We're Not Supposed to Be Lovers

Adam Green

picture a place that's far from danger.
a nicer place to cash your chips.
i'm not the one holding you hostage.
squeezed inbetween my lips.we're not supposed to be lovers.
or friends, like they'd have us believe.
we're not supposed to know eachother.
accept my apology.i was a babe stuck in a tree branch.
banging on my rusty cradle bars.
until i stole your middle finger.
now who's the one in charge?we're not supposed to be lovers.
or friends, like they'd have us believe.
we're not supposed to know eachother.
accept my apology.vain, underground, fist, face down.
bruise as they heal my pain.
food on the flight.
bread, fist, bite.
draw from the orange juice crane.picture a person you've forgotten.
kissing your brother or your friend.
picture a wounded entertainer.
cutting his hair again.

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