

Pulse

Ani DiFranco

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You crawled into my bed
Like some sort of giant insect
And I found myself spellbound
At the sight of you thereCocooned in my room,
Beautiful and grotesque and all the rest of that bug stuff
Bluffing your way into my mouth
Behind my teeth, reaching for my scarsThat night we got kicked out of two bars
And laughed our way homeThat night you leaned over
And threw up into your hair
And I thought
I would offer you my pulseIf I thought it would be useful
I would give you my breath
Except
The problem with death is that you haveSome hundred years and then they can
Build building on your only bones
100 years and then your grave is not your own
We lie in out beds, and our gravesUnable to save ourselves from
The quaint tragedies we invent
And then undo from the stupid circumstances
We slalomed throughAnd I realized that night that the hall light
Which seemed so bright when you turned it on is nothing
Compared to the dawn
Which is nothing, compared to the lightWhich seeps from me while you're sleeping
Cocooned in my room
Beautiful and grotesque resting
That night we got kicked out of two barsAnd laughed our way home
And I held you there thinkingI would offer you my pulse
I would give you my breath
I would offer you my pulse

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