

The Huffer and the Cutter

Mike Doughty

The huffer and the cutter
In the field of jimsonweed
They watch their thrumming hands
And feel life pound beneath their feet

They sought to matter
It was more than they could bear
They tried to shift their hearts
She was there and he was there

Love
Love made them beautiful at last
Love
Love made them beautiful at last

She doesn't fall in love
She takes hostages
Close with a high-class weeper
Ambition signals damage

She's uncorrupted
And yet she's too smart for grace
Innocence is no excuse
You read the rancor on her face

Love
Love made her beautiful at last
Love
Love made her beautiful at last

I don't believe you when you cry
I don't esteem your tears
Your heart is lying to you
The Arctic birds rebuke you

I was a skinny man
My dirty name was free
I gained the good fat
Then I burned myself in effigy

Love
Love made me beautiful at last
Love
Love made me beautiful at last
She was there and he was there
He was there and she was there
He was there and she was there
She was there and he was there
She was there and he was there
She was there and he was there