Slippery

Ingrid Olava

Oh, how we lay like spoiled skin beneath the leaves
Oh, how the ring will never fit the finger properly
If I could rip it from its bond
I'd tie your eyes to me so tight
Because the years are getting slower
Oh, I'm a suitcase with the hinges bursting free
As to say you're stuffed too full
You have to give your lover's throat away
So through each pore I sweat the linger of your love away
So fast because our love is getting slippery

Somehow the sky is holding up the heavens
But I can't get the ground to hold the earth up anymore
And all our friends are finding life inside the ocean
But my pockets scream you can't afford to live there anymore
For all of my life I will keep you in my lower leg
Where all my sins are piled right up to my shoulder blade
And I will visit you with thoughts of the left side of my brain
Until the artery leads me back to you

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