

Sam Kinison **"Your Bruise"**

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It's a Backwards Attraction to Your Forward Eyes
But You're So Far-sighted That You Can't Place Trust
In What Or Who You Recognize
We Sped the Plymouth Cross the Banks of the
Mississippi River
Mary Timony Was Smaller Than a Super Ball...
Chitter-chatter All These Secrets Started Giving Me the
Shivers
Plain and Simply Broken Down Near Olympia
I Think Your Bruise Was Understood,
'cause You Can't Feel This Anymore
It's Getting Bluer and You Can't Keep Faking
That You Can't Feel This Anymore

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