

# Mother Tongue (Acoustic)

## White Lies

The city stays high, all night  
Lit up and shivering  
Like a pinball table of fireflies  
An echo of home, on the edge of life  
Shot through the veins of an angel  
I'm a devil in exile But if you have forgotten  
Your precious mother tongue  
What do you think your mother  
Would say of what you've done?  
And if you can't remember the place  
You call a home, or having trouble placing  
Who's calling on the phone Who's calling on the phone Dip the nose of the car to the sugar lines  
Out to the desert  
Under cinnamon hills and moonshine  
He said 'what can I do to make you mine?'  
Kiss out the twang from my lips  
On the way to big-time But if you have forgotten  
Your precious mother tongue  
What do you think your mother  
Would say of what you've done?  
And if you can't remember the place  
You call a home, or having trouble placing  
Who's calling on the phone Who's calling on the phone Forgot your mother tongue  
Forgot your mother tongue  
Forgot your mother tongue  
Forgot your mother tongue But if you have forgotten  
Your precious mother tongue  
What do you think your mother  
Would say of what you've done?  
And if you can't remember the place  
You call a home, or having trouble placing  
Who's calling on the phone But if you have forgotten  
Your precious mother tongue  
What do you think your mother  
Would say of what you've done?  
And if you can't remember the place  
You call a home, or having trouble placing  
Who's calling on the phone

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