

Eef Barzelay, Thanksgiving Waves

If this war's ever over
If it ever runs out
Then maybe we can think about traveling
To those far away cities
Of drug stores and tans
On smooth, hairless Japanese bodies
On smooth, hairless Japanese bodies

If this engine turns over
We'll tear through the park
On donuts and Milk of Magnesia
And I'll read you a poem
Of blue skies and eyes
In your sockets that bring them together
In your sockets that bring them together

Are your thighs ever tender?
As they swell in my hands
And are warmed by the spit of my kisses
But I will just graze you
Like the sun does on grass
And pick at your flesh like an eagle
And pick at your flesh like an eagle

If this war's ever over
They'll separate us
Leaving video tapes to remember
I'll go back to Texas
And try not to think
Of Thanksgiving waves that can cripple
Of Thanksgiving waves that can cripple