

Spit of Love

Bonnie Raitt

There's a howlin' at my window
I hear him closin' in
That green-eyed jackal's got the scent
Knows I'll let him in

Slinks in by me at the fire
More bitter than the cold
And it's a rage as old as Hades
That'll sputter on these coals

Well, I'm callin' on the Furies
To let the toast begin
Roastin' on the spit of love again
The spit of love again

I never have believed you
But I stick around for more
Somethin' 'bout that hollow in your eyes
There's a darkness at the core

Well, it's got me slowly turnin'
And I'm basting on a bone
And I'm skewered like some drunken fool
In juices, all my own

Callin' the Furies' carrion choir
Singin' me back upon the pyre
I'm roastin' on that spit of love again
Spit of love again

You call it what you want
But it's lyin' just the same
There's no mercy in these ashes, baby
When your love's a cryin' shame

And they're howlin' in the moonlight, baby
They're here to call my bluff
They're wonderin' if there'll ever come a day
When I'll have finally had enough

Well, I'm callin' on the Furies
To let the toast begin
Roastin' on the spit of love again
Roastin' on that spit of love, spit of love again
Take this, baby