

# Veins

## Dan Smith

Turning through this pages about  
Lovers consumating  
Well, it feels completely inappropriate here  
As our bodies intermingle unwillingly  
And I feel ten morning breaths against my skinAnd we were squashed  
We were squashed  
We were squashedAnd we find ourselves  
We find ourselves  
Just where we expected  
We find ourselves under each others armsWe don't want to be touched  
We don't want to be touched  
We don't want to be touchedWe just want to get off  
Not like they're getting off  
We just want to get offA monotonol voice tells  
Of someone under a train, well  
What an interruption to our day  
As we all come through the veins of our city  
And our fictional lovers keep screwing onAnd we were squashed  
We were squashed  
We were squashedAnd we find ourselves  
They find themselves  
Just where the author wanted  
Intermingled in each others armsWe don't want to be touched  
We don't want to be touched  
We don't want to be touchedWe just want to get off  
Not like they're getting off  
But it's so damn hotAnd we were squashed  
We were squashed  
We were squashedAnd we were squashed  
We were squashed  
We were squashedAnd we find ourselves  
We find ourselves  
Just where we expected  
We find ourselves under each others armsAnd we were squashed  
We were squashed  
We were squashed

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