

Cherry Wine

Hozier

Her eyes and words are so icy
Oh but she burns like rum on the fire
Hot and fast and angry as she can be
I walk my days on a wire it looks ugly, but it's clean
Oh mamma, don't fuss over me The way she tells me I'm hers and she is mine
Open hand or close fist would be fine
The blood is red and sweet as cherry wine
Calls of guilty thrown at me
All while she stains
The sheets of some other
Thrown at me so powerfully
Just like she throws with the arm of her brother But I want it, it's a crime
That she's not around most of the time The way she shows me I'm hers and she is mine
Open hand or closed fist would be fine
The blood is red and sweet as cherry wine
Her fight and fury is fiery
Oh but she loves like sleep to the freezing
Sweet and right and merciful
I'm all but washed in the tide of her breathing
And it's worth it, it's divine
And I have this some of the time
The way she shows me I'm hers and she is mine
Open hand or closed fist would be fine
The blood is red and sweet as cherry wine
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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