That's When It Hit Me

Ezra Furman

That's when it hit me
and splintered my collarbone like a melody, and I was in love
with the world, liquefied in a blender and poured through the funnel
of your eyes into an incredible little jar which I have come
to refer to mistakenly as my life. Such a revelation blacked
my eyes and threw me against the wooden door, I was bleeding
a little bit from a cut near by eyebrow. My mouth fell open
at the sight of a violent beauty and I drooled a sweet liquid
onto the carpet. I think you can see oh darling that it hurts to split open
your sleep at five a.m. but love breaking into your heart in the early
early morning and does the Charleston on your faceYour eyes were black from the sun when I fell down the stairs
getting up to go to work, I wanted to bring you some money
to show you that you had held a gun to my eye and made me fall
in love because this was something I could not put into words
at the time. Thank heaven the cuts are clean and ugly now
and I'm drinking breakfast through a straw for you my coney island gal
I suspect we could have gone it all night and all the next day, but you get tired so we got some black thread and sewed it all up and went to bleeding sleep
in your bedsheets but I didn't tell you I
stayed up aching at the ceiling
touching a black and yellow bruise on my thigh I will never forget--
so do you think we can do this for the rest of our lives, isn't the world just dripping through the pipes we knocked my teeth out on and please
can we be in love again tomorrow night if we don't make too much noise;
at two-thirty somebody was banging on the or and talking about calling the cops, somehow we made it out of that one baby,
let's get cleaned up and do it once more, ohh-hhhhhh shit
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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