

# 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 mamma, don't fuss over me The way she tells me I'm hers and she is mine  
Open hand or close fist would be fine  
The blood is red 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  
The blood is red 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  
And 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 red and sweet as cherry wine  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>