

Broken

Belly

He cries out her eyes, a fire un-furnaced
The curve of her spine is Heaven unbound
But Heaven is harsh, a fire unfaithful
Like a bird that you hold in your palm I know where you hang, I drive by there often
I spy on the circus, you make of your friends
Heaven is harsh, a fire unfaithful
Like a bird that you hold in your palm Broken eyes in your head, broken arms at your side
Broken bird on a string, shake it till she sings
And you realize the suffering by that broken baby wing
And you shake her till she sings and you shake her till she sings He cries out her eyes as blue as her fingers
The curve of her ass is unparalleled
Heaven is harsh, a fire ungrateful
Like the bird you hold in your palm

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