

Anne Heaton, Bellyside

As we lay here furious and damaged/ I just want to reach over and touch you
I know we're in the middle of a ripping fight/ As I frantically race for my next point Oh, if I could just
I'd lay my head in that space between your chin and your shoulder
Rub my bellyside/ It's soft, my bellyside
And it won't give you the evil eye like I will
It's tender and it can't frown
My soft side is always around if you can find it
Thanks for your letter/ You say you love it when I smile
And that happiness comes to you easy
You wish it would come to me once in a while
I try to be romantic
But then I'm hard and you love me anyway and I come crashing down
As you rub my bellyside
It's soft, my bellyside/ And it won't give you the evil eye like I will
It's tender and it can't frown
My soft side is always around if you can find it
I know that you love me and for a moment
I love me too
I try to teach you lessons that you never get
To me they seem like common sense
Don't give me the phone if I don't feel like talking
No, I can't tell your mom/ It's something you have to say and no, it's not okay
But you never understand and you never understand
And then I finally understand it's not important
As you rub my bellyside...