

Munly & The Lee Lewis Harlots, Another Song Ab

Someone needs to take a rusty Bowie knife to you--
From your groin to your chest-bone, spill the truth.
That way you might touch your inside like I has to,
Like you always make me do.

And someone spaded Jesus Christ through skin, meat and bone.
The iron from the spikes, it starts at rustin',
The iron from his blood, it adds to that rustin'.

His blood rolls down the hill and pools up in the cotton field,
Well the cotton, it be twice growin'.
And it is cherished for its red red hue,
And it is marveled for its stiffness,
And it is revered for its twice growin',
Berthed from the earth, thrown back into the earth
Spat back out the mool
It twice growing--like Jesus Christ will,
To return like Jesus Christ.

And centuries has passed and I met you,
And you love me, Christ girl, you know how much you love me.
And someone made for us this old wedding sheet,
One side of the sheet, well it be the man side,
The other side of the sheet, well it be the woman side.
I fit myself into the pre-made hole in this wedding sheet,
When I lay down on top of you.

And someone says I am hard--
But I'm never hard enough for you.
Especially when you take your sewing needle
And scratch a mark on your wrist,
Especially when you take your sewing needle
And scratch a mark on your ankles,
Especially when you take your sewing needle
And close up that hole in our sheet,
Then you use this sheet to wipe away your inside

And now our sheet, it's got a red red hue,
And now our sheet, it's got this stiffness,
And now our sheet is going twice growing,
The iron from your inside, it re-opened up that hole,
Yes it did rust it--your blood did rust it,
Your iron did rust it
Your iron is rusted
And everything is rusted
And everything is rusted
And everything's been rusted
And everything will rust for you as well.