

Sage Francis, Agony In Her Body

Day one, I played with her blood

Day two, left her face bruised and we called it making love

Day three, her blood played with me

Dirty talk caught me off guard

Had the nerve to ask me if I thought she was crazy.

Baby you don't know where my mind has been

Fell off the bike more than twice but it's time to ride again

This time I've learned from my past falls

Old wounds might reopen soon
Burn them in alcohol

I heard that last call (what?) it was a close one

Roadrunners no which direction to go when snow comes

Then we're costal
Extra traction on radial tires

Having sex in the back wrapped in radio wires

Self abusive, stuck in a bad place

Head full of bruises and scratched face

I bled porously

Inserting my juices so you can taste me

Put my neck in a noose and swung to safety

Found a land mine planted in the sole of my foot

I can't find sanctum in the holes I've input

I keep digging covered in earth

I undress they run tests I leave the dirt to the experts

White coats and shiny objects

I jump their lifeboat science project

We got a floater

Guinea pig overboard

Stone sober hillbilly kid with open sores
Ripped vocal cord

Tearing them out
A mutant manifesto that you'll probably never hear about

Weirded out about my whereabouts

Ears pierced my mouth a bearded medicine man who wears a pouch

Keeps digging

And I'm swimming up hill

I'm fighting a tide of mudslide and blood spilled

Until I've got a shirt off my back

And a girl on attack on top with a curled lip

The world map is our bed sheet

We share geography now

I explore virgin territory

Squeaky seats acting as a mating call

Nothing on my but her and didn't feel naked at all

Ever feel the need to keep it so real you feed yourself into her hunger and don't care if she bleeds

Asking all these questions aint highly recommended

They'll eventually get answered if you put time in the friendship

That is if what you're doing is helping and it's not like you know until you uh

Reach the ending

She wanted my agony agony agony in her body

Day one, I played with her blood

Day two, left her face bruised and we called it making love

Day three, her blood played with me

Dirty talk caught me off guard

Had the nerve to ask me if I thought she was crazy.

I need more holes to breath from

She was crazy

Went under the knife I contemplated freedom

Put it all out on the operating table

Touching on some rubber ducks I played double dutch with some jumper cables

Then out broke like the water it started rushing

All of the sudden there she was gone

I'm the fall guy

She's a sight for sore eyes

I'm in labor all night until a new day is born

Curved globe

Road taste like

Eyes rolled, dice

Earth pulls a 180 when I look into her snake eyes

I'm not afraid of dying

Pieces of me die all the time

Keep digging (keep digging)

I leave the dirt to the experts who push the boundaries of pleasure till the sex hurts

I hold today with a death grip

And play hard to get with tomorrow so as not to look so f**king desperate

Face sweaty

Hands unsteady

Blood pressure off the charts

My heart hangs heavy

Untreated wounds though repeated moods are seeds who develop in your needy womb

Your feeble ill cocoon

I don't grieve for many people

And I don't mourn the pieces killed in you

My injection must have been lethal

Pick up the shovel love; you've got some digging to do

Agony agony agony agony

Day one, I played with her blood

Day two, left her face bruised and we called it making love

Day three, her blood played with me

Dirty talk caught me off guard

Had the nerve to ask me if I thought she was crazy.