Smitten

David L. K. Murphy

You put your face in front of mine
All but hiding desperation
Hunger leaks out of your eyes
Whetting me with dark temptationAll I want, all I want is to hold you
Instead I hold my breathSickened by the season
I am smitten with you
Saddled with this treason
I am smitten with you, hey, hey, heyIn a dimly lighted bar
We sit while conscience pours another
And she is home and she is waiting
She my friend, she your loverI can hear the angels on your shoulder
And the devil on your lipsAnd I'm sickened by the season
I am smitten with you
Saddled with this treason
I am smitten with youYou can read me like a trashy book
I'm barely keeping in these rages
So far so clean, but I'm torn between
See, I'm torn between these pages, pagesYou put your face in front of mine
And breathed a wordless conversation
Good intentions, true regret
Cannot eclipse love's desperationAnd I'm sickened by the season
I am smitten with you
Saddled with this treason
I am smitten with youSickened by the season
I am smitten with you
Saddled with this treason
I am smitten with youI am smitten with you
I am smitten with you
Hey, hey, heyOoh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh, ooh

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