

Pyotr

Bad Books

Bare breasted, you make love in the turret
I feel each single thrust that you take
In silence I watch on from the bastion
Entranced, I make myself look away Bare breasted making love in the turret
I'll never love nobody other than you
And in silence I can feel as you quiver
Keep quiet or you know what he will do I know I am not the man you desire
I know you think that I am some kind of fool
And I know you would gaze in his eyes forever
I've figured out just how to give that to you When he found us in the western wing sleeping
You cried at all the things you thought he would do
And I tell you in the heat of the scuffle
Nobody ever takes my eyes off of you And oh Katherine, how you run me my fever
Oh Katherine, tell me was it worth it for him?
These gallows are no place for the stubborn
Just you and your lover as a dark souvenir She sees me on display inside the museum
Comes every morning and again when she can
Strokes her blistered hand across my glass container
Saying "It's so good to see you back here again."

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