

# Hickey

## Lambchop

He hated to shower  
'Cause he wanted to smell  
What was left of the girl  
That stayed at his hotel Still the water was warm  
With the soap in his hand  
As he halted the process  
Just to stare at this man In the dark of his room  
Right after his nap  
He buried his face in her pillow  
Then he stared down at his lap A small circle of miracles  
Surrounded his head  
That ranged dark blue  
All the way to dark red And 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 The box on the carpet  
Matched the lines on his head  
As he was ready to sleep  
And he turns down the bed Removes all his clothes now  
Lays them on the floor  
Slips under the covers  
He hears her key in the door His eyes blink for a minute  
His lids open and close  
A cool warmth fills the room  
He feels her chest on his nose His brow brushes her navel  
His hand follows her hips  
His neck jerks on the pillow  
Feels the touch of her lips And 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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