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 momma, don't fuss over me.The way she tells me I'm hers and she is mine
Open hand or closed fist would be fine
The blood is rare 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
Blood is rare 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
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 rare and sweet as cherry wine.

Songwriters
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