

Drunkenness of Love

*Decked out in gold and jet
She stretched, superbly
Out on her four-poster bed
Lay the savage underneath
Drunkenness of love, drunkenness of love
The big red heart guides the way
Some men, good men
Just can't help playing Othello
Standing in the darkness
Every fiber screamed to know
Through the brittle tears, through the brittle tears
The big red heart guides the way
Wise men say the heart will grow
Only after suffering
But there's bourbon whiskey in the bed tonight
The rusty shot-glass stains
Drunkenness of love, drunkenness of love
The big red heart guides the way
Drunkenness of love, drunkenness of love,
Drunk and broken,
And all alone*