

# Tomahawk, Harelip

I am the harelip  
Give me one more kiss  
We'll have a mardi gras on deserted streets  
Fingers and forceps  
Raw meat and muzak  
The bubbles in the wine keep the nerves dead

I was awake all through the surgery  
The people dancing, laughing, all for me  
You sewed me up but it will never heal  
Will I forget then learn to smile some day?

Potbellied sick bed  
All scars and sweet breads  
A lonely vacation on your own Disney parade  
It's all that he has  
Clamped up by Walkmans  
A midnight waiting room  
Hear the distant screams

I was awake all through the surgery  
The people dancing, laughing, all for me  
You sewed me up but it will never heal  
Will I forget then learn to smile some day