

Agony In Her Body

Sage Francis

Day one I played with her blood
Day two left her face bruised and we called it making love
Day three her blood played with me
Dirty talk caught me off guard
She had the nerve to ask if I thought she was crazy

Baby, you don't know where my mind has been
Fell off the bike more than twice
But it's time to ride again
This time I learned from my past falls
Old wounds may re-open soon
Burn 'em in alcohol
I heard that last call
It was a close one
Road runners
Know which direction to go when snow comes
We're coasting
With extra traction on radial tires
Having sex in the back wrapped in radio wires
Self abusive, Stuck in a bad place
A Head full of bruises and scratched face
I bled profusely
Stirred in my juices
So you could taste me
Put my neck in a noose
And swung to safety
Found a land mine planted in the sole of my foot
I can't find santcum in the holes I've been put
I keep digging
Covered in earth
I undress
They run tests
I leave the dirt to the experts
White coats and shiny objects
I jump their lifeboat science project
We got a floater
Guinea pig overboard
Stone sober hillbilly kid with open sores
And ripped vocal chords
Tearing them out
It's a mute manifesto that you'll probably never hear about
Weirded out about my wearabouts
Swears pierce my mouth
A bearded medicine man who wears a pouch
Keeps digging
I'm swimming uphill
Fighting the tide of mudslides and blood spill
Until I've got a shirt off my back
And a girl on attack On top With a curled lip
The world map is our bedsheet
We share geography now
I explore virgin territory
The squeaky swat acted as a mating call
Had Nothing on me but her
And didn't feel naked at all
Ever feel the need
To keep it so real you feed

Yourself into her hunger and don't care if she bleeds
Asking all these questions
Isn't highly recommended
They'll eventually get answered
If you put time into friendship
That's assuming that what you're doing is helping
And it's not like you'll know until you uhhh
Reach the ending

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She was crazy
I need more holes to breathe from
Went under the knife
And contemplated freedom
Put it all out on the operating table
Clutching onto rubber ducks
I played double dutch with some jumper cables
Then I broke like the water
It started rushing
All of a sudden
There she was... gone
I'm the fall guy
She's the sight for sore eyes
I'm in labor all night until a new day is born
Her globe rotates like eyes roll dice
Earth pulls a 180
When I look into her snake eyes
I'm not afraid of dying
Pieces of me die all the time
I keep digging (I keep digging)
I leave the dirt to the experts
Who push the boundaries of pleasure til the sex hurts
I hold today with a death grip
And play hard to get with tomorrow
So as not to look so fucking desperate
Face sweaty
Hands unsteady
Blood pressure off the charts
My heart hangs heavy
Untreated wounds
Through repeated moons are seeds soon
To develop in your needy womb
A feeble, ill cocoon
I don't grieve for many people
I don't mourn the pieces killed in you
My injection must have been lethal
Pick up the shovel love
You got some digging to do

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