The Southern Comfort Smile

Comadre

this is the last time you will feel me breathe
so while your hands are around my neck
make them into fists and choke this engine.
because every night feels like sandpaper down my throat
and i hate your southern comfort smile.
you can have no fucking taste in life
so keep diving into dives.
you can't say that i haven't tried
to walk in your shoes.
so much emptiness.
they've replaced your spine with extension chords,
tangled up and lost.
when you're off sharing beds, i'm off falling i love.
"this must be home" "no this heart is my home"
and if a couple of days felt like years,
then a couple of years can end in a day.
now i can't make it on my own.
take this skeleton.
burn your muscles.
leave the promises because you've eaten them alive.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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