

Up the Neck

The Pretenders

Anger and lust my senses running amok
Bewildered and deluded, have I been hit by a truck?
When my tongue lay inside his lip
Felt like the time in the womb
But I woke up with a headache that split my skull
Alone in the room

I got down on the floor with my head pressed between my knees
Under the bed with my teeth sunk into my own flesh
I said "baby, oh sweetheart"

Lust turns to anger, a kiss to a slug
Something was sticky on your shag rug, look at the tile
I remember the way he groaned and moved with an animal skill
I rubbed my face in the sweat that ran down his chest
It was all very run of the mill
But I noticed his scent started to change somehow
His face went berserk and the veins bulged on his brow
I said "baby, oh sweetheart"

Bondage to lust, abuse of facility
Blackmailed emotions confuse the demon and devotee
I was sure his intentions were sweet
And that mine was as well
But a wish is a shot in the dark
When your coin's down the well

I got out in the hall with my teeth in my head
Up to my neck and I said, said, said dead
I said "baby, oh sweetheart"