My Body

Perfume Genius

I go hungry
Pick at the shell
Paw the bottom
Of the wellI wear my bodyI go bottom
Struggle for air
I go humming
'Like A Prayer'I wear my bodyI wear my body like a rotted peach
You can have it if you handle the stink
I'm as open as a gutted pig
On the small of every back
You'll see a picture of me
Wearing my bodyI go guzzle
Scrap from the bin
Take it all
On the chinI wear my body

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