A Red So Deep

Cursive

The furnace burns, the baby turns
She cries when she's hungry
The morning paper will knock the door
To interrupt their slumbersAre you satisfied tonight, oh, trader's wife?
Does he neglect you?
Crawling bar stools and touching the girls
As you wash their smell from his clothesThey shoot the horses when they're too old to race
And so, my dear, is there room in bed for me?
The setting Sun has eteched lines upon this face
Shades of red of a furious defeatAre you satisfied tonight, oh, trader's wife?
As he thinks to you:
"I don't know you anymore,
And I can't breathe in this apartment"Sleep, my Sweetie, let the days expire
They've outnumbered you
Hold me sweetly, like the days we bled with love
A red so deep we sunk
We sunk...

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