

The Woman with the Tattooed Hands

Atmosphere

I used to know this woman
Who had the most beautiful tattoos
On the top sides of both of her hands
She was forty-three years old and as far as I know
Had never yet been with a man It's not that she wasn't attractive
She was beautiful but it was the way that she interacted
She was aggressively passive to the point
Where she would've intimidated any mitt
That ever tried to catch it On the right hand she had a tattoo of a nude girl
She claimed it is what God resembled
But on the left she had a mirrored image of the same female
And this one she explained looked like the devil I remember once watching her touch her own breasts
How the tattoos smiled as they stared down her stomach
As if anticipating when they'd be allowed to caress
The sweet flower that they both seemed to hunger
(Sweet flower) Now maybe I was high but it felt so right
Heaven and Hell both take to this woman's womb
It didn't make sense how she could commence
Touching herself with me wide awake in the same room But if I've learned anything in my years
(My years)
I learned I no longer believe in surprise
(In surprise)
But what happened next damn near stole my tears The tattoos came alive right in front of my eyes
They both slowly stood up and climbed off her hands
And showed me why she never took some time with a man
They climbed deep inside of this woman's garden She closed her eyes and she gently bit her bottom lip
I stepped I left and I don't regret leaving
And I'll never forget all the things I saw that evening
A glimpse of religion a piece of coming closer
To understanding more about what intrigues me most I didn't get turned on I just got turned
I wasn't as aroused as I was concerned
For each one of 'em I've hurt and every time I've been burned
I've got a lot to teach but even more to learn So now I keep my eyes open hoping to take in all I can
About women taking in all she can
And for as long as I breathe I'll save receipt
In my memory for that woman with the tattooed hands There's good and evil in each individual fire
Identifies needs and feeds our desire
As long as we keep our spirit inspired
She can bite her bottom lip all she wants There's good and evil in each individual fire

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