

Black, Black Eyed Susan

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
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
Black eyed Susan
Black eyed Susan