

Black Eyed Susan

Black

After the parties when I'm more drunk than lonely
Sinking down into only sweet thoughts of you
I see you waltzing in slow, slow circles
With your hair hanging down like a waterfall

I'm aching to hold you, wrap and enfold you and make you mine
My black eyed Susan

But you're his
When he wants you, whenever that is
And I wouldn't change it even if I wanted to

I'm aching to hold you, wrap and enfold you and make you mine
My black eyed Susan

I'm aching to hold you, wrap and enfold you
But it's him, no-one but him
For black eyed Susan