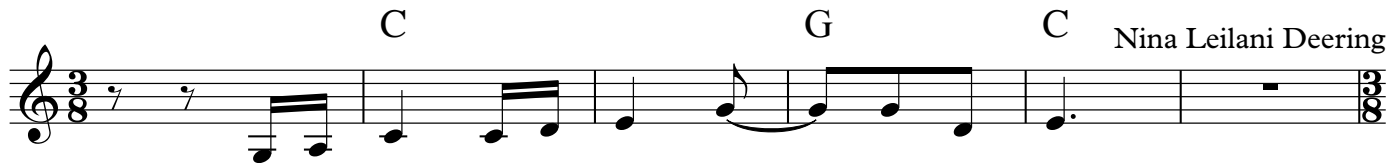
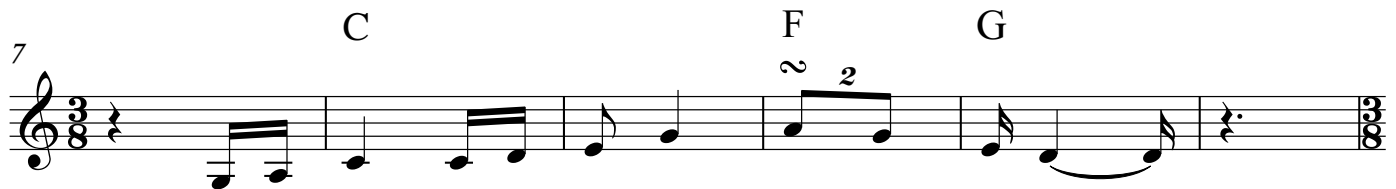


Ballade Pour Whiskey

Nina Leilani Deering



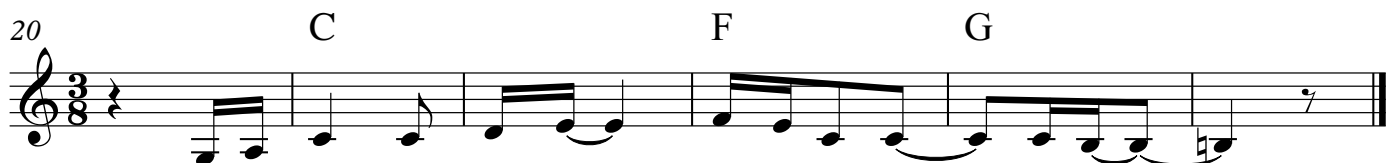
1. The mo - ssy earth prays at my feet.
2. Not let - ting go I hold it in.
3. But then it's time to rip the latch.
4. Swan dive in - to a pur - ple sack.
5. A bar - relled body bobs down the river.
6. The moon shines on this sou - thern dance.
7. The spi - rit new and fa - shion old.



1. A mo - ther's wor - ry hits my teeth.
2. Some re - ver - ie in Sco - ttish sin.
3. And down the hatch with - out a scratch.
4. Is for the stra - nger at my back.
5. My nat - ive land, my ar - rows qui - ver.
6. We place our bets on the queen of France.
7. A - cher - ry in a pot of gold.



1. Her fear of God burns in - to my tongue.
2. The ghost of Gaelic whi spers past.
3. A glass to make a she - l - by proud.
4. I plunge in - to red me - l - ted wax.
5. The oa - ken tomb pulled't ward the calls.
6. Trail bla - zed hooves, then drop the beat.
7. A bit to smell the zest of life.



1. A breath of cou - rage fills up my lungs.
2. Are beg - ging me to make it last.
3. A song in wait is crow - ned out loud.
4. And gal - lop round the der - by tracks.
5. For crim - son ca - ra - mel wa - ter falls.
6. I'm Lady Go - di - va on Bour - bon Street.
7. A bottle to feel the mor - nings knife.