

# Calumny

Christine McVie

My love sits like a curse  
Voodoo from the past  
I know that' I'm not a fool  
Tied here to the mast  
And every single day  
Tight around my heart  
No hope of cutting loose

Then he sings to me  
So soft and sweet

Calumny calumny  
Oh sweet calumny

I'm teased so by my love  
Won't you let me rest in peace  
His wheels go spinning round  
A hundred miles at least  
Torn, the petals drop  
He picks them one by one  
Testing out our love  
By proving that it's gone

Then he sings to me  
So soft and sweet

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