

Tom Waits, Temptation

Rusted brandy in a diamond glass
everything is made from dreams
time is made from honey slow and sweet
only the fools know what it means
temptation, temptation, temptation
oh, temptation, temptation, I can't resist
I know that she is made of smoke
but I've lost my way
she knows that I am broke
so that I must play
temptation, temptation, temptation
oh, woah, temptation, temptation, I can resist
Dutch pink and Italian blue
she is there waiting for you
my will his disappeared
now my confusion's oh so clear
temptation, temptation, temptation
woah, woah, temptation, temptation
I can't resist