

Lithium Lips

Mac Lethal

I see her sittin at the ice cream parlor with a banana split

Emanatin such a radiant color of amethyst

I can't camouflage the jitters or the franticness

Everything about her fly posture says tantra bliss

The phantoms kiss spills poison from her still lips

That type of class is from a 1950's film script

I'm captivated to the core, it's hard to swallow

She's like a sun-dipped spirit gushing from the foggy hollows

There's condensation on the new bent metal

A conversation with this blue-lipped devil could peel the two lip petals

My fate'll say to me "Be calm and be cool"

But she learned to rule the world in cosmetology school

She's not like a Betty Page, she's like a Bible page

She's like a neon sky filled with a wild haze

I get her name and ask her for her number quite politely

She walks away while saying "If you're lucky then you'll find me."

But I think I feel that this time it's different

Everything about you wants to stimulate my senses

Something so intoxicating happens in your kisses

Lithium lips, it's those lithium lips, it's those

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I see her downstairs at the hotel bar, continue story

Her eyes are stormy, she makes sure that she ignores me

This is nobody's promiscuous daughter

I roll a cigarette and order up a whiskey and water

Oh Christ, I can smell her from here

The ambrosia is like a sugar-coated elephant's ear

And now the prevalent fear is sweetly scented with the venoms we pass

Girls learn sexiness, women teach class

I approach her but I don't say a thing

I just take the halo off her head and wear it as a wedding ring

She's not a sexy thing, she's a sassy thinker

A classy drinker with the wine glass to tap her finger

Elegantly dressed, coats of posh nail polish

She sucks the heart from another cocktail olive

She says, "Quit having dreams about touching my face.

Cause you're only in love with the chase."

Then she gets up and leaves.

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Now I don't ever fall in love
But on nights like this, when nimbus cloudlets of black
fluff circle the skyscrapers
And the pulse of the city breaths new depths
That cleanse the palate of self
I have encounters like this

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