

# These Wholes In My Body On South Street

Richard McGraw

If I knew where to go  
And if I knew how to get there  
I met your lover on Friday night  
He was wearing gold and silver  
"So this is the lucky man," I thought  
"Well what does that make me?"  
And what would that make you my love  
Probably more than you would care to be  
And if we can't see eye to eye  
I can always kneel on this floor of mine  
And pray to the god you claimed that never came  
And watch you walk right out of this life of mine  
I broke up a fight on a Saturday night  
Those memories vs. me on South Street  
Thoughts of the past came to kick my ass  
And left me bleeding on the concrete  
You can see these scars and these wounds up close  
These holes in my body on South Street  
It's your microscope and all the things you couldn't cope  
with  
They are my enemies at least they seem to be  
And if you never come alive  
You can always kneel on this floor of mine  
And pray for the man you claim ran away  
And I can play that role, I can read his lines  
And if your waters weren't made for my tread  
Then what's possible could never give hell  
Is it the loss or the longing to which I am belonging  
that has kept you alive and well?  
"This is not the time nor the place," you said,  
"for picking up pieces like me."  
But I forgot that I was a junk man with holes in my hands  
When I held those pieces close to me  
And if you never change your mind  
I can always work on these lines of mine  
And I'll use them on the local girls  
And they can keep me shallow they can help you die  
And if I never turn out fine  
Well I can always kneel on this floor of mine  
And pray to the god you claim that never came and  
He can keep me shallow he can help you die  
He can keep me shallow he can help you die  
He can keep me shallow he can help you die

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