

Madeleine Peyroux, Love And Treachery

I put on my gloves tonight, pull onto the road to San Berdu
They remind me of hustlers, confidence men, and you
My hands are warm beneath them, and easy on the wheel
Without your love and treachery the calm is all I feel
I shiver in the mirror, pull my belt across my hips
The leather's hard in bending as your fingers to my lips
I wrap it tightly in defense as if your arms were near
But for your love and treachery there's nothing left to fear
I'll take a glass of wine and recall the words you spoke
From the bottom of your cup, covered in spit and smoke
But in your voice I'll hear my own and recognize the crime
That all your love and treachery has ended up as mine
I see you in the rearview with just a passing glance
How your eyes shine, as if through mine, you'd see and understand
As if we'd played each other but never knew the score
And all was love and treachery but isn't anymore
That all was love and treachery but isn't anymore.