

# Spit Of Love

Bonnie Raitt

There's a howlin' at my window  
I hear him closin' in  
That green-eyed jackal's got the scent  
Knows I'll let him in  
Slinks in by me at the fire  
More bitter than the cold  
And it's a rage as old as Hades  
That'll sputter on these coals  
Well, I'm callin' on the Furies  
To let the toast begin  
Roastin' on the spit of love again  
The spit of love again  
I never have believed you  
But I stick around for more  
Somethin' 'bout that hollow in your eyes  
There's a darkness at the core  
Well, it's got me slowly turnin'  
And I'm basting on a bone  
And I'm skewered like some drunken fool  
In juices, all my own  
Callin' the Furies' carrion choir  
Singin' me back upon the pyre  
I'm roastin' on that spit of love again  
Spit of love again  
You call it what you want  
But it's lyin' just the same  
There's no mercy in these ashes, baby  
When your love's a cryin' shame  
And they're howlin' in the moonlight, baby  
They're here to call my bluff  
They're wonderin' if there'll ever come a day  
When I'll have finally had enough  
Well, I'm callin' on the Furies  
To let the toast begin  
Roastin' on the spit of love again  
Roastin' on that spit of love, spit of love again  
Take this, baby

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