

Richard McGraw, These Wholes In My Body On S

If I knew where to go
And if I knew how to get there
I met your lover on Friday night
He was wearing gold and silver
"So this is the lucky man," I thought
"Well what does that make me?"
And what would that make you my love
Probably more than you would care to be

And if we can't see eye to eye
I can always kneel on this floor of mine
And pray to the god you claimed that never came
And watch you walk right out of this life of mine

I broke up a fight on a Saturday night
Those memories vs. me on South Street
Thoughts of the past came to kick my ass
And left me bleeding on the concrete
You can see these scars and these wounds up close
These wholes in my body on South Street
It's your microscope and all the things you couldn't cope
with
They are my enemies at least they seem to be

And if you never come alive

You can always kneel on this floor of mine
And pray for the man you claim ran away
And I can play that role, I can read his lines

And if your waters weren't made for my tread
Then what's possible could never give hell
Is it the loss or the longing to which I am belonging
that has kept you alive and well?
"This is not the time nor the place," you said,
"for picking up pieces like me."
But I forgot that I was a junk man with holes in my hands
When I held those pieces close to me

And if you never change your mind
I can always work on these lines of mine
And I'll use them on the local girls
And they can keep me shallow they can help you die
And if I never turn out fine
Well I can always kneel on this floor of mine
And pray to the god you claim that never came and
He can keep me shallow he can help you die
He can keep me shallow he can help you die
He can keep me shallow he can help you die