

## 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