

32 Lines

Sophie B. Hawkins

I want your hand across my belly
I want your breasts upon my back
I want your pain to rip right through me
I am your death, you are my wrath Ill take your hand beyond the threshold
Ill take your gifts as art of fact
Ill take your tongue right down to my throat
You are my loss, I am your map I find your eyes, they give me shelter
I find your lips, they give me peace
I find your need to take me over Open my heart, Ill tell you stories
Open my legs, Ill read your mind
Open my mail, Ill tell youre forty
You are my fate, Im your design Ill lead you over, the city burning
Ill lead you home to province town
Ill lead you down the soft dunes yearning
Youre my vision, I am your sound I long to be your handsome woman
I long to feel the crease of time
I long to free Medusas stallion
Im your water, you are mine I need to carve your face in pavement
I need to die in your embrace
I need to keep a grave engagement
Youre my power, Im your disgrace

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