

Poets Smalltown, Everything I Hate

I think I am elastic
These arms, they are a wonder
They go from sideways up and under
I think it's time for something drastic
And it could be more than I bargained for
Ten to one it is

Oh I'm into everything I hate
My spirit is not fooled-
My members take the bait
Oh I'm into everything I hate
Still not dead enough
To stifle this debate

These heels were made for bruising
And the cobblestones they're using
Are the pleasures of my chosing
Oh, I must be born for losing
Here, we souls, to hurt no more
I lift these hands just like before
Cover m' life and down so soon
Til I'm just like You

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My spirit is not fooled-
My members take the bait
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Still not dead enough
To stifle this debate

Careful little eyes what you see
Careful little feet where you go

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