

Sure Thing

Widowspeak

A lemon from Amalfi coast
Maybe it's more green than gold
I hold on to forbidden fruit
I hold on to you

Honey I'm a sure thing
Honey I'm a sure thing
I'm a bug in your bed
Song in your head
Something you read
Love you til I'm dead and gone

Still of winter, flowers grown
Then flown in but far from home
Not long for, cut from this world
Yeah, life is short

Honey I'm a sure thing
Honey I'm a sure thing
I'm a bug in your bed
Song in your head
Something you read
Love you til I'm dead and...
Song in your head
Something you read
Love you til I'm dead and gone