Belly, John Dark

Belly
John Dark
John Dark
I wear them like John
No voice to guide me
And carry a picture
In my teeth
A wedding like John's
No voice to guide me
I carry the picture
In my teeth

Next time I'm feeling better I'll keep my lips together I'll wear my leather sweater And never once forget her

Your dilated eyes
And guarded paradise
You carry a picture of John
I know you're upset
Because you haven't shaved your legs
And you're not a woman
Who might think that was European
Do words stand alone?
Would words stand behind you?
Will words burn the picture
In your teeth?

Next time I'm feeling better I'll keep my lips together I'll wear my leather sweater And never once forget her

Next time I'm feeling better I'll put my hands together I'll wave my right to pleasure And keep my legs together