

# Smalltown Poets, I'll Give

i think i am elastic  
these arms they are a wonder  
pull from sideways, up and under  
i think it's time for something drastic  
and it could be more than i bargained for  
ten to one it is

chorus:

oh i'm into everything i hate  
my spirit is not fooled; my members take the bait  
oh i'm into everything i hate  
still not dead enough to stifle this debate  
these heels were made for bruising  
and the cobblestones they're using  
are the pleasures of my choosing  
i must be born for losing  
heal these soles to hurt no more  
and i'll lift these hands just like before  
cover me like dimestore suit  
until i'm just like You  
careful little eyes what you see  
careful little feet where you go