

# Water With The Wine

Joan Armatrading

Met him on a Monday  
And he said he loved me so  
Walked me to my door  
Before I knew it to my living room I thought there was no need for worry  
When he took me in his arms  
Drank some whisky  
Hung his coat upon the stand That's when the music started  
I heard the light switch click  
I stumbled on a lost shoe  
The fever's starting  
This man was getting hot  
I got no strength to make him stop  
I guess it's too late  
But I'll know next time  
To mix some water with the wine The sun came pouring in at  
Five upon my face  
I felt the taste of last night's love  
Upon my lips  
I wasn't sure if I had dreamt it  
Or had not  
But there across the pillow  
Was the face I had forgot That's when he said he loved me  
Could be the truth this time  
He put his arms about me Fever's starting  
This man was getting hot  
I got no strength to make him stop  
I guess it's too late  
But I'll know next time  
To mix some water with the wine

Songwriters

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