

# Dudley Saunders, Side Of Sane

and then he rushes down a ray  
of streetlamp light  
with his face a little crooked  
fingers little tight  
and he meet u p with a guy  
who kinda eyes him like an alley  
and as he starts to buy  
the garbage sighs while he's

thinking back to sally's ass  
that's waiting on the corner  
hoping noone's gonna come along  
and try to warn her  
she's a fool  
fitting rules  
that only fit him fine  
'cause he made 'em  
and she paid 'em  
and she likes it only  
when it's raining wine

there is a lamp out on the corner  
putting lamplight in her hair  
and a painter that it battles  
painting shadows on the stairs  
and she's sweating in her satin  
til he battens  
down her ship  
and sails her down the gutter  
til she sputters  
like a throat that somebody slit

he is streets that's calling her  
and stalling her  
and balling her  
on corners in the rain  
and it's asphalt hard  
as broken shards  
of poker cards  
that keep him  
just this side of sane  
just this side of sane

and she remembers about  
that first time  
when he took her on the stairs  
and it hurt her  
good as murder  
and her blood sang on the air  
and when he came  
he shot right through her womb  
and struck her in the brain  
so she's knocked up in the head  
without the bread  
to make a wire hanger  
learn how to unhang

and now he's jumping junkies  
skipping signs  
that tell him that this property's condemned  
where with a promise of a needle  
and a wheedle  
lays some cunt and then he  
keeps her poppy friend

while sally tells a drunk she's not a whore  
not anymore  
no she's never ever been  
and standing in the street  
she listens for his feet  
'cause when she looks  
she just can't see where this street ends

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and then he shows up eventually  
and sensually  
relieves her of her skirt  
once more her panties round her ankles  
fingers wrangle hair  
i swear babe  
it won't hurt

and her lunacy is waning  
but you know it's gonna wax back  
like a moon  
when he rams her in the doorway  
make her sore way deep  
a knife into a wound

and then he'll skip out with a whistle  
emptied thistle  
maybe leave her his disease  
and though she feels run down her legs  
his fresh-laid dregs  
you know she'd swear it all  
had been a tease

and she'll listen billie holliday  
and crawl away  
and swear she's gonna try again

and until it burns up on projector light  
this dream in black and white  
will run again and again

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