,
 when you feel like your flavour
 has gone the way of a pre-shelled pistachio...
 i know you're weighed down
 you're fed up with your heavy
 your boots
laced with melancholy notion's all you own...i do - like sugar - tend toward the brittle and sticky when spun
 and i know my demeanor
 has gone the way of a photo left out in the sun...
 so i try to keep myself in lillies and flax seeds...
oh what a folly- fooling just yourself...sit down and smoke away,i wouldn't knock it till you're in them shoes
 oh watch as ours subtlety blows away as a blusher gives way to a bruise...
 but seemly, we'd freely make a trade-off
 a dry rot to take the weight off
 swap the boots for red shoes

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>