

# Life boat

Iona Marshall

Every time I open my mouth  
Or take off my clothes  
I am raw and frostbitten  
From being exposed  
I got red scabby hands  
And purple scabby feet  
And you can smell me coming  
From half way down the street  
And I remember that old hotel had quite the smell  
Where I would go to use the phone  
Between the donut shop and the pizza parlor  
Where I learned to live alone  
Sweet sixteen and smiling  
My way out of any jam  
Learning the ways of the world, oh my  
Learning the ways of man, oh  
And I didn't really want a baby  
And I guess that I had a choice  
But I just let it grow inside me  
Its persistent little voice  
And I guess I got her off and running  
And then run off is what she did  
And that's a part of what I think about  
When I think about that kid  
  
So now there's nothing left to wish upon  
Except the passing cars  
The cacophony of city lights  
Is drowning out the stars  
This park bench is a life boat  
And the rest a big dark sea  
And I'm just gonna lie here  
Until something comes and finds me  
Yeah, I got this tired old face  
Still grinning most of the time  
Just cause it don't have a better way  
To express what's on its mind  
And I got this running monolog  
Entertaining in its outrage

And I've got the air of an animal  
That's been living in a cage  
Every time I open my mouth  
Or take off my clothes  
I am raw and frostbitten  
From being exposed  
I got red scabby hands  
And purple scabby feet  
And you can smell me coming  
From half way down the street

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