

In the relative calm
Of an all night party
I played some strange games
Under her bed
Our bodies moved
A new foreign gymnast
Dull conversation
Went over our heads

In that relative calm
Of that all night party
I found some strange things
Under her bed
When our bodies moved
As easy as breathing
Dull conversation
Over our heads

Critical themes
Reduced to an outline
Shaded in fleshtones
Inside her bed
Our bodies spoke
All night I listened
Limbs leaving their thoughts
Outside my head

We ride like this we swim like this
Live like this in homes like this
And work like this in holes like this
Shout like this we run like this
And breed like this in beds like this
Fall like this go round like this
And laugh like this we drive like this
Learn like this we try like this
We walk like this impress like this
Live like this we talk like this
We love like this we kill like this
Cry like this we sleep like this
We ride like this we swim like this
Live like this in homes like this
And work like this in holes like this
Shout like this we run like this
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