

Calumny

Christine McVie

My love sits like a curse
Voodoo from the past
I know that' I'm not a fool
Tied here to the mast
And every single day
Tight around my heart
No hope of cutting loose

Then he sings to me
So soft and sweet

Calumny calumny
Oh sweet calumny

I'm teased so by my love
Won't you let me rest in peace
His wheels go spinning round
A hundred miles at least
Torn, the petals drop
He picks them one by one
Testing out our love
By proving that it's gone

Then he sings to me
So soft and sweet

Calumny calumny
Oh sweet calumny

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