

Cherry Wine - Hozier Lyrics

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"Cherry Wine"

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 closed fist would be fine

The blood is rare 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

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

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 rare and sweet as cherry wine

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