

Sammy Kershaw F/ Lorrie Morgan**"The Abusing of the Rib"**

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[Slug]

I wanna follow the footprints across my lover's stomach
I wanna call out her name before I plummet
I wish I had a map of the terrain so I could step around
the landmines

Avoid the beasts under the bed that bring they bad
times

I wanna find this here so-called treasure
The pleasure, the trinkets, the never-ending weekends
Acknowledgin that I'm still just a piece of the sequence
But seein these different footprints got me needin to
show my weekness

The timeline, the time zones, I cross them with my eyes
closed

Memorized the landmarks and learned the cycles
The weather patterns, how the seasons affect
the East and the West of each region learned the
cycles

Forget about the fact that many trails have been
tracked

Maybe it's a plus that there's a path
If this was some uncharted land I'd have to be a
smarter man

willing to travel the farthest to unravel the harvest
and natural resources are unlimited
exploration only requires some desire and initiative
take your time and find the right way to climb
it ain't safe to play games with natures mind

If I could show you, you would never leave it
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I wanna ride a train up my lover's arm, stop off at the
brain

Then hop out and find out what's going on

Cut through trees and ride through rocks
And synchronise the universal sun down to my watch
I've seen a lot, but not quite as much as her
The top went of the memory and the imagination
blurred
But I know she's been put through hell, I can feel it
And I know she's touched having this well, tryin to steal
it
It came on and it taught her a song
It's strung her along and it caught her when the god
was gone
Now to the break-o-dawn she's tryin to feel that fix
And all the family and friends is tryin to seel them lips
But I ain't dumb, I can hear that train come from miles
away
Setting obstacles to stop the arrival
I'm gonna blow up that iron in wood rogue
From what I understood those be the aura fits of his
survival
My recital another tantrum
because she's highly excitable swinging wings of red
nova
Happy endings always off to a bad start
Addictive voyeuristic to the trackmarks

And if I could show you, you would never leave it
{*fades until end*}

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