

All lyrics of the San Francisco band BOMB. (band existed 1986-1993)

Never all printed before. Compiled and checked by Bomb singer, Michael W. Dean on Dec 22, 2020.

In places where there is a word and then another word in parenthesis, the second word is an alternate word that was sung live sometimes.

In places where there are fewer songs listed than are on the album, they're re-recorded and re-performed from a previous album where we've already listed the lyrics.

Albums here are out of chronological order because this document is being released with 2020 re-master of *Hits of Acid* album: <https://biptunia.com/?p=9331>

HITS OF ACID album: (1988)

Original album engineered by Eli Janney at Inner Ear Studio in Arlington Virginia. Total recording budget, \$1200. Recorded one day, mixed the next. Released on Boner Records.



Because Tiffany Feels: I'm not a boy or a girl. Maybe something in between. And I'm not from that leg at the bottom of the sea. I wasn't born in the belly of a whale of (in) a girl. I'm not a man in a can from the barrel of a gun. I was born in a house with a grass and some tree. When that mad fag scientist dropped his ash, son of a gun, into the glowing infrared-super-duper-scary-as-shit-wait- till-you-see-this-Ma spewing beaker. It was not my first birthday. Start your car if you can and run to the store. He won't let me in to eat what you eat...what you eat...The firecracker snap of a cockroach Dad is not what you hear when you step on me. Batman never climbed TV walls in Rome to save me from that laughing man in green. A lizard, a wizard, a gizzard. Oh, your heart is red and bigger than mine. Never tried to conk my top to look like a Hollywood bebop. Never been tickled pink by a zinger of a joke that left me hanging by what you might call my throat. Never tried to my top to look like a Hollywood bebop. Never been tickled pink by a zinger of a joke that left me hanging by what you might call my throat. 12 punches from a pimp and you know that you've been beat to death. He won't even spit on me. He won't even spit! Your heart is red and bigger than mine. But mine does tricks and spins when I'm telling a lie and dances to the beat of love. Your heart is red and bigger than mine. Your heart is red and bigger than mine.

Words: Tony Fag:

Music: Michael W. Dean and Jay Crawford.

I Loved You Then I Died: Misty morning mutterings about an etching on my wall. I'd traverse long distances - you won't even call. I loved you then I died. I wrote you letters in my blood from the darkness of my room. I wrote you letters in my blood from by eggshell-colored womb. I met you in the graveyard by the light of the moon. We made sweet love on top of my mother's tomb. I'd kill a million in every city for you. I'd nail God's hand to a tree for you. The sunlight burns my eyes and darkness only brings me lies. I want you.

Words and Music: Michael W. Dean

You In Romance: Wonderful. You are a wonderful human being. I'd like to show you the things I've seen. Can you wonder? Can you holler? Can I borrow one more

dollar? My child's in love with a ghost. My child lives in remorse. There are many things I've loved but none of them come close to my bad luck. Can you dance? Can you fuck? Can I borrow one more buck? Last night riding past your window I was tempted to throw a brick. Yesterday I thought I saw your house in flames but I did not stop to call the cops.

Words and Music: Michael W. Dean

Healthfood and Heroin: The blind girl listens to bomb(s) in the dark. Wants to grow out of the shadows of her noisy dreams. Frozen-lake orange or hell-violet. Her little dreams look purple through a spectrograph. And if I hit you a little bit harder than you'd like, can we still eat breakfast in the basement? And no one's counting colors on your bruises. God will turn his cheek on fools and dogs and little girls. We bought her a watch for her birthday. She listens intent content to incessant tickling of another dark afternoon. Though something hides inside behind those filmy pools of green and grey. The darkest thing I've even dreamt would be the happiest part of her day. Her emotions are on display on lipstick-soiled napkins at the one-night-only-one-night-stand-carnival-a-go-go. She's doing time in the hit-me-for-a-nickel-booth. Beneath her dancing feet are the tombs of truly troubled men. Tell me that the mirror won't break. Giving her the secret pleasure of choice is something I could never do.

Words and Music: Michael W. Dean

Gigi: Tanya sits and watches TV. Tanya thinks that I am crazy. Tanya is so beautiful in a way that's not adult. Murder sells. Sex sells. No one knows and no one tells. Tanya's mind was pure and clean until she turned on that machine. Every grain of unnatural conditions stripped away. And replaced. By the wave of another useless generation. Uttering shuddering laughter won't change the day. I'm too far gone. But just for the moment. Scarves hide scars, pretties from the world. An always present poetess from the underworld. Uttering feline fragrance. I came to see you, you're asleep while I'm awake. Uttering shuddering laughter. A cry you score on a knife blade cut. Uttering shuddering laughter. Freedom fathoms notions on occasion perform from the depths of your eyes (blue!!). You're not used to me. The underworld awaits for a view up your skirt (pretty!). No more magic in a plastic world. She's my fantastic girl. I made her myself. God made me for little

girls. You're saying nothing but it's worth listening to. Disguise mediocrity in a guise of shrink wrap beauty.

Words: Michael W. Dean and Tony Fag.

Music: Michael W. Dean and Jay Crawford.

Spoked Feet: The girl that I miss is just me in a dress. Sometimes I wish that I had a twin sister. Waka Waka Waka - I Love You! Girlfriend yells at me as I'm walking out the door. I'll buy a drink for my friend. I'll buy a drink for my whore. Life is so much fun. Sometimes I just cannot wait. I'll love you in the Mission. I'll love you in the Haight. We're all gonna die real soon but I just do not care. When the bombs start dropping I'll be stroking your hair. Kisses are better fate than wisdom I am told. The end of the world is just our light show.

Words and Music: Michael W. Dean

Madness: Anna takes me in her mouth and spits me out in catholic guilt. She would like to show me all the pretty things inside her room. But I don't want to go in there cause all I see is madness. You gave me lies. On that I based a book. You wrote a couple songs for me but I always wrote the hook. You paid my rent. All I see is madness. I fucked your friends. Walking around here with band-aids on your eyes? Happiness abounds in cryptic fields where the muse is cheap - she'll sleep with anyone. And children have nice names. And privates run the wars. Anna, your child's gone unto the Garden of Eden. Anna, blast a hole into the Garden of Eden. Anna, your child's gone unto the Garden of Eden. Anna, don't you know your secret's safe with me?

Words and Music: Michael W. Dean

Vagrant Vampires: I feel. I feel your fingers pushing on my heart. Pressing me to cry shaking me to feel. Paralyzed by your embrace I scream - scream prayers for yesterday. You really are what you eat. You're a big fat cow following your baloney gun to any dark street. You can only hope to live for now. Living for

another tomorrow is killing you every day. And now I pray. I pray for yesterday. All these things that I lie about seem to make the boy inside a lesser man.

Words: Tony Fag.

Music: Michael W. Dean and Jay Crawford.

Smile and Pose: When we got there when the bells were playing when the saints come marching in. We saw the priest that we knew as a child he was not smoking or with a girl. It was so weird. City boy hunter on the bayou, on top of my mind. On the brink of another satisfying grunt, eyes are on fire! He was on the hunt. It was so weird - this thing called life. Her face seems to be slipping off her face. Her eyes move slow in slow motion the slow motion of nothingness gone way too far today. Her wild flavor that I smell - was it ever never not there? The pretty girl in pink smiles and poses but does not seem to notice her faceless skin. It was so weird - this thing called life. That she does not seem to notice. We're fighting for your life? Mommy. Mother? Mother Fucker! We're fighting for your life?

Words: Tony Fag.

Music: Michael W. Dean, Jay Crawford, Tony Fag.

Nineteen: We are the fire on the candles on the cake at the party for the end of the world.

Words: Tony Fag.

Music: Michael W. Dean, Jay Crawford, Tony Fag.

TO ELVIS IN HELL album (Boogadigga Records, 1987):

To Elvis...



...In Hell

Engineered by David W. Bock at Hyde Street Studios, San Francisco. Budget: free time from Kirsten Bock's trade time for working there.

Mrs. Happiness: Woke up this morning with my eyelashes on (singed). Didn't know what city it was, or whose bed I was in. Looked at the girl next to me, I could not remember her name. Went and had my coffee on her awning on the rooftops. We said "hello" to Mrs. Happiness, her children on parade. She puts it out in the evening for her husband. Because only she knows what God gave him that thing for.... I saw the mud snapper-silverfish rolling along through the mailman's rucksack. Dogs bark in the mirror on Saturday. Gotta buy me a leather jacket cause I'm a rock star in California now. Gonna go down to the goodwill and buy something pretty for my little friend.

Words and Music: Michael W. Dean

To Elvis in Hell:

A very good friend came by today
 he died and dropped on my welcome thing
 oh what to do?
 I did not know.
 Oh, Oh, Oh.

I cut him up in tiny, tart pieces
 tied in plastic, boxed and gift-wrapped
 red ribbon, yellow flower on all of them
 on all of them.

Yesterday, he missed his mother
 in a day, she can shower in red and in him
 oh, oh, oh.

Words: Tony Fag.

Music: Jay Crawford, Tony Fag, Michael W. Dean.

I'm not restless:

Motions. I'm going through the motions of death.
 I don't really want to kill myself,
 I just want people to feel the way that I do
 I'm sick.
 I'm sick from nicotine and sugar and working
 all day long and lack of sleep.
 I need some sleep.

Silhouettes. that you keep in your drawer.
 clothing you wear on special occasions.
 dreams filled with anxiety and tension.
 You tell yourself, "It will all work out in the end"

I'm not restless.
 I'm simply bored.

My passing moods are as
 stable as lithium.
 I cannot feel remorse
 for feeling remorse.
 I can only feel happy about feeling happy.
 My doctors did not lie.

Words and Music: Michael W. Dean

HAPPY ALL THE TIME album (Boner Records, 1989):



Lucy In The Sky With Desi:

La, la, la, blah, blah, blah....

Maybe I'll be happy when I get there.

Maybe I'll be happy when I leave here.

Maybe I'll be happy when I love you.

Maybe I'll be happy when I'm finally done.

Maybe I'll be happy in D.C.
Maybe I'll be happy in New Orleans.
Maybe I'll be happy in a castle with Maxine.
Maybe I'll be happy if I shoot my van! (band!)
Maybe I'd be happy as a Chinaman.
Maybe I'd be happy as a black man.
Maybe I'd be happy as a millionaire.
Maybe I'll be happy if I cut my hair.
Maybe I'll be happy with Vicky.
Maybe I'll be happy with Maggie.
Maybe I'll be happy with Michelle.
Maybe I'll be happy with myself right now!
Maybe I'll be happy with a new guitar.
Maybe I'll be happy if I wreck my car.
Maybe I was happy when I was young and gay.
Maybe I'll be happy when I'm old and gray.
Maybe I'll be happy if I see you.
Maybe I'll be happy if I leave you.
Maybe I'll be happy if I quit my job.
Maybe I'll be happy if I kill myself!
Maybe I'll be happy if I had a girl.
Maybe I'll be happy if I had a boy.
Maybe I'll be happy as a fireman.
Maybe I'll be happy as a burning man.
Maybe I'll be happy with myself.
Maybe I'll be happy right now.
Maybe I'll be happy with myself.
Maybe I'll be happy right now.

Words and Music: Michael W. Dean

Bigger Than Fun:

A kiss. just an opening of the lips.
a release of warm moisture.
Sometimes wet. Sometimes not. Why oh why?
it's as big as love.

A cure for my pain. a cure that stays.
bigger than fun. more than fun....

Words: Tony Fag.

Music: Tony Fag, Jay Crawford, Michael W. Dean.

Beautiful Dreamer:

Frozen like a tongue to the past.
Awake with a shout. But nothing's coming out of my mouth
I'm 3 years old. With a fever on 103.
The TV set is watching me,
and you still wanna know what I'm going to be?
My father was a black man
my mother was Jesus Christ
Come on little baby won't you give me just a little slice of your face
I see your face on someone else's head, on someone else's body.
With someone else's words in between what you say
Vision gets hazy when lovers get crazy
and others discover you're thinking
and teachers uncover you're cheating
and mothers discover your drinkin'.
and Short Dogs uncover you're steeling
and no one really cares what you're thinking at all. Except in your sleep.
where lives (lies) are cheap and truth hurts deep and lovers leap like
cats to dogs.

Words and Music: Michael W. Dean

Because Pan Says:

(play it backwards. It's the secret to happiness, plus some oral sex added in.)

Words and Music: Michael W. Dean

No Color in Utah:

When I went through Ohio
there were cows there
when there's cows there,
I drink milk
but when I went through Utah
my eyes were parched
and when my eyes are parched,
I don't drink.

Words: Tony Fag.

Music: Jay Crawford, Michael W. Dean, Tony Fag.

LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DESI album (Tupelo Recording Company / Rough Trade) 1990.

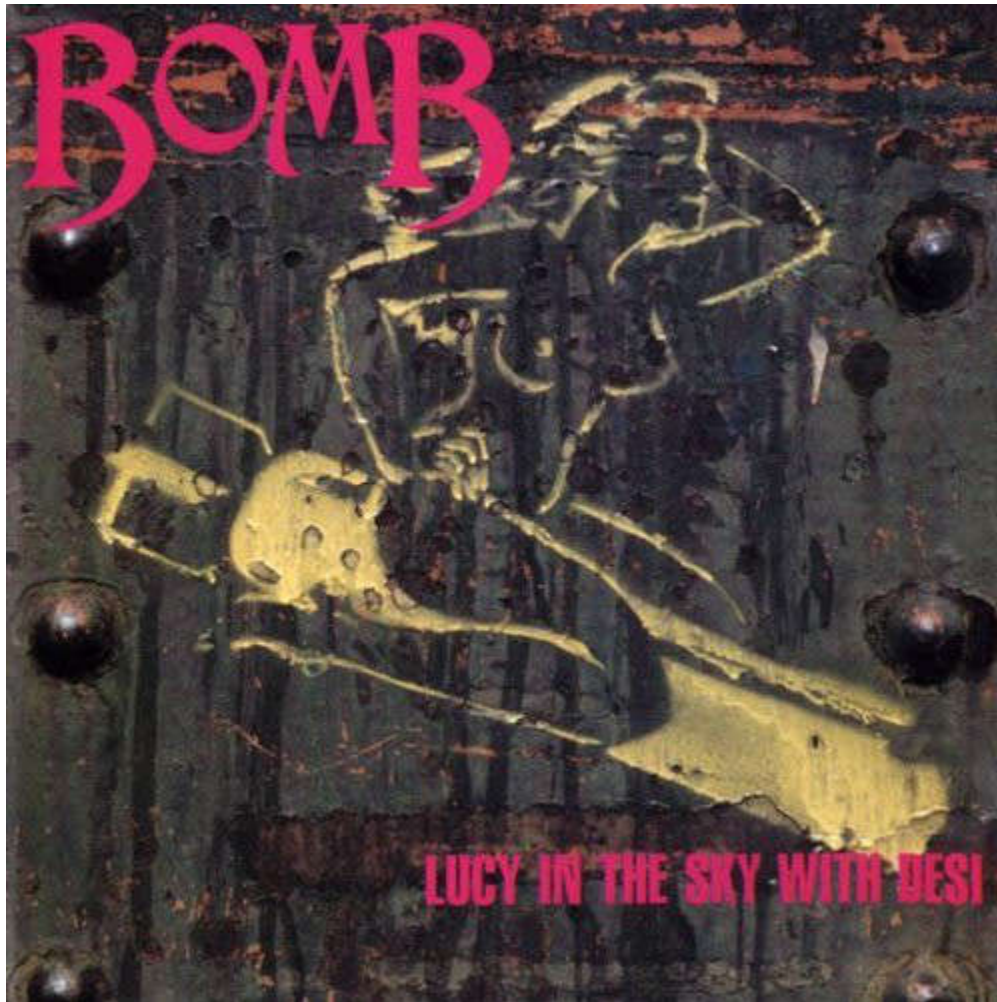
Vinyl is a best-of with no new songs.

Cassette and CD of it adds one new song, "BEAFAG" Words by Tony Fag, music by Jay Crawford.

Lyrics;

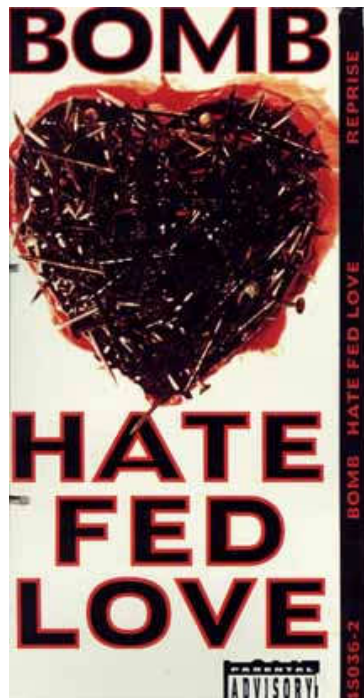
Be a fag.

(over and over. The chords were B-E-A-F-A-G)



HATE-FED LOVE album: (Warner / Reprise, 1992)

Produced by Bill Laswell.



Bomb becomes a 4-piece, Doug Hilsinger joins on second guitar, band tours Europe, comes back and get signed to Warners.

MADE TO FIRE: Honey girl. When I want to smash the face of the flower I love. Guardian angel baby help to remember my love. subconscious leather straps remind me of her love. My eyes die in the blinding sun and cannot see my love. My love. This gun was made to save you. This gun was made to hold. My love. This gun's filled with bullets made to fire. This gun was made, was made by love. Hand me down rage and penitence drowns the flower I love. Dropping bombs to grease her leaving fuel my fists with love. Sparks and gas on my memories they burn to remember her love. My eyes die in this back seat, son, and cannot see my love. This gun was made by love. Why was I made? Love!

Words: Tony Fag.

Music: Doug Hilsinger, Jay Crawford,

ALL MY REFERENCES ARE DEAD: When the morning comes I will not raise my head. If I die before I wake I pray someone my soul to take (snake). I crawled upon all fours on my dirty floor looking for some dope. She always cries when she

cums. Her cum-filled eyes pour seas upon my bed. I swim all the way to Hamburg, on the only tear I cry today. I've got my head out the window on the Autobahn. I can never stop my troubled brain. It's my weakness, and my strength It'ed take a million volts to put me to sleep. I go to sleep and dream of her and her and her... her and you! When I'm long gone and spiders crawl where my brain used to be. I'll remember things about this city street. Things I stole and things I did. Everything's hid underneath this lid. Open it up and you might have some fun in life. I go to sleep and dream of her and her and her... her and you. Eating the food that you find on the sidewalk. Wearing the clothes you find on the street. When will you be free to take a shot at (with) me? Condemned to life in the basin of death, make the best of it while you hold your breath. Feeding 5000 from your bed of conception. Drinking bottled water by candlelight. Waiting for a new clear winter's day. Warm as the sun in every way. Waiting for a new clear winter's day. Clear as the sky in L.A.

Words and Music: Michael W. Dean

LOVE FED HATE: Talking with God upon a mountain. Sittin' with Satan in a bar. Kissing your demented smile in the back of a stolen car. Well I love you so much that I wish you were dead or locked up down in some jail. Cause if you were dead you'd be underground and not squeakin' under my friends. What did I do today? I got some monkeys drunk in a zoo. I wrote a letter to my sister, gave a flower to a hooker, I beat off and I thought about you. The color of the river is red. Well the bombs still go off in my head. Sometimes I get just a little too angry, but I'll be sad when you're dead. Other ears hear that you're ending your life, I'm walking this planet in a daze. Lift up your dress. Show me the truth. Stick around for a couple more days. I wanna be your razorblade, I wanna be the one to slit your wrist. I wanna be your heroin, the one you'll always miss. My hearts dead, I'm only a thinker. I'm empty, I'm cold and I'm bluer. But I wanna be your razorblade, I wanna be the one to slit your wrist. The moon it revolves around me. Well the sun never sets on me. I'm losing all my money and sleep from distracting you from me. Well sister sells her soul each night to all the men who crave in gold. I only crave my creature comforts when I'm afraid of growing old. When I'm afraid of growing old. I was dreamin' you died and you woke me up.

Words: Michael W. Dean, Tony Fag.

Music: Doug Hilsinger, Jay Crawford, Michael W. Dean, Tony Fag.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION: I'm happy all the time. I'm happy I'm happy... all the time! (If you're happy and you know it clap your hands).

Words and Music: Michael W. Dean

HEY RICHARD: Get out of your head and don't live in your bed. Your own mental hell is keeping you from being you. You need to hear what other people think. It could change what you fear. Stay smart, and think about what you think. Is it worth hating yourself. Love your life. I'll help you like your wife. Free yourself, free yourself from your head. Talk talk talk good to people. Talk talk you gotta talka to people. You will never know what they'll say. You can never tell what they'll say. Take a chance. Talk talk, talk to me. Talk talk, you gotta talk to me. Take a chance.

Words: Tony Fag.

Music: Doug Hilsinger, Tony Fag, Jay Crawford.

THERE IS NO PROMISE OF A FUTURE IN THE MOMENT: You're not my friend! There's nothing in my heart, nothing in my heart, nothing in my heart today. Well, Tony's in the tombs with else's wife. I'm just lookin' in the mirror tryin' to get a life. Prince charming with a rig and holes in his jeans. Riding in to save you in a cloud of nicotine. There's a war in my heart, there's a war over there. Shoulda kicked some other time, I'm pullin' out my hair. I'm sick of all my pity and I'm sick of all my pain. Lookin' out the broken window at the dirty rain. Cause there's nothing in my heart today. And she cried. Napoleon in rags, Valentino in a skirt, I just lost my favorite whore, this time it's gonna hurt. I came so hard your heart was wet, then I put you in a cage. I'm so glad you broke the door, but it filled me full of rage. "Love is an angel disguised as lust." But one day your pretty face will rot and turn to dust. Until that time I'll truly try to truly be your friend. But I don't know if

I can ever feel that way again. Cause there's nothing in my heart today. And she cried.

Words and Music: Michael W. Dean

HOT BLOODY HEARTS: I don't want to die. I don't wanna die. I will not end this life for heaven's wings and feel no pain. From where rockets blast into the sky. Ideas and dreams fade behind my closing eyes. I feel a cold fist crash onto my heart. And hear an engine that will not start. In my hidden head the voices sang: Go to heaven for all that you pray. In heaven there is no sin. But with God the need would begin. Love rings from your heart bloody hearts. Wet salt will fall for the petals in your heart. And save me from drowning all the way. I don't want to die. I will not end this life for heaven's wings that feel no pain at all. I'm going to fuck you until I die. Because with you I feel alive. You give me color where flowers die. I'm going to fuck you and never, never, never die. With you I feel alive. I'm going to fuck you and never, never, never die.

Words: Tony Fag.

Music: Doug Hilsinger, Jay Crawford, Tony Fag.

SUZANNE: (by Leonard Cohen).

Suzanne takes you down. Suzanne takes you down to a place by the river. You can hear the boats go by. You can spend the night beside (inside) her. And you know that she's half crazy, but that's why you want to be there. And she feeds you tea and oranges that come all the way from China. And just when you mean to tell her that you have no love to give her. Then she gets you on her wavelength and she lets the river answer that you've always been her lover. And you want to travel with her and you want to travel blind. And you think maybe you'll trust her, for she's touched your perfect body with her mind. Now Jesus was a sailor when he walked across the water. And he spent a long time watching from his lonely wooden tower. Oh but when He knew for certain, only drowning men could see him. He said all men will be sailors, for until the seas shall free them. Then he himself was broken long before the sky would open. Forsaken, almost human, he sank beneath

your wisdom like a stone. And you want to travel with him and you want to travel blind. And you know that you can trust him, for he's touched your perfect body with his mind. Now Suzanne takes you down. And she leads you to the river. She's wearing rags and feathers from Salvation Army counter And the sun pours down like honey upon our lady of the harbor. And she shows you where to look out on the garbage and the flowers. There are angels in the seaweed. There are children in the morning. They are leading out for love. They will lean that way forever. While Suzanne holds the mirror.

GOODBYE BABY: You name it came and slipped away. It is great how things do change. There was a time when I did cry for your name and all your lies. Forgiving you I learn to do. Hating truth you taught me too. Feeling little and insecure, you laughed at me and did not care. Good-bye baby, good-bye baby. You're dying in my head, dying in my head. When your heart's in flames it's hard to see some things the way they truly be. But in time the burns they scar and show me what you really are. Now the people they look at me and can't believe the god they see! So good it feels to be alive, not to have to live inside. Good-bye baby. Good-bye baby. You're dying in my head, dying in my head. So good it feels to be alive and not to have to live inside. Good-bye baby. You're dead in my head. Dead in my head.

Words: Tony Fag.

Music: Doug Hilsinger, , Tony Fag, Jay Crawford.

THE DEVIL IS US: Go on and take it. You're bigger and stronger than they are. Go on and take it. your wants are more important than their needs. Go on and take it. So what if they cry we can just tell another lie? Go on and take it. Their reasons not to are not our own. Scratch your face and fold you knees. Close your eyes and think about me. The Devil is Us! In sickness and in health. Through rain, sleet, or snow. On sunny days when birds sing. Where children go to spin their friends. The Devil is Us! Do not lie and blame it on them, them, them, or them. The finger in my mouth. The fire in your pants. The desire to kill. The music in my head. The thoughts you think. The lies you weave. And the guilt we deny. The guilt I deny. Open your eyes and your toes curl...When you see the tears that they bleed. Feel inside and feel nothing. Not a thing but evil. The Devil is Us!

"You are my sunshine! My only sunshine. You make me happy, when skies are gray. You'll never know dear, how much I love you. So please don't take my love away.

Words: Tony Fag.

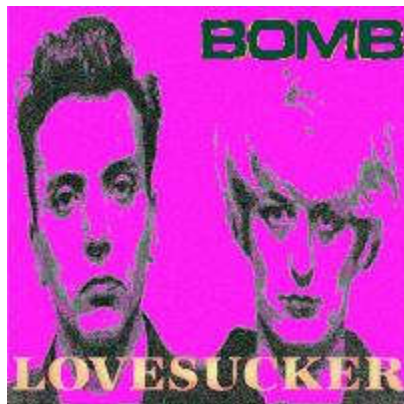
Music: Michael W. Dean, Jay Crawford, Doug Hilsinger, Tony Fag.

(FYI, this song is about the worldwide war machine, and its ilk. Not saying that to be political, just don't want anyone to think it's about us.)

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LOVESUCKER (EP on Wingnut Records. 1999):

Recorded after 1-off Bomb reunion. Engineered by Jason Carmer at Toast Studio in San Francisco.



PAINGLORIOUS Sister angel. Drown in me. Honey-filled tights pour down on me. Lift me up! My holy water whore. Kitties are scratching, shudder and pour.

Pour on me!

Killing for love is justified. When you live for love.

Instant anger. Red/black explosion. Hammer of hate behind my eyes.

Lift me up higher than me. Burning off what I hate in me.

Lyrics: Tony Fag, Michael W. Dean.

Music: Douglas Hilsinger, Jay Morgan Crawford.

DIE One of these days I'm gonna get you. And I promise I'll always try. One of these days I'm gonna get you. One of these days you're gonna die!

The faith in me in you is gone. You took our secret and gave it away. Die! To forgive you would be living a lie. I can't pretend to believe in you.

Even the pain was the best to have. Why'd you do this it was all so good? I see us hanging there on the wall. The sun was shining then like a friend. Die.

You split open and gave it away. You're a pile just a ruin of life. I can never believe in you again. I'm not the only one that you want.

Lyrics: Tony Fag.

Music: Douglas Hilsinger, Jay Morgan Crawford. Tony Fag. Michael W. Dean.

HEAD IN HANDS Jumping off when you swing with me. My head's in my hands with the love that I want.

Tied to this train up in my head. No stopping just waiting on this one. I'm sorry you're sorry, but now you're dead. Your lies no longer give me the love.

Mommy gave me her loving arms. Daddy gave me a house to snort. My reason to live was a promise from you. My reason to die is knowing you lied.

Jumping off when you swing with me. My head's in my hands with the love that I want.

Lyrics: Tony Fag.

Music: Douglas Hilsinger, Jay Morgan Crawford.

PERSONAL JESUS (Depeche Mode)

WHORE LOVE SONG asdsdf

Words and music: Michael W. Dean

I was standing on the corner of the corner of Prytania and Divisadero. I saw a fireman smoking a cigarette. A lady in red asked me for the time, then she turned and dismissed into the blanket of night.

When a woman cums it's bigger than anything most men will ever do. So they try to stuff you into a gilded cage and hide the truth for you.

This is a love song for all the whores in the world.

This is a love song for all the pretty girls.

This is a love song for all the whores in the world.

This is a love song for you.

You sell your tragic beauty, 20 pieces of silver. But you're so intact, I cannot complain. You kept me from starving to death, and kept my sweet, worried head out of the acid rain. Whores have wings, or at least you do. Your place in heaven seems fully assured. Little girl angel red babydoll dress hovers over you and me, my lord.

A woman brought me into this world and a woman'll probably take me out. But I thank you so for the salt we've spilt and the nurturing you gave that the others left

out. I study your movements. You invade my dreams and sometimes you climb through my window at night. This is a lady and this is her body. And it's nothing to fear and nothing to harm.

All day long your telephone rings, but it's never anyone you really wanna see.

You look for your father in each passing face, but you still spend Christmas with me. Pouring heated honey on the holes in my soul, you and I sippin' on each other. Sex brat sister lover mother Magdalene. You're my best friend, I love you like the sea.

Hosanna houri on high. You're swimming in me. I stand, we stand a lip apart, waiting. Save the last kiss for me. Save the last kiss for me. (It still tears me up when you kiss other guys.)

Words and Music: Michael W. Dean