

## **Burning Love** **"Busted"**

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My oh my what have we here?  
A sight for sore young catholic eyes.  
Floral bed, a six page spread,  
A magdalene for '88 burning in my head.  
I got secrets as good as a rich man's.  
Thought crimes in these neighbors' bathrooms.  
I was 15, you were 28. this used to be such a nice  
street.  
But now they lock the bathroom doors  
And anything that isn't nailed down.  
The bakker is out, the doctor is in.  
The great white hope is at it again.  
The bakker is out, but I've got it in hand.  
Car in the driveway, I'm lost in the eyes.  
Hand on the door turns, I'm taking my time.  
Caught red-handed over you.  
Guilty, guilty, through and through  
And I'm busted.  
Splayed out and defiant,  
Mouthing the words to life lessons,  
You say "fuck it, hold on to your shame, son.  
You're gonna need it when we inherit the earth."  
Been busted, through and through.  
Been busted, through and through.  
Red-handed over you

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