

# 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 momma, don't fuss over me.

The way she tells me I'm hers and she is mine  
Open hand or closed fist would be fine  
The blood is rare and sweet as cherry wine.

Calls of guilty fall on 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  
Blood is rare 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 can 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 rare and sweet as cherry wine.