

## A Red So Deep

Cursive

The furnace burns, the baby turns  
She cries when she's hungry  
The morning paper will knock the door  
To interrupt their slumbers

Are you satisfied tonight, oh, trader's wife?  
Does he neglect you?  
Crawling bar stools and touching the girls  
As you wash their smell from his clothes

They shoot the horses when they're too old to race  
And so, my dear, is there room in bed for me?  
The setting Sun has etched lines upon this face  
Shades of red of a furious defeat

Are you satisfied tonight, oh, trader's wife?  
As he thinks to you:  
"I don't know you anymore,  
And I can't breathe in this apartment"

Sleep, my Sweetie, let the days expire  
They've outnumbered you  
Hold me sweetly, like the days we bled with love  
A red so deep we sunk  
We sunk...