

## Body Ash

The Zolas

My balls are coals in the bottom of our bed  
That sags with the ash of our passion spent  
I kicked the coals to see if they're still lit  
Oh how much more can I take of this?  
I don't know how much more I can take of this

You get undressed and I watch the show  
You lie beside me but I stay cool  
Then the next morning again we go  
You dress for work and I watch that too

I don't know how much more I can take of this

I know this tunnel will end with light  
But I can't see it, I can't see it  
Must be a reason to stay polite  
But I can't see it, I can't see it  
I keep the fire alive in the night

I'm sick of sleeping in body ash  
Our bed is heaping with body ash  
I'm sick of sleeping in body ash  
Our bed is heaping with body ash

We go for coffee and comfy chairs  
Your pen is to your lips but I don't stare  
You lean over the table and between your hair  
I can't pretend that I don't see what's there  
Sure sure I'm a gentleman but this just ain't fair