

## My Friend Morrissey

Tigers Jaw

Savor all the sexuality  
The skin on skin that helps me breathe  
And hands catching up with me  
I used to be alluring  
Waste away then I...  
Know the muscle makes me miss her  
Thought about it on the ride home  
And when I got home  
Waste away again  
Muscle memory, I miss you  
Kill me now if I can't stay around  
I'm too young to be planted now  
And home - I like to be alone  
Waiting, holding  
Deeply open  
Skin on my skin  
Show me slowly

I embrace her fauna with a free mind  
We touch because there's nothing else to do  
Totally defined within a moment  
Lying away pressing on you  
Waste away again  
You know her hands make my whole life hard and free