

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