

Single Malt

Hooverphonic

You are sailing away
On a lake of madness
On a wave of sadness You prefer the taste
Of single malt sadness
A dirty shot of madness You slowly float subconsciously
You don't even care what it does to me
I used to be your gladness
You are heading
For a storm of illness
A hurricane of sickness You've made your choice
A long time ago
Without giving me the right to vote You slowly float subconsciously
You don't even care what it does to me
I used to be your gladness Even love doesn't seem to work
As a drug against the rush
I used to be your gladness
Now you are my sadness
I used to be your gladness
Now you are my sadness
Will it all end in madness
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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