

## Properties Of Friction

### A Lot Like Birds

Oh, the motor in the back of your neck  
Is begging and calling for sex  
And the lizards are laying some monstrous eggs  
In an entropic tropical mess.  
While you're sleeping, I'm crawling,  
I've crept to the edge of the bed  
Where you've slept for a thousand nights alone  
In a cavern you call home.  
I'm here so let's do this.  
Your hands on my legs,  
You say the things I want to hear.  
Let's please just keep touching.  
I don't wanna think.  
Please keep me from thinking.  
I missed your name! Can I hear it again?  
I missed your name! Can I hear it again?  
While you were talking my eyes kept walking  
Down the walkway of your neckline  
So I didn't hear you begging. Can I hear it again?  
So many dreams have left me tired, waking up and shaking on my  
own.  
I ignored a ticking clock to call you and made a weapon of my p  
hone.  
Poor judgment and bankrupt morals!  
A girl without a penny for her thoughts!  
I guess I like you cheap.  
I guess that conscience long since rot has sent me spiraling  
So lost into the planet of your skin.  
There's a fear that we will end that just won't let me begin.  
And though I have no qualms with lust,  
Your body is a howling, haunted petting zoo that I really shoul  
dn't touch.  
And as I'm walking out the door for good,  
I turn around to look at you and you're...  
You're already undressed!  
If I draw near, do you disappear?  
If I stay away, will you call my name?