

# Bea

## Dilute

Banging in fevered ports  
Banging in the night  
Ankle deep in mud  
I can sleep in mud  
I was a kind of hooker  
My lover was free I don't speak I ramble he was a gamble  
I just want to own something (young dirty street)  
I can sleep with anything and more Stripped women stripped men  
I fall instead of him  
I'm useless in the light fo the distance  
I could break you for all the right reasons  
I could hate you but what have I got Nobody feels your tongue  
Nobody sees you run  
Nobody sees you make  
Nobody knows your face Love lives your whim  
I'm stripped instead of him  
I'm harmless in the light of the distance  
I could break you for all the right reasons  
I could hate you but what have I got Nobody sees me old  
Nobody feels me cold  
Nobody lives my whim  
Nobody knows you're him I roam this head I carm what's left  
I hide myself from her love  
Nothing make me older but the birthmark on your back  
But making babies in the fields  
And the birthmark on your shoulder  
Making babies in the fields  
Makes me older Banging in fenceposts  
Banging in the night  
Ankle deep in mud I can sleep in mud  
I was a kind of hooker but his lover was me I don't sleep I ramble my kids was a gamble  
I just want to own something (old dirty earth)  
I can sleep with anything and more 'cause the birthmark on your shoulder  
Making babies in the field  
Nothing makes me older; nothing makes me live my life but you  
And that mark on your back making babies  
In the field

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