The Curse of Great Beauty

Clem Snide

Your tooth ache, an ivory tower
So let down your long perfect legs
I'll untie the knots with my lips and my tongue
And rub ambisol into your hair'Cause those paper cuts kept you from writing
A poem, so epic and true
About how you are cursed with a beauty so great
I'm sure that it's hard being youSo put down that book, it's too serious
I'll undress you as I make a joke
But please try not to laugh as I swim in your flesh
Just hold your breath 'til I finishSo explain it again to me slowly
About the physical world you transcend
I'll just watch your lips and your perfect white teeth
And the cigarette that doesn't belong there
And the cigarette that doesn't belong there

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