

Atmosphere, Woman With The Tattooed Hands

I used to know this woman who had the most beautiful
tattooes on the top sides of both of her hands
She was forty-three years old and as far as I know
had never yet been with a man
It's not that she wasn't attractive;
she was beautiful, but it was the way that she interacted
She was aggressively passive to the point where she
would've intimidated any mitt that ever tried to catch it
on the right hand she had a tattooe of a nude girl
she claimed it is what God resembled
but on the left she had a mirrored image of the same female
and this one she explained looked like the devil
I remember once watching her touch her own breasts
how the tattooes smiled as they stared down her stomach
as if anticipating when they'd be allowed to caress
the sweet flower that they both seemed too hungry (sweet flower)
Now maybe I was high but it felt so right
heaven and hell both take to this woman's womb
It didn't make sense how she could commence
touching herself with me wide awake in the same room
but if I've learned anything in my years (my years)
I learned I no longer believe in surprise (in surprise)
but what happened next damn near stold my tears
the tattooes came alive right in front of my eyes
they both slowly stood up and climbed off her hands
and showed me why she never took some time with a man
they climbed deep inside of this woman's garden
she closed her eyes and she gently bit her bottom lip
I stepped I left and I don't regret leaving
and I'd never forget all the things I saw that evening
a glimpse of religion a piece of coming closer
to understanding more about what intrigues me most
I didn't get turned on I just got turned
I wasn't as aroused as I was concerned
for each one of em I've hurt
and every time I've been burned
I've got a lot to teach but even more to learn
so now I keep my eyes open hoping to take in all I can
about women taking in all she can
And for as long as I breathe I'll save receipt in my memory
for that woman with the tattooed hands

[Chorus: x5 till song fades]

There's good and evil in each individual fire
Identifies needs and feeds our desire
As long as we keep our spirit inspired
She can bite her bottom lip all she want