

Smalltown Poets, Everything I Hate

i think i am elastic
these arms they are a wonder
pull from sideways, up and under
i think it's time for something drastic
and it could be more than i bargained for
ten to one it is

chorus:

oh i'm into everything i hate
my spirit is not fooled; my members take the bait
oh i'm into everything i hate
still not dead enough to stifle this debate
these heels were made for bruising
and the cobblestones they're using
are the pleasures of my choosing
i must be born for losing
heal these soles to hurt no more
and i'll lift these hands just like before
cover me like dimestore suit
until i'm just like You
careful little eyes what you see
careful little feet where you go