

I Always Will

Royal Wood

With an empty glass and a belly fed
In a rented room on a borrowed bed
In a building high and a gutter low
With the wood and smoke and a fires glow
I love you still
I always will
The telling of a chronicle
A wounded heart with a poison pill
I love you still
I always willWhen my mind is stoned with itÃ¢Â€Â™s canon fire
And the world ainÃ¢Â€Â™t safe here in my desire
Well I cannot breathe all this evening air
With its honest touch and a lionÃ¢Â€Â™s stareI am here now
No direction home
IÃ¢Â€Â™m just a silly man of human flesh and bone
Caught upon the story of our love
It tastes of honey with itÃ¢Â€Â™s bitterness enough
Caught upon the story our love
It tastes of honey
The bitter honey

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