

Days Of Rum

Marissa Nadler

She'd know in her time
She was young
A year to die
She had gazed a mile
In the corner in the night

And a man come to her
In the dead of old winter
And the doldrums [?]
To touch her body and her mind

Singing, Dum-diddle-dum
Days of fun, days of rum
Singing, Dum-diddle-dum
Days of fun, days of rum

Scarlet in the morning
Raise the bloody blind
Oh, she'd know in her time
She young
And young to die
But the roses never came
She was just some [?]
And in her bed, she bleeds
As she dreamt of a dying [?]

Singing, Dum-diddle-dum
Days of fun, days of rum
Singing, Dum-diddle-dum
Days of fun, days of rum