

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
He 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 And I'm callin' on the Furies, to let the toast begin
I'm roasting 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 the bone
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 roasting on that spit of love again You can 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 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 I'm callin' on the Furies, to let the toast begin
I'm roasting on that spit of love again

Songwriters

BONNIE RAITT Published by

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