

Bodies of Christ

The Bronx

Why should we separate
She said with a smile
She then drew a figure eight
In lipstick on the tile

Finished her dream
Blew smoke in the air
Said I'll never tell
And I'll never care

Her legs are like hostages
All tied up in twine
Oh how they would call for me
And beg for their life

Our bodies don't speak
They cry out like dogs
They stretch towards the sky
And scratch at the walls
Moments like these, are stronger than love
Ceilings and stars, look down from above

The dinner is over
And the kitchen's a mess
The kids are like vampires
Without any rest

She finished her dream
Blew smoke in the air
Said I'll never tell
And I'll never care

Our bodies don't speak
They cry out like dogs
They stretch towards the sky
And scratch at the walls

It's moments like these, that are stronger than love
Ceilings and stars look down from above