

Atmosphere, The Woman With The Tattooed Hands

I used to know this woman who had the most beautiful
tattoos on the top sides of both of her hands
She was forty three years old and as far as I know
had never yet been with a man.
It's not that she wasn't attractive, she was beautiful
but its the way that she interacted
she was aggressively passive to the point where she
would have intimidated any mitt that ever tried to catch her
on the right hand she had a tattoo of a nude girl
she claimed it is what God resembled
but on the left she had a mirrored image of the same female
and this one she explained looked like the devil.
I remember once watching her touch her own breasts,
how the tattoos smiled as they stared down her stomach,
as if anticipating when they'd be allowed to caress
the sweet flower that they both seemed to hunger (sweet flower).
Now maybe I was high but it felt so right
heaven and hell both take to this womans womb.
It didn't make sense how she could commence
touching herself with me wide awake in the same room
Now if I've learned anything in my years (my years),
I learned I no longer believe in surprise (in surprise)
but what happened next damn near stole my tears
the tattoos came alive right in front of my eyes.
They both slowly stood up and climbed off her hands
and showed me why she never took some time with a man.
They climbed deep inside of this woman's garden
she closed her eyes and she gently bit her bottom lip
I stepped, I left, and I don't regret leaving,
and I'll never forget all the things I saw that evening
a glimpse of religion, a piece of coming closer
to understanding more about what intrigues me most
I didn't get turned on, I just got turned.
I wasn't as aroused as I was concerned
for each one of em I've hurt,
and every time I've been burned,
I've got a lot to teach but even more to learn.
So now I keep my eyes open hoping to take in all I can
about Woman taking in all she can,
and for as long as I breathe I'll save a seat in my memory
for that woman with the tattooed hands.

(chorus: repeat 5x till song fades)
There's good and evil in each individual fire,
identifies needs and feeds our desires
as long as we keep our spirit inspired,
she can bite her bottom lip all she wants.