

Ed Harcourt, Those Crimson Tears

Moving like a dancing bear
It's in my blood
Falling down the marble stairs
It's in my blood

Oh my dear, that's the way
I am made, I'm afraid

Those crimson tears
Drip on the floor, drip on the bar
Those crimson tears
Stain what I wore, drip on the bar

Swinging a punch, connect to the eye
It's in my blood
I've got a hunch I should just stay quiet
It's in my blood

Oh my dear, that's the way
I am made, I'm afraid

Those crimson tears
Drip on the bar, drip on the floor
Those crimson tears
Drip on the bar, stain what I wore