Body Bag

NoMeansNo

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They say the eyes are the windows of the soul
but I love all the little dark holes
in your BODY BAG.
Your little willie, he's oh, so pretty,
and those titties, and those titties
in the BODY BAG.
Nobody knows you and nobody wants to.
Willie's poised to dive into flesh,
something tells me he will leave a mess
in the BODY BAG.
When we kiss my eyes are closed,
my lips are full, I breathe through my nose
in the BODY BAG.
Nobody knows you and nobody wants to.
See the children play in the mud,
moulding balls of faces and blood
from the BODY BAG.
All praise for corporal flesh;
the smell of love, the smell of death
from the BODY BAG.
Is it a womb or is it a tomb?
A sac of water that's quiet and warm,
a complex shape's beginning to form,
on marble slabs you're flat on your back,
all colours fall into the basic black
of the BODY BAG.
The creatures of earth are countless and strange,
open your lips and tell me the name
of your BODY BAG.
All praise for corporal flesh.

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