

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"Tell Me You've Taken Another"

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And yet the fever burns and I live with this ideal of eyes
upon her flesh,
Taking what is mine.
I decry their foolish belief: "A lover should be hidden
like a treasure".
They talk of duty when there only should be questions
of pleasure.

I toss their commandments asunder, "thou shall not
desire that thy wife is
Coveted..."
Yet there is a painful joy.

Take my hands, look in my eyes, tell me you've taken
another.
Take my hands, look in my eyes, tell me you've taken
another.

I look up to her with ecstatic burning eyes like a martyr.
Crawling on
Bloodied knees.
I no longer separate the shame from the pleasure it
arouses.
I no longer separate the shame from the pleasure it
arouses.

What feeling could be more pure than betrayal by she
who he loves?
Take my hands, look in my eyes, tell me you've taken
another.

Do you know this joy of being betrayed and left like a
dog?
Do you know this joy of being betrayed and left like a
dog?

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