

I Always Will

Royal Wood

With an empty glass and a belly fed
In a rented room on a borrowed bed
In a building high and a gutter low
With the wood and smoke and a fires glow
I love you still
I always will
The telling of a chronicle
A wounded heart with a poison pill
I love you still
I always will

When my mind is stoned with it's canon fire
And the world ain't safe here in my desire
Well I cannot breathe all this evening air
With its honest touch and a lion's stare

I am here now
No direction home
I'm just a silly man of human flesh and bone
Caught upon the story of our love
It tastes of honey with it's bitterness enough
Caught upon the story our love
It tastes of honey
The bitter honey