

Amitri Del

"Sticks And Stones Girl"

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Here I am, hardly breathing in at all
I cough when I can and that's about all
I am this man and though I turn the tape
To a happier song, my face can't find a smile
because it's been looking too long

You arrive like a locust swarn
You devastated me and now when you leave the room
My heart, head, hands and all forms
go from red hot blood to bone dry and lukewarm
You're the sticks and stones, girl
You're the fire and flames
I might be half-dead and half-born girl
but whales start singing when I hear your name.

I'm heaped with hate like acid rain, nothing can
restrain the loathing and disgust I have and
there is no one I distrust more than the happy
whores who buy and trade, crawling on all fours
backwards into holes and fires that wealth and
self-congratulations made

You're the sticks and stones, girl
You're the fire and flames
you're the punishment, the pleasure
the employment and the leisure
You're the sweet conversation and the cutting names

Heart, head, hands and all forms
went from red hot blood to bone dry and lukewarn
Whales stopped singng and the ships were bringing in
Toadstools and moss instead of sugarbeet and corn
And all the girls in the world were distorted and
deformed
when the first leech was let loose
and my jealousy was born.

You're the sticks and stones girl
You're the fire and flames

