

Beep Beep, Oh No!

I'm saving my strength
cause you're gonna come home tonight.
Why should I fight this force
that compels me to make your lap
a snack and your skin my religion?
I hear ringing in my ears,
blood beating through my veins.
I'm having a tantrum.
My id is fucking screaming.
"Oh no!"
We got ourselves in a tangle
like two strings braiding into rope.
"Oh no!"
Exposing ourselves to the elements,
for a second I was numb until my sense awoke.
Her lips! Hair! Eyes! Smell!
Her clothes! Voice! Breath! Nails!
Please eat the mints off your pillow.
Lay down while I play for you a guitar solo.
Hands need to touch you.
Hands will help us make love.