

# The Stripper Has No Navel

## Honus Honus

Heaven's in the details  
The intersections  
The line between devotion  
Hatred and affection  
I found perfection in imperfection  
In broken noses and other things  
'Cause if you're broken, everybody's broken  
Everything aches like a knife in cake  
Crash course like a mosquito  
Underneath an elbow  
You can't go off into the evening  
Without even thinking

True love and the afterlife  
Two sirens you might never find  
So why waste your time  
Chasing a fallacy

She says she loves the sound  
Of cars colliding  
Pigeons hitting windows  
Bridesmaids crying  
It's the little things that make her heart sing  
A crooked finger  
A naked neckline  
She rips the zipper  
Kicks the table  
Oh, my stripper  
She has no navel

True lust and the aftertaste  
Two sirens you might never find  
So why waste your time  
Searching for a movie scene  
True love and the afterlife  
Two sirens you might never find  
So why waste your time  
Chasing a fantasy

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