

Fair Game

Samia

Fair game when I light up
It's a hot night, and I'm a sun bug
I've got no shortage of brilliance
If you can catch me in a clear cup

Gloves off when you swell up
It's a hot night, and I'm a drill bug
Even up in a shadowbox
The blood's mine or the blood's lost

You can go outside on a hot night and clap
But you won't get your blood back
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But you won't get your blood back

My heart in a good fight
To die hard and be light
Burns slow and shines bright
From behind a bowed frame

Boneless in the backyard
I bend well and suck hard
If a hickey is a trump card
It's the reflex of a fair game

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