

The Throes

Two Gallants

Well I don't know if I can take this anymore,
She's thinking as he shoves (her) against the wall,
Screaming "well then what good are you for,
you don't give me no pleasure at all"
oh now I know I need to leave so she tells herself again,
wipes a little blood upon her sleeve,
but she don't tell herself when.

And the baby starts a-crying,
Daddy sits back down,
Sinks another drink to bring his temper down.
And it's in each they're reflecting on the tv screen,
It reminds her of a better day,
She thought she'd seen.

But now take your time before you grieve,
And keep your heart held off your sleeve,
Cos ain't no-one but you deceived,
Your sympathy is soon to leave.

And now hide your mouth before you speak,
Better yet just turn a cheek,
Watch your interest growing weak,
But still you say that I'm the freak,
And I guess that's fine with me.
But he's probably had a long, long day,
She's thinking in the kitchen while she weeps,
Putting dinner's left-overs away,
As he stumbles off to bed and then to sleep.
And surely he'll be better come the dawn,
When I rise to cook him breakfast 'fore he goes,
Wakes without a word and then he's gone,
He's got that kinda love that never shows.

And baby starts a-wailing and daddy comes back out,
"shut up that child" she hears him shout,
and cradled in her arms she tries to calm the sound.
"how am I to sleep" he screams and slaps her down.

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When she wakes her head don't cease to pain
Bodies broken and her clothes all torn away,
Still the threat of emptiness remains,
As she struggles to her feet to get away,
"help, where has my child gone" she screams
as she runs from room to room,
every sound of silence lingers on,

not a single kick inside her womb.

And her mind drowns in the shadows,
Mama falls back down,
Where the walls that shape her world seem taller from the ground
And no more breath to scream, her throat just drips away,
And no more life to lose as if there were to save.

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