

Bree Sharp, Smitten

SMITTEN

You put your face in front of mine
All but hiding desperation
Hunger leaks out of your eyes
Whetting me with dark temptation

All I want, all I want is to hold you
Instead I hold my breath

Sickened by the season, I am smitten with you
Saddled with this treason, I am smitten with you
(hey, hey, hey)

In a dimly lighted bar
We sit while Conscience pours another
And she is home, and she is waiting
She my friend, she your lover

I can hear the angels on your shoulder
And the devil on your lips

And I'm sickened by the season, I am smitten with you
Saddled with this treason, I am smitten with you

You can read me like a trashy book
I'm barely keeping in these rages
So far so clean, but I'm torn between, see, I'm torn between
These pages, pages

You put your face in front of mine
And breathed a wordless conversation
Good intentions, true regret
Cannot eclipse love's desperation

And I'm sickened by the season, I am smitten with you
Saddled with this treason, I am smitten with you
I am smitten with you
I am smitten with you
(hey, hey, hey)