

# Itchy Teeth

**Marika Hackman**

I've been left,  
To lick my wounds, for too long,  
I'm down to bone  
Callus tongue, itchy teeth,  
metal mouth, with rubber gums,  
A contoured mouth  
Hold me for an hour,  
Flowers bloom in less,  
We'll brace this crumbling tower,  
The harvest of distress  
Eek me out, make me last  
I am a broken ship,  
a sinking mast  
You fill me up, I'm made of holes  
With finger tips, red nails and cutting words  
Patch me up  
Well hold me for an hour,  
Flowers bloom in less  
We'll brace this crumbling tower  
The harvest of distress  
Ooooooh ooh ooh, ooh  
Ooooooh ooh ooooooh,  
Ooh ooh, ooh ooh,  
Oooooh oooooh, ooh ooh  
Well, hold me for an hour,  
Flowers bloom in less  
We'll brace this crumbling tower,  
The harvest of distress

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