

Laundered

Foxing

Sweet debility;
the macallan in my glass
honey beads from those ardent eyes
so here I sit, flooded in molasses
every dollop of sweat swells in your light
so call me what you will, just call me
call me what I am, I'm yours
laundered each saccharine stain
every word until the purity burns
the sugar drips until your name soaks in my brain
I can't stand to be rid of you
so call me what you will, just call me
call me what I am, I'm yours

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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