

Smog, All Your Women Things

All your women things
All your frilly things
Scattered 'round my room
Right where you left them
When you left them
Scattered 'round my room

All your hardness
All your softness
And your mercy

All your bridges and bras
Your cotton
and gauze
All your buckles and straps
Releases and traps
All your screws
and false nails
Oriental winks
and Egyptian veils

Oh all of these things
I gathered them
And I made a dolly
I made a dolly
A spread-eagle dolly
Out of your frilly things

Why couldn't I have loved you
This tenderly
When you were here
In the flesh
So tenderly

How could I ignore
Your left breast
Your right breast

How could I ignore
Your hardness
Your softness
And your mercy

Well it's been seven years
And the thought of your name
Still makes me
Weak in the knees

How could I ignore
Your left breast
Your right breast