

Agony in Her Body

Sage Francis

Day one, I played with her blood
Day two, left her face bruised and we called it making love
Day three, her blood played with me
Dirty talk caught me off guard
Had the nerve to ask me if I thought she was crazy.
Baby you don't know where my mind has been
Fell off the bike more than twice but it's time to ride again
This time I've learned from my past falls
Old wounds might reopen soon
Burn them in alcohol I heard that last call (what?) it was a close one
Roadrunners no which direction to go when snow comes
Then we're costal
Extra traction on radial tires Having sex in the back wrapped in radio wires
Self abusive, stuck in a bad place
Head full of bruises and scratched face
I bled porously
Inserting my juices so you can taste me
Put my neck in a noose and swung to safety
Found a land mine planted in the sole of my foot
I can't find sanctum in the holes I've input
I keep digging covered in earth
I undress they run tests I leave the dirt to the experts
White coats and shiny objects
I jump their lifeboat science project
We got a floater
Guinea pig overboard
Stone sober hillbilly kid with open sores
Ripped vocal cord Tearing them out
A mutant manifesto that you'll probably never hear about Weirded out about my whereabouts
Ears pierced my mouth a bearded medicine man who wears a pouch
Keeps digging
And I'm swimming up hill
I'm fighting a tide of mudslide and blood spilled
Until I've got a shirt off my back
And a girl on attack on top with a curled lip
The world map is our bed sheet
We share geography now
I explore virgin territory
Squeaky seats acting as a mating call

Nothing on my but her and didn't feel naked at all
Ever feel the need to keep it so real you feed yourself into her hunger and don't care if she bleeds
Asking all these questions aint highly recommended
They'll eventually get answered if you put time in the friendship
That is if what you're doing is helping and it's not like you know until you uhReach the ending
She wanted my agony agony agony in her bodyDay one, I played with her blood
Day two, left her face bruised and we called it making love
Day three, her blood played with me
Dirty talk caught me off guard
Had the nerve to ask me if I thought she was crazy.I need more holes to breath from
She was crazy
Went under the knife I contemplated freedom
Put it all out on the operating table
Touching on some rubber ducks I played double dutch with some jumper cables
Then out broke like the water it started rushingAll of the sudden there she was gone
I'm the fall guy
She's a sight for sore eyes
I'm in labor all night until a new day is bornCurved globe
Road taste like
Eyes rolled, diceEarth pulls a 180 when I look into her snake eyes
I'm not afraid of dying
Pieces of me die all the time
Keep digging (keep digging)
I leave the dirt to the experts who push the boundaries of pleasure till the sex hurtsI hold today with a death grip
And play hard to get with tomorrow so as not to look so fucking desperate
Face sweaty
Hands unsteady
Blood pressure off the charts
My heart hangs heavy
Untreated wounds though repeated moods are seeds who develop in your needy womb
Your feeble ill cocoon
I don't grieve for many peopleAnd I don't mourn the pieces killed in you
My injection must have been lethalPick up the shovel love; you've got some digging to doAgony agony agony
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