

Sealed With A Glasgow Kiss

Jim Bob

I worship the ground that you walk on
Give praise to the place where you sit
Your face and the space that you talk from
Your teeth and those unlucky lips I gave you my name and independence
And the best seven years of my life
With twelve months suspended from sentence
And fifty-two lovely black eyes Love ain't like the movies
It blisters and bruises
Knocks you about with its fists
It leaves you a wreckage
All postaged and packaged
Sealed with a Glasgow kiss You're as pure as the driven
And I should be in prison
Or under a lorry
Because I hit you and I'm sorry But love ain't like the movies
It blisters and bruises
Bites like a Doberman
Never home sober
And leaves you a wreckage
All postaged and packaged
Sealed with a Glasgow kiss I desecrated the ground that you walk on
Put nails in the place where you sit
I wasted the space that you talk from
Your teeth and your unlucky lips Come kiss me
Come kiss me
Come kiss me
Come kiss me
Kiss me

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