

Kathy Mar

"Smear Of Red"

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I grew up in a ghetto
That was only one house wide
With smiling suburbs all around
And poverty inside
The oldest of an army
That the church was proud to claim
And on the brink of womanhood
I almost lost my name
And I was

Chorus: Quivering in my fever-life
Wishing that I was dead
Suddenly realizing they were
Talking over my head
Learning to speak their double-talk
Facing each day with dread
Waiting waiting waiting waiting
Waiting for that first smear of red
For God was my delirium and sisterhood my goal
But my church began to wonder
If the commies had a soul
And the day I saw a bishop
With an M-1 in his hand
Was the last day of my life
Beneath hypocrisy's command
But I was..

(chorus)

My wishes all said "Woman"
But my body answered "Child"
My life was just a little odd
My outlook warped and wild
I told my inhibitions
They would fall away someday
The ghosts of them still haunt me
And I cannot run away
But I was--

(chorus)

I've had my turn as maiden, a longer one than most
And I have been a mother

For two girls, one boy, one ghost
I'm looking toward my future
And my chance to be the crone
But although my life is crowded
I am doing this alone
And now I'm

Last chorus:
Quieting in my fever-life
Wishing that time was dead
Suddenly realizing that I'm
Talking over your head
Throwing away the double-talk
Hanging on by a thread
Waiting waiting waiting waiting
Waiting for that last smear of red
Words and music: Kathy Mar

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