

# 32 Lines

## Sophie B. Hawkins

I want your hand across my belly  
I want your breasts upon my back  
I want your pain to rip right through me  
I am your death, you are my wrath  
I'll take your hand beyond the threshold  
I'll take your gifts as art of fact  
I'll take your tongue right down to my throat  
You are my loss, I am your map  
I find your eyes, they give me shelter  
I find your lips, they give me peace  
I find your need to take me over  
Open my heart, I'll tell you stories  
Open my legs, I'll read your mind  
Open my mail, I'll tell you're forty

You are my fate, I'm your design  
I'll lead you over, the city burning  
I'll lead you home to province town  
I'll lead you down the soft dunes yearning  
You're my vision, I am your sound  
I long to be your handsome woman  
I long to feel the crease of time  
I long to free Medusa's stallion  
I'm your water, you are mine  
I need to carve your face in pavement  
I need to die in your embrace  
I need to keep a grave engagement  
You're my power, I'm your disgrace

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