

# Agony In Her Body

Sage Francis

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  
She had the nerve to ask 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 learned from my past falls  
Old wounds may re-open soon  
Burn 'em in alcohol  
I heard that last call  
It was a close one  
Road runners  
Know which direction to go when snow comes  
We're coasting  
With extra traction on radial tires  
Having sex in the back wrapped in radio wires  
Self abusive, Stuck in a bad place  
A Head full of bruises and scratched face  
I bled profusely  
Stirred in my juices  
So you could 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 santcum in the holes I've been put  
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  
And ripped vocal chords  
Tearing them out  
It's a mute manifesto that you'll probably never hear about  
Weirded out about my wearabouts  
Swears pierce my mouth  
A bearded medicine man who wears a pouch  
Keeps digging  
I'm swimming uphill  
Fighting the tide of mudslides and blood spill  
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 bedsheet  
We share geography now  
I explore virgin territory  
The squeaky swat acted as a mating call  
Had Nothing on me 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  
Isn't highly recommended  
They'll eventually get answered  
If you put time into friendship  
That's assuming that what you're doing is helping  
And it's not like you'll know until you uhhh  
Reach the ending

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She was crazy  
I need more holes to breathe from  
Went under the knife  
And contemplated freedom  
Put it all out on the operating table  
Clutching onto rubber ducks  
I played double dutch with some jumper cables  
Then I broke like the water  
It started rushing  
All of a sudden  
There she was... gone  
I'm the fall guy  
She's the sight for sore eyes  
I'm in labor all night until a new day is born  
Her globe rotates like eyes roll 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  
I keep digging (I keep digging)  
I leave the dirt to the experts  
Who push the boundaries of pleasure til the sex hurts  
I hold today with a death grip  
And play hard to get with tomorrow  
So as not to look so fucking desperate  
Face sweaty  
Hands unsteady  
Blood pressure off the charts  
My heart hangs heavy  
Untreated wounds  
Through repeated moons are seeds soon  
To develop in your needy womb  
A feeble, ill cocoon  
I don't grieve for many people  
I don't mourn the pieces killed in you  
My injection must have been lethal  
Pick up the shovel love  
You got some digging to do

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