Work

Perfect Pussy

I guess he had to wonder
Larger than life on screen
And now in technicolor
Where sickness gave me meaningI'm young again
Consumed in bed by silks and pills
I'm twenty one again
Not yet concerned with menIf you had this chance
You wouldn't be the audience
You'd be the play itself
I'm just the star, baby
All things in time will be well
We just now found
How our light worked to trick the eye
I really think we should slow down
And you keep saying it's ok, but I still don't believe you
I guess I photograph well, remind me again what you do?
Stick your flesh in my mouth, say you like it when I bite
Cross your fingers and be nice and man I just mightBut this learning is too much for me
This script is to heavy
I know I can hurt me
Far worse than you can hurt meI'm no stranger to pain
I'd put a knife to my skin
And wait for some young man
To kick my broken door in
And my skin is full of blood
And my eyes are full of stars
And my blood is full of stars
And I'm so fucking embarrassed
And I'm so fucking happy now
And you had no idea
How much had changed once you left
Now you're back like it's nothingWe make love and fall so and it doesn't feel good
It's not magic it's work
But it's real and that's cool
What we have to lift
Is beyond heavy
Had surpassed normal
It has taken on my likenessHe doesn't change
But somehow he grows

Says he now knows
What life is like without meAnd I'll buy anything
As long as it sounds good
But it doesn't matter
Everything is fine
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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