

Triple 7

Japanese Breakfast

Don't you know you'll never be the same
I look for you through the work week
And I love a man in uniform
And he loves me like a slot machine
From the valley of loose women in the cruel light of morning

You call out my name like something from the bottom of a well
Oh how they want, how they need
How they cling to my sleeves til they're lacerated sails
But in the night I am someone else

Don't you know I'll always be this way
A pure woman is hard to find, to come by these days
And I know the looks of urge and scorn
And I know the role I'm meant to play
The role of the other woman who will spend her life longing

Call out my name
Like something from the bottom of a well
How I want, how I need
How I cling to your sleeves
Till they're all fucked beyond repair
But in the night I am someone else