

# Smitten

Bree Sharp

You put your face in front of mine  
All but hiding desperation  
Hunger leaks out of your eyes  
Whetting me with dark temptation All I want, all I want is to hold you  
Instead I hold my breath Sickened by the season  
I am smitten with you  
Saddled with this treason  
I am smitten with you, hey, hey, hey In a dimly lighted bar  
We sit while conscience pours another  
And she is home and she is waiting  
She my friend, she your lover I can hear the angels on your shoulder  
And the devil on your lips And I'm sickened by the season  
I am smitten with you  
Saddled with this treason  
I am smitten with you You can read me like a trashy book  
I'm barely keeping in these rages  
So far so clean, but I'm torn between  
See, I'm torn between these pages, pages You put your face in front of mine  
And breathed a wordless conversation  
Good intentions, true regret  
Cannot eclipse love's desperation And I'm sickened by the season  
I am smitten with you  
Saddled with this treason  
I am smitten with you Sickened by the season  
I am smitten with you  
Saddled with this treason  
I am smitten with you I am smitten with you  
I am smitten with you  
Hey, hey, hey Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh, ooh

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