

Guts

Leith Ross

I saw you at a party
So I waited in the kitchen for my friends
You wanted to say sorry
But I wanna see your body in a ditch

You held me down and told me
That I thought that you were handsome, but you're wrong
A friend called it a damn shame
'Cause you're really good at playing along

And if I had the guts I would've
Punched you in the backroom
Left you bleeding on the kitchen tiles
While I cleaned up in the bathroom
You thought you were an actor
Claimed a hammered body double
Then you wrote yourself a letter
To my name for all your trouble

I told my friend about you
He was so upset I thought he might've cried
But outside on the pavement
Well it turned to "I like playing with the guy."

And I don't know about my body
It feels like the wrong parts were sent to me
All these feelings I can't name yet
Claimed and touched and played with in my sleep

And if I had the guts I would've
Said "you can't repair it"
Screamed and cried outside the venue
To make sure you were embarrassed
Acted just insane enough
For your friends to claim hysterics
And all the men who couldn't sleep with me
Would testify and swear it

But do their mothers know?
Do their mothers know?

I know it's not really her fault, but I
I do think that she'd cry if I called
I know it's really not her fault, but I
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