

Anemia

Juliana Hatfield

I want to wear you to bed
I'm hanging on by a thread
Your tattered shirt is all I have
I make love to your monogram
Needing you is killing me
I desire apathy
I need you to hold my head
Soak up this blood with bread
Feed me 'cause I'm underfed
The heart I didn't mean to spill
It suffers from a lack of will
I can't get out of bed until
This deathly pallor is erased
By your sweet hand upon my face
Anemia
I fill my veins with nicotine
To change the nature of the need
I fill my head all up with shame
To change the flavor of the pain
These cigarettes are smoking me
I had a dream that I could sleep
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