

Dudley Saunders, Daddy When He Sings (Dead Bird Fly)

he is gospel going wrong
sweating down into a down and dirty song
perversity
obscenity
can it be
what he sees is me

and you love your daddy when he sings
and raise his arms like dirty wings
and soars into your body
like its sky
and its ok here if i die
choking on his lullabye
telling me i m right
and that together we ve both
got hold of my mind

he tells me i have gone to seed
but thats ok it just means i m growing things
i am a blister on his soul
and he touches me although
it stings

and you love your daddy when he sings
and raise his arms like dirty wings
and soars into your body
like its sky
and its ok here if i die
choking on his lullabye
telling me i m right
and that together we ve both
got hold of my

mind is my own he cries
geographies of open lies
and bodies that cant seem to rise
but shoot a man who even tries
and hope is a religious rite
that lost its god to friday night
sit down here
on my splintered thigh
and i ll tell you
how to
make a dead bird fly

he say call me eddie
thats this king they killed
you aint ready boy
but pretty soon you will
you will