

Meant to Be Dutch

Rasputina

Oh I can wish
For duller mind
For more glamour
Or quiet time
For higher heels
Or flattened hips
But the nasty truth
Is at my lips

I will not let it out today
It's no one's business anyway
I'll do some petty work instead
Let it fester in my hand

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What bothers me?
Disatisfies?
Why the silent when
my dark side cries?

If I'm so smart,
What reason then
Do I deceive
my knowledge when
it eats at me
and shows it's true?
It's flat, it fits
Me like a shoe