Hickey

Lambchop

He hated to shower
'Cause he wanted to smell
What was left of the girl
That stayed at his hotelStill the water was warm
With the soap in his hand
As he halted the process
Just to stare at this manIn the dark of his room
Right after his nap
He buried his face in her pillow
Then he stared down at his lapA small circle of miracles
Surrounded his head
That ranged dark blue
All the way to dark redAnd in honor of this new affair
He bought some socks and some underwear
He was feelin' so sporty and lookin' brand new
To cover up his invisible tattooThe box on the carpet
Matched the lines on his head
As he was ready to sleep
And he turns down the bedRemoves all his clothes now
Lays them on the floor
Slips under the covers
He hears her key in the doorHis eyes blink for a minute
His lids open and close
A cool warmth fills the room
He feels her chest on his noseHis brow brushes her navel
His hand follows her hips
His neck jerks on the pillow
Feels the touch of her lipsAnd in honor of this new affair
He bought some socks and some underwear
He was feelin' so sporty and lookin' brand new
To cover up his invisible tattoo
But not as good as this invisible tattoo

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