

A Little Too High

NoMeansNo

Thumb it on the plunger and press it to your inner thigh
A spot of blood, a strand of hair beneath the bathroom light
I want to kiss it and make it feel better
I want to trace in it the twenty fourth letter
But I sick of it already I just a little too high
We'll walk a block and stand in line and watch the flashing lights
The bouncer is a friend of mine, he'll get us in all right
But when we kiss, please don't look me in the eye
When our tongues are twisted, just close them tight
Don't you prefer a bitter taste to a bitter sight? I do
I just a little too high Lizard brains and mucus stains and greasy little dove's thighs
Broken wings for eyebrows over glaring, multi-coloured eyes
A clearly traced rib-cage beneath your underarms
Yours finger spread like starfish
It won't do you no harm - so why do you cry?
You're just a little too high
Juvenile delinquents are screaming on the street, black cars and white cars meet
Like cats and sharks and laughing voices peak above the fumes and the rumble
Shots ring out from down the street, skirts ride clear of thighs, hair tumbles
Anger and vomit collide with a right cross
You look a little sick, you look a little lost
You say you can see frost on my breath through my phoney, frozen smile
Excuse me?
You're just a little too Tangled intravenous tubes, the smell of alcohol and glue
A dildo candle in a skull, you know the routine very well
Your lower back is arched and stiff under my claws
And like a crocodile child I nestle in your jaws
A friend's space, just beds in a place
Is that a nipple? is that a cock?
Surely something sensuous has trickled over us
Like streams of come on porcelain, like cold rain on a rock
We are multi-coloured candies, sweet and hard
Or the salty, jagged edges of crystal quartz
And as you roll over the covers
From one mouth to another
I almost miss you, I almost say goodbye
But I a little too high

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