Pyotr

Bad Books

Bare breasted, you make love in the turret I feel each single thrust that you take In silence I watch on from the bastion Entranced, I make myself look away

Bare breasted making love in the turret I'll never love nobody other than you And in silence I can feel as you quiver Keep quiet or you know what he will do

I know I am not the man you desire
I know you think that I am some kind of fool
And I know you would gaze in his eyes forever
I've figured out just how to give that to you

When he found us in the western wing sleeping You cried at all the things you thought he would do And I tell you in the heat of the scuffle Nobody ever takes my eyes off of you

And oh Katherine, how you run me my fever Oh Katherine, tell me was it worth it for him? These gallows are no place for the stubborn Just you and your lover as a dark souvenir

She sees me on display inside the museum Comes every morning and again when she can Strokes her blistered hand across my glass container Saying "It's so good to see you back here again."