

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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