

## Drainface

Bill Callahan

The man that made the god  
The god that made birth painful  
For our womanly sins  
With eyes like retired hotel bedspreads

Done  
His eyes are done  
Done seeing, done comforting  
Deliver more than ever

You came on my heart  
I tried to wash it away  
Nearly washed my poor heart  
Clear down the drain

Every time you open your mouth  
Dead or dying seagulls fall out  
Fall out of your drainface  
Your drainface!  
Your drainface!  
Your drainface!

And I wait for the scream