

Bloodhound

Foxing

my bloodhound baying at your door
the wild grass overlapping your front porch
the sound of scratching claws trimmed short
keeps you buttoned up on the floor
and you're reduced to howls
and i'm not there to drown them out
swallowing up the room
letting yourself down
darling i'll be fine
the hiccups my mouth emits
i've left behind my calluses
this solicitude i won't forgive
i'll be whatever you like
all of this inside my head
i'll be whatever you like
your seafaring love to the shore
when the tide came in there was nothing left
but an albatross hanging from my neck
and just as you could not contain the sea
you could not contain me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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