

I went in like Joan,
No voice to guide me
And carry a picture
In my teeth.
A wedding like Joan's,
No voice to guide me.
I carry a picture
In my teeth.
Next time I'm feeling better
I'll keep my lips together.
I'll wear my leather sweater
And never once forget her.
Your dilated eyes
And guarded paradise,
you carry a picture of Joan.
I know you're upset
Because you haven't shaved your legs,
And you're not a woman,
Who might think that was European.
Do words stand alone?
Will words stand behind you?
Will words burn a picture
In your teeth?
Next time I'm feeling better
I'll keep my legs together.
I'll wear my leather sweater
And never once forget her.
Next time I'm feeling better,
I'll put my hands together.
I'll waive my right to pleasure
And keep my legs together.