

Mother Tongue (demo)

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

Songwriters

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