

Everything I Hate

Smalltown Poets

I think I am elastic
These arms they are a wonder
Pull from sideways, up and under I think it's time for something drastic
And it could be more than I bargained for
Ten to one it is Oh, I'm into everything I hate
My spirit is not fooled, my members take the bait
Oh, I'm in to everything I hate
Still not dead enough to stifle this debate These heels were made for bruising
And the cobblestones they're using
Are the pleasures of my choosing
I must be born for losing Heal these soles to hurt no more
And I'll lift these hands just like before
Cover me like a dime store suit
Until I'm just like you Careful little eyes what you see
Careful little feet where you go

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