

The Pretenders, Up The Neck

Anger and lust,
My senses running amok.
Bewildered and deluded,
Have I been hit by a truck.
With my tongue inside his [...?...],
Felt like the time in the womb.
But I woke up with a headache that split my skull,
Alone in the room.
I got down on the floor with my head pressed between my knees,
Ip to my neck with my teeth sunk into my own flesh.
I said, baby, oh sweetheart.
Lust turns to anger,
A kiss to a slug.
Something was sticking,
On the shag rug, look at the tiles.
I remember the way he groaned,
Moved with an animal skill,
My face in the sweat that ran down his chest,
It's all, very, run of the mill.
I noticed that his scent started to change somehow,
His face went berserk, veins bulged on his brow.
I said baby, oh sweetheart.
Bondage to lust,
Abuse of facility.
Blackmailed emotions confused,
The demon and devilty.
I was sure his attentions were sweet,
And that mine were as well.
But a wish is a shot in the dark,
When your coin's down the well.
I got out in the hall with my teeth in my head,
Up into my neck I said, said, said,
Dead.
I said baby, oh sweetheart.
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